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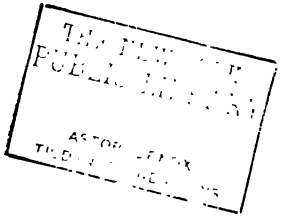
THE MODERNIZING OF THE ORIENT

CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

THE MODERNIZING OF THE ORIENT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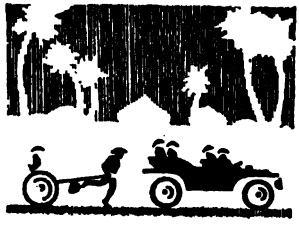
A manual-training class in the government industrial school in Mandalay

The Modernizing of the Orient

By
CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER
Author of "The Man of Egypt," "Why Go to College," etc.



NEW YORK
McBRIDE, NAST & COMPANY
1914

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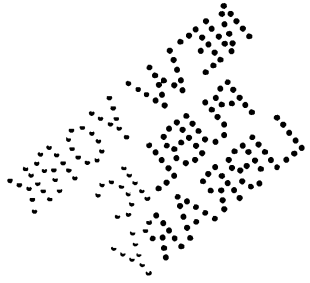


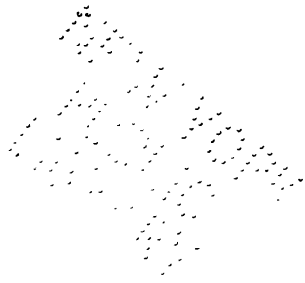
Published October, 1914

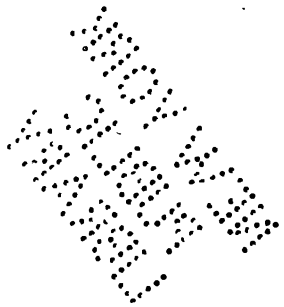
"As in water, face answereth to face,
So the heart of man to man."

To

JAMES HUBERT GROVER

My friend.





PREFACE

The East has at last met the West face to face. What has been the character of that meeting? What have been the results of the mingling of these two opposite and distinct sets of people with their antipodal points of view and methods? Is the East becoming West? What is happening? These have been the writer's questions upon two journeys around the world in which many unusual privileges have been afforded for first-hand contact with a large variety of institutions and native populations.

It is hoped that what is here set forth may be the means of inducing clearer ideas and further study concerning those people who embrace more than one-half the population of the globe, and who, for obvious reasons, are now becoming the center of international, commercial and racial interests.

RIVERDALE-ON-HUDSON,
New York City, June 1, 1914.

C. S. C.

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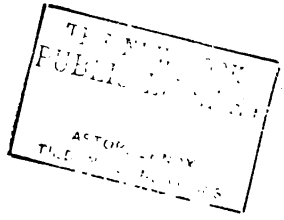

A manual-training class in the government industrial school in Mandalay

The Modernizing of the Orient

By
CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER
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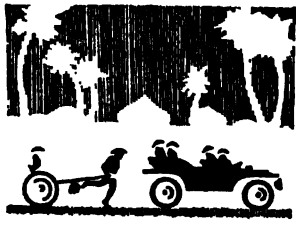

NEW YORK
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1914

THE MODERNIZING OF THE ORIENT

I

New Dreams in the Orient

WE are accustomed to think of the Oriental as a passive, slow-moving, dreamy creature, satisfied with his own antiquity, standing aloof from the modern world with its aggressive desires and achievements, turning his gaze into his own soul. We think of the Orient as did Matthew Arnold, when he wrote:

> The East bowed low before the blast,
> In patient, deep disdain;
> She let the legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again.

It is, therefore, with genuine surprise that the Westerner, who to-day visits the Orient, finds virtually the entire East coming with a rush into the Western world.

While riding on the back of a camel on the edge of the Sahara Desert not far from Biskra, I heard a whirring overhead, and looking up I saw an aëroplane of the French army, wheeling over the black tents of the Bedouins. The Moslem pilgrims are no longer obliged to go to Mecca by camel caravan, but

are whirled there by express trains, while the electric light is said to burn above the tomb of the Mohammedan prophet at Medina.

I found the Gaekwar of Baroda installing cinematograph machines through the rural sections of the native state of Baroda, and going *in cognito* to sit in a back seat and watch the expressions of the Indian cultivators, as they witnessed the modern methods of farming on the prairies of Kansas and Nebraska.

China is not behind. The land which we have so long connected with an antediluvian people, remote from our civilization as in the days of Marco Polo, has now established a parliament, developed reformers urging the single tax, revolutionized her school system, and reports the doings of suffragettes in Peking.

Japan in her victorious conflict with Russia has been very largely responsible for this change which has thrilled the Orient from Tokyo to Morocco, and Japanese progress in all forms of enlightenment is the order of the day. A single intimation of this is revealed in the fact that 98 per cent. of the male population and 97 per cent. of the women of Japan can read and write.

In no realm of Oriental activity are these sudden and far-reaching changes more apparent or more significant than in the realm of education. In this vital department of Eastern advance, one finds today three distinct tendencies: the tendency toward utilitarianism in education, the hereditary influence of memory training, and a distinct drift away from national gods.

A few years ago I chanced to be walking with a

A *sake* shop in Tokyo, Japan

The exterior of a moving-picture theatre in Tokyo

friend through a somewhat unfrequented part of the State of Oregon. We came to a small station of a railroad which had been recently constructed, where we found an old man and an old woman and a little white dog waiting to see the train. It was evidently a new experience for them and when the train rushed through, the little dog started on the run after it. The old lady turned to the old man and said, "Do you suppose he will catch it?" The old farmer drawled, "I wonder what he will do with the blamed thing if he *does* catch it!"

For a year and a half I have been asking this question of students around the world, "What are you going to do with your education?"

I find the Oriental student, in the first place, a thoroughgoing utilitarian in education. He goes to school for a purpose and the purpose is represented in piastres, in rupees, or in dollars and yen. The economic factor is more and more determining every other factor in the East. All Asia is being permeated with modern industry and present day mechanical progress. The Oriental has no option in the matter since the positions in the government and such callings as those of lawyers in India, are already filled to overflowing. The material development of those countries, moreover, call for a new type of man, a man trained in special and vocational institutions.

I asked Lord Kitchener his educational policy for Egyptian youth. He answered sententiously, "We don't want them to get their hands soft." In spite of the fact that you still see along the River Nile the shadoof men with brown, bending bodies, lifting the Nile water to the long canals to water

their rainless lands, very much as their ancestors did in the days of the Pharaohs, within a hundred yards you will quite likely see a score or more of government school Egyptian students, working on modern irrigation trenches, surveying for bridges and dams, thus following out the plan of England for reclaiming the land of the Nile country. By this plan, during the last twenty years, one and one-half million acres of the richest tillable land in the world has been turned from desert sands into profitable areas. Ten million pounds sterling has been spent recently in this one branch of Egyptian development.

The popularity of these schools for training engineers, farmers, policemen and men of commerce, is revealed from the fact that recently there were 2,000 applications for 384 vacancies in a trades school in Cairo.

The Egyptian student has no illusions about education. He cares little about the still and quiet air of delightful studies. He figures that it will take something like $75 a year for four years to get the training of an expert or specialist in one of these vocational schools. At the end of the time he can command perhaps $40 a month, as he hopes, in a government position which is the cynosure of the ambition of the student in the Orient. If he had not taken his school training he would be receiving ten or fifteen dollars a month. He estimates, therefore, that it is worth while to go to school.

In India the drift towards training for the sake of its economic value is quite as pronounced as in the near East.

The first meeting which I addressed in India was

a Brahmin club in the city of Bombay. At the close of the meeting a score or more of Brahmins waited upon me to ask concerning something of great importance to them. I expected to be interviewed regarding certain abstruse and speculative questions relating to Hinduism and Christianity, or to discuss the constitution of our souls. Instead they desired to get my help in securing a first-class farming expert, who would be the head of an agricultural college for which they had already raised a considerable amount of money. Such demands are significant in a country where 92 per cent. of the population live by the land, and in a country which, just emerging into Western methods and achievements, carries on a commerce with England alone worth $400,000,000 a year.

I found young men in India placing the word "failed B.A." after their names, which I discovered had an economic significance. Such a man reveals the fact that he has tried for a B.A. degree and failed. He holds a position, therefore, so much above the common herd that he can command a more lucrative official position, and can also require a dower from his prospective wife's father of at least a thousand rupees. If he had been successful in securing the regular B.A. degree he would be worth in the marriage market from three thousand to five thousand rupees.

This utilitarian tendency comes out in the craze to learn English, which is everywhere apparent among Asiatic students. In certain lectures to students in India the presiding officer makes the statement beforehand that the lecturer will speak entirely in English and that those students who do not

understand English will be free to retire at any time. The result—every student holds firmly to his seat and tries to look interested and intelligent, regardless of whether or not he understands a word of the lecture. Otherwise, the students would be quite inclined to go out and come in at their will during the lecture, according to their custom in some parts of India.

A Chinese student in Peking advertised in a daily paper recently, "I teach English as far as G."

A student who sat beside me in a Tokyo tram car was very desirous of impressing me with the fact that he was familiar with English. He held Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" close to his face, glancing frequently at me to discover if I noticed him and was sufficiently impressed. In looking more closely I noticed that he was reading his English book bottomside up.

The modern Oriental is not only utilitarian, but he is a slave to a vicious memory system which has been in vogue in the Orient for generations. From time immemorial the Easterner has been inclined to use his memory for a brain. One only wonders that there is as much initiative and original thinking as exists at present in the Orient.

The Moslem student has found his educational curriculum to comprise chiefly the committing to memory of the Koran! Twelve thousand students in El Azhar University are required in their entrance examination to be able to recite from memory at least one-half of the Koran. These students spend from twelve to fifteen years in this greatest Moslem University in a further memorizing and repetitive study of Koranic literature. There are

over a million and a half Egyptian boys and girls at present in the native schools of Egypt spending their chief time in memorizing this book. In 1910 there were 5,565 pupils in the native "Kuttabs" or Moslem village schools, who were able to recite from memory the entire Koran, while 110,844 pupils had committed to memory a large portion of this book—a considerably greater task than learning to recite the entire New Testament.

This memory system, together with a wrong start in higher education, has been a barrier for years in Indian education. Indian schoolboys have been encouraged to stuff their minds with words, the meaning of which they did not in the least understand, to memorize books which were quite foreign to the everyday needs of their native land, in order to get a B.A. degree, corresponding to that given to the English boy. As a consequence the Indian student would be floored by a single question requiring original thinking or scientific analysis, but might be able to repeat whole pages of "Paradise Lost" or a Shakespearean play.

Lord Macaulay's plan of establishing higher education in India for the sake of making government clerks was very good so long as government clerks were needed, but now that these places are more than filled, and the need is for well-trained and thoughtful leaders of the New India, the Indian youth finds himself handicapped with an hereditary tradition of memory work, and training simply to pass an examination.

The ancient classical system of Chinese study was also open to the same objection. The Literati were able to memorize Confucius, but had little ability to

utilize their education in practical life. A professor in Hong Kong told me of a student who had been studying the Bible for some time and whom he asked to criticise the life and acts of Moses. The student replied solemnly, "Far be it from me, a student of Confucius, to criticise the life of so great a man as Moses, but if you would like me to give you the books of the Old Testament, here they are," at which with amazing rapidity he went through the entire list of the Old Testament books and started to repeat them backwards before the amazed professor could explain to him that it was not memory, but analysis he had requested.

The bane of examinations in Japan is due not so much to *memoriter* education as to the lack of sufficient number of institutions of higher education. At one of the higher commercial colleges in Tokyo a teacher showed me long lines of young men, including over two thousand students, who had come up to try the examination while only seventy of these students could be received. Examination day is a most pathetic one in Japan, for the students who fail have no further chance for education until the next year, and graduation from these colleges and universities means to them their careers. A teacher told me of a student who had worked day and night to prepare for his examinations and who had undermined his health. He was followed by his mother to the examination halls. She was found at the door of the examination room with a package of medicine, while outside she had brought a coolie with a jinrikisha to take her boy home in case, as the doctor hinted to her, he might not survive the examination.

"What is the remedy?" I asked of many prominent Japanese. "Convince the government," they replied, "to spend less money upon battleships and army equipment and build sufficient institutions of higher learning to accommodate the ever increasing number of Japanese youth."

A third tendency apparent throughout the East is the drift of educated men away from their ancestral religion. Recently a census was taken at the Imperial University of Tokyo in relation to this matter, when something like seventy students said that they were Christians, 300 claimed to be Shintoists, Confucianists or Buddhists, while the other 5,000 or more students disclaimed any religious loyalties, or claimed to be agnostic. The educated youth of the Orient shows a decided inclination, as he comes into touch with the modern scientific and industrial influences of the West, to reject his native religion, and has not yet revealed any great or encouraging desire to accept another religion in its stead.

The young Mohammedan finds it difficult to observe the custom of praying five times a day in a business office, especially in cities where other types of religion are represented, and when he begins to study modern science, he finds grave discrepancies between the teaching of the Koran and that of modern books. To be sure the Sheikhs, in such medieval institutions as El Azhar, claim that the Koran is infallible and that it contains everything scientifically as well as metaphysically important. A Sheikh took some time to explain to me that the Koran foretold the coming of automobiles and aëroplanes, showing me the passage which said, "They shall be

carried about on the backs of camels, horses and 'other things.' "

The Indian, trained in one of the five large Government universities, is inclined to scoff at what he calls the ignorant superstitions of the "Ganges worshiper"; the Chinese, especially those educated in Europe and America, are also inclined to disparage the ancient rites of their fathers' religion, claiming sometimes to be Christians. It is doubtful, however, whether these men mean by this anything more than the fact that they have accepted the point of view and methods of work of a so-called Christian civilization.

In all these religious changes, however, one notes a very real desire for what Count Okuma has defined as a "life force" in religion. This eminent Japanese statesman said to me, "We in the far East have found our religion somewhat inadequate to meet the demands of modern times, but we are not satisfied with Christianity as it is expressed in so many varying creeds. We do not understand these differences and we are not interested in the theology and the metaphysics of them. We want and need a practical religion; a religion that will help us in our business; a religion that will make us happy, and serviceable to others; a religion that will take away from our lives fear and worry."

It is a great moment for the Orient. It is a period of tremendous import for all Asia, alert with new desires and new hopes. The East to-day is a great melting pot of diverse forces; East and West, religion and economics, antiquity and modernity, are all struggling and seething together. Few men, even those who best know these people, dare to predict the

result. One thing is certain, the Oriental is at last awake. His conservatism and his aloofness have been broken up. He stands on the borderland of vast and unlimited possibilities. He is facing the dawn of a new Oriental day.

II

The Hillmen of North Africa

IN the far north of Algeria, between the lofty Djurjura Mountains and the Mediterranean, there lives a people little known as yet to guidebooks and tourists, the Hillmen of Kabylia.

The air of romance lies upon this land and its history. The Kabyle, when asked for the origin of his people, will tell you the legend of how the Berbers in remote antiquity lived in a distant clime; how they finally left that locality and wandered many years over land and sea until they came to these secluded mountains. Here they lived unsubdued for centuries until the French army came. There are few sections of the earth less touched by the influence of twentieth century living than are these picturesque hills filled with a million inhabitants born of a famous fighting stock.

It was a crisp February morning upon which we left our hotel in Algiers for our first day among the Kabyle people. Africa has been called the "Continent of Surprises," and our experience in Kabylia was confirming proof of the appropriateness of the title. We had conceived African atmosphere in the terms of desert and caravan, with the heat playing in withering blight over burning sands, but we found here another Austrian Tyrol, an Algerian Switzerland, with clear air and pine-covered mountains, where the Berber shivers in the cold nights and

looks from his hill cottage through azure sky upon valleys tilled as in northern zones.

We had taken an automobile, as we desired to reach quickly the very center of the Kabyle country, from which we were to begin a walking trip. A few hours after we left Algiers we found ourselves in a different world. We plunged into the wildest of wild mountain scenery.

Stupendous cliffs, with rivers that rush down with a roar equal to that found in the Swiss Alps, greet one as the car whirls about the sharp corners of the road hewn from the sides of the mountains, the road which is said to have been made, with all its alarming zigzags, in seventeen days, the French Government employing for the purpose 30,000 soldiers. We rushed through small villages of mixed population; French emigrants from Alsace-Lorraine, settling their homes, drinking their red wine, and singing their "Marseillaise" in rhyme with the waterfalls of the strange land. Sometimes we looked upon gorges hundreds of feet below us, each hill and peak, as far as one could see, crowned with a small Kabyle village, consisting of a cluster of houses that seemed perched, high poised on these jagged tops, like flocks of birds.

The inhabitants of these houses are proud and turbulent and have fought for generations in crude warfare to preserve their liberty. The Turks, the Romans, the Carthaginians, and the Vandals have all swept over these lands, leaving no trace of their successive attempts at the subjugation of the mountain fastnesses.

This whole section is under French control. The wonderful roads built by the French for the purpose

of quickly moving their troops, and a somewhat remarkable system of compulsory education, are marks of their successful colonization. I found the French educational system, in the small white schoolhouses on the Kabyle hills, bringing literacy to the youth, who, in another generation, will change much of the old-time barbarity of this section. Every child of school age is compelled to be in attendance, save one boy, who may be retained at home as a shepherd-boy.

One is struck at once with the contrast between French colonial life and English, for here the Frenchman mixes freely with the native. He has come to Algeria not simply to govern, but to make there his home. The two peoples sit together in the small cafés of the Kabyle inns, frequently intermarry, and give little evidence of that feeling of social difference which is everywhere evident in Egypt and India between the governing and the governed.

The Frenchman has also brought with him to Algeria an element, not intended to benefit the people of an alien race, absinthe. In the little villages throughout the land one sees the small French inn, with the proprietor or his wife, usually French people of the lower class, selling absinthe, vermouth, wine, and brandy to the native who has become Europeanized enough to acquire a taste for the intoxicant forbidden by his prophet, Mahomet.

In government each village is a political and social unit, a miniature republic, entirely autonomous. After years of revolution and rebellion the various Kabyle tribes are now divided into sections, each section composed of several tribes. The tribe origi-

Hill women on the way to market with their pack donkeys

A Kabyle laborer with a background of cacti

The "new woman" of Kabylia at the door of her mud hut

Ali, a hill-man, a convert to Christianity

A Kabyle woman carrying a water-jar on her head

Photograph of the author wearing a Kabyle burnous

nally grew out of the union of villages for common protection. The new French organization has done away with the old sovereign headman, placing all under the civil authorities and the common law.

It is due to such beginnings of government that the traveler is able to wander at will in a country which a few years ago was utterly inaccessible to the outer world. We visited small huts where several families were found living on mud floors, sharing their habitations with the beasts of the field. Over the low doorways one found at times a skull for "luck." The Kabyle huts are built of sun-baked, mud bricks and stone and thatched with straw; a square hovel, without windows, chimney, chairs, table, or beds; a mud floor, a slab of mud at the side for a seat, no air save that which comes from the doorway, no privacy, no touch of beauty or homeliness.

In one corner would be a woman weaving; on another side a great jar, big enough to hold a person, a receptacle of food and clothing, all the household treasures, in fact. Three stones, upon which sat a cooking pot, furnished the kitchen. In this cooking bowl one usually found *kous kous,* the national dish, a kind of cornmeal mush, taking the place of bread, potatoes, and often meat.

Chickens and children scampered from beneath our feet as we entered this humble abode. A donkey was tied in a dark corner, and some goats were roped off in another inclosure. All this mingled life beneath one roof represents home to the Kabyle.

Nor were the domestic relations and the daily life of these people less primitive. We saw little girl-wives of nine and ten years of age who had been

purchased for fifty francs by their Kabyle husbands. We met grandmothers only thirty years old. We saw upon the mountain ridges, 3,000 feet above the Mediterranean, Kabyle farmers plowing the hillsides with crooked sticks drawn by oxen, as their ancestors did ten centuries ago.

We chatted familiarly in French patois with the picturesque women at the wells, who carried on their heads or shoulders quaint jugs and slim-necked jars containing water, as naturally as did the women in the time of Abraham. We passed women grinding corn at the mill, while others made olive oil with their crude hand presses, all of which was but a page from the old pictorial family Bible.

But even in these surroundings home life takes on a happy significance. To be sure, the sexes are lightly joined and as lightly parted. The triple divorce is as common here as in other Moslem lands, where the husband may repeat three times the words, "I divorce thee," and there is no further need of courts or judges. A wife, however, is something of a luxury among these rural people, for the cost of a wife ranges from 100 to 600 francs. The Kabyle boy who acted as our guide told us of his saving of 250 francs, in order that he might buy a wife and have a little cottage on one of the mountains.

Indeed, a Kabyle will live on 12 sous a day, two of which he will spend on tobacco, his only luxury, and if he has no work he cuts his rations in half, in order that he may save money to buy a wife. As one of the young men said to us: "I am getting as many napoleons as I can to shake before the eyes of the old man, for when he sees these shining pieces he

will prefer them in payment for his daughter to a camel or sheep."

These marriages by revenue only are not, however, warranted to succeed. The women are ignorant and superstitious. They believe in love charms and philters, and it is no uncommon sight to see a woman throwing herself at the feet of a doctor missionary and begging for a charm that will win her husband back to her, or still oftener for a poison that will do away with her hated rival. Since these people have learned of a little powder called arsenic, there have been many cases of the sudden disappearance of an enemy after said enemy has indulged in a hearty meal. The person who commits such a crime is seldom dealt with by law, the French authorities deeming it unwise to take too much observance of what are lightly called "family matters," even when complaint is made; it seems to be an accepted fact that if you have an enemy in this country, man or woman, the best rule to follow is to get rid of him before he gets rid of you.

The missionaries are attempting to change such customs of the people. But it is difficult to graft new notions upon traditional beliefs and habits. A striking example was brought to our attention, revealing the obstacles which foreigners meet in their attempts to educate the women and girls. In one mission I found a native Christian, a young man who was a great joy to the Christian workers because of his devotion to the cause for which they had worked so devotedly, and often with very little progress.

This young man decided to marry; the missionaries persuaded him to delay his marriage, and in-

stead of taking the young girl as wife, to allow her to be trained in the mission school for four years, making of her an example for other young men and maidens of the villages, and to show what a modern wife could really be as a helpmate. The youth agreed, and the girl was brought to the mission and for four years was trained in needlework, housekeeping, cooking, and in varied accomplishments which were intended to serve her as a model homekeeper. She was clever and adaptable, and the good ladies who had her in charge were proud of her example, seeing in her the commencement of a new order and knowing that the outcome of the departure was being anticipated eagerly by many of the young men of the province, who, they hoped, would bring as a result their fiancées to the mission for training.

Along with her housekeeping and her books, however, this mountain pioneer of the educated woman movement learned many things that are not deemed necessary for Mohammedan wives to know, one especially, namely, that woman is as good as man, his equal if not his superior. It was thus that upon her wedding day she horrified the wedding guests by refusing to kiss the feet of the assembled male relatives of her husband. Such rebellion on the part of a wife had never been heard of in that country, and became the sensation of the villages.

The matter did not end there, for the young wife would not bow in abject obedience to her mother-in-law, a woman of the old school. This conservative woman endured the refractory daughter-in-law and the pitying looks of her neighbors for a few months; then she took the law into her own hands, and one

night the missionaries were hastily called by the young husband to assist in saving the life of his wife. She was saved, the arsenic being made ineffective by the antidote, but—it has been impossible to persuade other Kabyles that education is good for women.

The difference between the Kabyle and the Arab is a striking one. Action is the watchword of the Kabyle, as surely as sloth is the sign of the Arab. The Kabyles are hard workers and terrible fighters, the people of a hundred wars. The Arabs are indolent dwellers in tents, as in the days of Job. The Kabyle is seldom seen on a horse; he belongs to the soil, and the nearer he gets to it the better it seems to suit him. The Kabyles herd together in villages, till the soil, and weave and forge and work, while labor for the Arab is generally degrading to his very thought. The Arab is swarthy, while among the Kabyles one often finds red beards, the light-blue eyes of the Saxon, and frequently blonde children.

In the treatment of women, also, the Kabyles differ from the Arab. There is no Asiatic seclusion of women among these mountain people, no harems, no veils. The women are in the harvest fields and are turning the wheels of the olive mills, much like the peasant women of Europe.

In one respect, however, the Kabyles resemble the Arabs, that is in the manner in which they shower jewelry upon their womenfolk. The Kabyle female, clad in daring reds and yellows, almost invariably is found with bracelets jangling from her arms and ankles, and great hoop earrings, and silver ornaments about her neck. The Kabyle is poor, yet ap-

parently never so poor as to be unable to purchase jewelry.

The possibility of this people rising above their superstitions and savagery is demonstrated here and there in a mission station. One day we chanced upon an attractive missionary compound; we were greeted by a fine-looking Kabyle and ushered inside, where for twenty-five years two English women have lived and worked, often in extreme danger of their lives.

We found here children being taught to sew and to work according to Western fashion. We found gardens kept by sturdy Kabyle men, who worked among rows of artichokes, potatoes, and lemon trees. The story of these women reads like a romance. They told us how, with but a single guide for protection, they had carried their Bibles from village to village, often obliged to travel the whole night long, in constant danger from assault, as village after village refused them lodging. They were accused of secreting firearms and gunpowder in their homes, and in one instance gunpowder was secretly placed in their dwelling, in order that a French official might be called and discover these signs of treachery against the Government.

The results in conversions to Christianity in any of the missions are not considerable, but the influence of Western religion and civilized living before the eyes of the natives has not been lost. These missionaries have brought better sanitary conditions, they have taught the people better care for their children, they have influenced whole communities by their schools, and especially by their medical work, and have planted the seeds of a modern civili-

zation, sure to be reaped by the children and the children's children of these mountain folk.

There is perhaps no more distinctive characteristic of these people than that which lies in their patriotism, a part of their religion, a readiness to die for their native hills. Like the Swiss, they have an undying love for the mountains; they love their rugged protection, a bulwark against the intruder.

The solemn "League and Covenant" is a federation of death in the Kabyle Mountains. The young men rise up together and swear mighty oaths for the protection of their hills; prayers for the dead are read over them as they march forth to fight. They go out to their conflicts as dead men. They believe that if they annihilate the enemy they may return and live.

When the French were drawn off in their war with Germany a compact was made with the old Kabyle General, Mokeani, in which, despite his enmity toward the French and his readiness to lead his forces against them, this savage old warrior solemnly promised not to lift his hand as long as France was engaged in fighting Germany. The moment, however, that the war in Europe was over, every mountain top in the Kabyle country blazed with the signal torches of attack, and there followed one of the bloodiest conflicts known in these hills, a conflict which was only settled in favor of the French by reason of her modern army and the fact that the old General, before permitting his men to go into battle, gave the French forty-eight hours' notice. It is this mingled patriotism and fanaticism which marks off the hillmen of Kabyle as a distinctive and picturesque race.

III

Old Egypt in Training

I ONCE heard an old resident of Bombay remark that many had visited India and few had failed to record their impressions. The comment is apropos to Egyptian visitors. Yet the impressions that usually find form and face one upon the shelves of the booksellers regarding both India and Egypt, relate to the dress and outward customs rather more than to the structure of the civilization, the ornamentation of the national building rather than the construction and unity thereof.

Nor is this surprising. The Indian coolie and the Egyptian Fellaheen are sufficiently absorbing and unique to the average traveler to engage his undivided attention, without suggesting the "Why" and "Wherefore" of these picturesque and paradoxical people. It is all a wonderful phantasmagoria—this Egypt—an Arabian Night's dream of camels and mosques, of golden sunsets and minarets. The visitor to Egypt moreover is usually a tourist whose impressions are made to order, purchased à la carte. They begin with Shepheard's Hotel as a center and central sun, spreading outward with regulation radii, to a periphery upon which sail every conceivable image from a golden mummy of Rameses II to a "perfectly lovely" dragoman.

There is no Egyptian question for many such travelers, no irrigation problems, no "capitula-

tions," no educational complexities. It is quite sufficient for a lifetime of impression, simply to float along the Nile for seven hundred and fifty miles from Cairo to Assuan in a *dahabiyah*, decked in Oriental luxuriousness, every turn of the stream bringing one face to face with the pyramids and broken pylons of a civilization thriving thirty centuries before one was born. The Egyptian traveler, indeed, may not pass the phase of unqualified surprise and inexhaustible interest associated with these monuments that mark dynasties piling one upon another in cumulative confusion, as steadily and impressively as the tombs and temples of the old kings confront one along the banks of the Upper Nile. It is enough for them that Egypt, as Robert Browning would say, dispenses a

> Faint sweetness from some old
> Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud
> Which breaks to dust when once unrolled.

But we venture to hope that there is a considerable remainder of Egyptian travelers, as well as many persons sitting comfortably at their Western hearthstones, doing their traveling vicariously, who are interested in the life of Egypt itself, the organism that throbs behind these diverse external phenomena. To the student thus interested in this real Egypt, education plays at present an important rôle. It is closely interlaced with every great issue connected with the modern 'Egyptian Question.' The new schools for women, striking at the most vital point of social progress; the schools of technology, agriculture, and commerce, giving the initial educational impulse to practical craftsman-

ship; the other Government schools with their constantly improving curricula and modern equipment, pioneering the new native education now springing up along the entire length of the Nile—these together with the excellent schools of foreign missions are the significant signs of a changing point of view on the part of tens of thousands of Egypt's most promising youth.

In truth it is through these educational lenses that we can most accurately discern the New Egypt. Here we note the drift and tendencies of racial evolution, the action and reaction of the tides of twentieth century progress as these mingle with the current whose springs find their source in centuries as diverse as they are distant. Here we have the amazing spectacle of medieval education, unchanged since the tenth century, holding its determined way by the side of the most modern European systems. Here we have the age-long conflict of religion with science.

In confronting such varied conditions, the Government is spending, for education alone, 535,764 English pounds a year. She is giving Egypt some of her best educational advisors and experts. She is wrestling here with some of the most perplexing and knotty problems ever faced in education on the planet. How is she coming on? Is it worth while? What is really happening?

If, in the words of the old philosopher, "knowing is distinguishing," it may clarify our thoughts to consider Egyptian education in contrast to the education of the West. For, although Egypt occupies a kind of watershed between Occident and Orient, she is nevertheless thoroughly Oriental in custom,

in tradition, in institution and in religion. If one ever comes to understand the Egyptian character (and this, in the minds of the oldest European inhabitant, seems unlikely), he approaches such understanding by noting the differences and the similarities between the Occidental and the Oriental point of view.

The Egyptian student suffers somewhat when contrasted with the student of the West. He is, first of all, handicapped with a traditional educational system that has not changed materially in twelve centuries, and which in itself is a millstone, sufficient to submerge any nation or individual to which it is attached. The early years of his educational training consist of a benumbing process of memorizing material that he does not understand, usually the Koran, which is written in classic Arabic and mysteriously involved. Although he has an incomprehensible receptivity for such material, the result upon his mental development is baneful. The reiterative exercises produce a type of mind and will, well-nigh incapable of independent initiative or high individual decision.

The Egyptian's supreme ideal of native learning, the El Azhar University, reflecting the spirit and method of its twelve thousand Moslem students, and scores of lesser El Azhars which act as feeders to the main institution, preserve medieval education as inviolate as the Sphinx keeps the secrets of the past. Mohammedan education, as represented in this institution is like Melchisedek, without beginning or end of days. The mill of ancient learning continues to grind, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. There is not simply a situation of fixity

in educational processes, but also an antagonism to anything new amounting to an impregnable intolerance. Attempts at change which have from time to time been made, are as yet merely paper reforms. While the Western student has been alive to every new departure in Science, Industry, Literature and Art, thronging his vocational and scientific institutions for practical training, demanding and securing from his higher colleges immediate response to his demands for elective and utilitarian equipment, the Egyptian youth who needs primarily practical and useful instruction, has been swaying superstitiously over his seventh century literature, utterly detached from the problems of the hour.

Indeed, the regulation training of the Moslem youth in his native schools, serves to separate him quite completely from the knowledge of those life questions and present day problems with which he is to be confronted as he enters the New Egypt. This training in the spirit of the medieval school men, characterized by bigotry and sectarian antagonism to modern education, blinds the eyes of his mind and at the same time quite destroys any dawning inclination towards analysis and creative imagination. Think of the travesty exhibited in this land, where the majority of the population is engaged in agricultural pursuits, where there are at least one million Fellaheen owning, each, fifty acres or less of land in farms. Under such conditions, where the entire prosperity of the people depends upon the knowledge of physical conditions, as represented in such subjects as cotton growing, cultivation of the soil, irrigation, land tenure and crops, we find literally thousands of students passing from twelve to

Arab children at school in Egypt

Loading an up-to-date Nile steamer from the backs of "ships of the desert"

twenty years of their lives in studies that are not even remotely associated with a practical acquaintance with these fundamental material problems.

The students of Europe and America in contrast, for the last quarter of a century have engaged as experts in agricultural and mechanical study and research. In America in ten years the attendance at fifteen state institutions, founded largely for practical education, has increased from 16,414 students to 34,770, while in addition to the Government endowed Universities there have been gathered in the same period 25,000 youth in Agricultural and Mechanical colleges, which give exclusive attention to fitting men for farm and work shop. Even India has not been thus handicapped. In 1907 I was the guest of H. H. Mann at Poona, where I found in process of erection, scientific buildings for school purposes quite the equal of many of our best educational structures in the West; while in the Far East, especially in China and Japan, nothing impressed me more deeply than the remarkable awakening as shown both in modern buildings and in scientific teaching in cities like Hongkong, Peking and Tokyo.

But working in this old Egypt, like a leaven, is the new education—the education begun by the French and continued and enlarged by the English Government since the days of the Occupation in 1884. There are three men now in Egypt with whom I have had many suggestive and illuminating conversations,—three men who have perhaps been more truly responsible than any others for the present really progressive steps in Egyptian education. One of them is His Excellency, Yacoub Artin Pasha, former Minister of Education, whom Lord Cromer

calls "by far the highest Egyptian authority on educational matters in Egypt." Another man whom both England and Egypt will doubtless appreciate more fully in later years, when they realize the obstacles with which he has coped in his statesmanlike work in Egypt, is Mr. Douglas Dunlop, the present English Advisor of Egyptian Education. This man has clung with true British tenacity for twenty-three years to the idea of building up a real educational system in this land of the Pharaohs. Combated at nearly every step by the pent-up forces of Oriental tradition, animosity against European rulers, and religious narrowness, often prevented from attempting needed reforms and changes by inadequate appropriations, or by changing government régimes, Mr. Dunlop, supported by an efficient band of officials, inspectors, and at least a few strong principals, has accomplished wonders.

Another man who for six years has given the best result of his lifetime of experience in practical education is Mr. Sydney H. Wells. With his firm belief in the fact that "by hammer and hand, all arts do stand," he has been able to bring into existence types of vocational schools: schools of Agriculture, Engineering, Trade, Commerce and Housewifery. Four thousand students gathered into twenty-six schools of this character throughout Egypt is indeed a tangible result of this work led so efficiently by Mr. Wells.

When one fully appreciates the material with which educational leadership has to work in Egypt (only eighty-five in a thousand males and three in a thousand females could read and write in the year 1907) and when, in face of such opposition to edu-

cation, one discovers that in 1911, 251,107 students in Egypt were under the direct supervision or inspection of the Ministry of Education, one must give credit and honor to the men who have made possible these advances.

These leaders of student life have naturally made enemies. Their policies at times have been mistaken. The material from which they have been obliged to draw for teachers has been especially inadequate. But let those who would criticize too harshly first examine such comparative facts as are shown in the following table, revealing the remarkable growth of the schools, established by the Government, furnishing the type of Egyptian education:

	1890	*1911*
In Government "Kuttabs"	1,961	15,169
In Institutions for training teachers for "Kuttabs"	——	2,713
In higher Primary schools	5,761	7,749
In technical schools and classes	393	1,644
In secondary schools	734	2,160
In professional colleges	382	1,251
Studying abroad (Egyptian Educational Mission)	28	56
Total	9,259	30,742

The four thousand young men who go out from such schools as those suggested above to accept practical positions awaiting them in the New Egypt, will not of course solve the puzzle of education or of leadership. But they will *help,* and each year will reveal more efficient successors of these students. These men are marking the first step and not the last step in Egyptian enlightenment. They

are assisting mightily in the loosening of the minds of this Eastern land from their stationary positions, the heritage of centuries of fixity in thought and religion. As surely as the Crusades broke the yoke from the neck of the Middle Ages, so surely is education, guided by the representatives of European learning, breaking the bondage of Egyptian traditions and superstitions.

Hopeful, however, as is the beginning, it is the dawn only and the effects of inattention have left upon this land marks of decided contrast between East and West.

The Egyptian system of education as well as the student himself, has been necessarily influenced by Young Egypt's attitude towards its rulers. The student is a mirror in which one may look to see reflected the multiplied influences of generations of misrule, deception, warfare and oppression. While the Egyptian student is very proud—truly his vanity is prodigious—his pride is not like that of the Western student, unhypocritical, providing hypocrisy becomes advantageous to personal advancement. It is in part one of the bitter fruits of generations of slavery and unfortunate dealings with the conquerors of Egypt. Nor is this so much to be wondered at when one appreciates that Egypt has had, for examples in rulership, such men as Ismail Pasha who, not to speak of other things, added to the debts of his country 7,000,000 pounds a year for thirteen years, and for a sample of economics and national patriotism, left at the time of his forced resignation, a heritage to his country of a funded and floating debt of 94,110,000 English pounds.

Furthermore, many of these young men's fathers

were fellaheen who are old enough to remember how they were taxed several times over by overbearing Pashadom and unprincipled village Sheikhs, while some have seen the rural taxes gathered from the helpless farmers by the aid of one hundred lashes of the *Courbash*. The student has also inherited the belief that money is the chief prize of life. It is often said there are two words in Egypt of sovereign significance: "*feloos*" (money) and "*boukra*" (tomorrow. Upon the streets of the cities, at the doorway of his humble home in primitive Egypt, and in the exclusive precincts of the Harem, the Egyptian boy has been impressed with the education that the piaster is the one god. This tendency is especially evident now, when, for practically the first time in history, the Egyptian can accumulate wealth without the fear of having it confiscated by unprincipled officials. With this inherited love of mammon there has come also the inherited dislike of Government.

Students give the impression that the Government is their enemy and every victory over it, even at the expense of honesty and rules of integrity, is justifiable. The Egyptian instructor or inspector of education even, is found a prey at times to his ancient and inbred inclination to batten upon the "powers that be." One is amazed to find that the entire governmental administration is attended with an astonishing and ominous mass of checks and supervisions providing against the possibility of deception and trickery. The same precaution that causes the Government to so enclose its mail bags in the public post boxes as to prevent the postman from ever touching a letter, is evident in the required arrangements for scrutinizing the least accounts of the Ef-

fendi who are entrusted with responsibility in connection with the educational Ministry.

Any one acquainted with student life in the West with its openness and natural honesty is shocked in talking with teachers and educational officials, to hear of the cases of guile on the part of trusted students. An educator who has spent fifteen years in Egypt told me, with a real note of sadness in his voice, of a student whom he had befriended, sending him to Europe to finish his education, hoping to fit him for a place of responsible leadership, only to find, that virtually from the beginning, the student had been deceiving him; the young man was evidently possessed with the sole ambition to secure without cost as much as possible from this official of a Government which he, in common with the students of the country, considers his natural foe. I would not leave the impression, of course, that all Egyptian students are liars or deceivers, any more than that all Western students are honorable and truthful. But this strain of indirectness and inaccuracy, this rift in the Egyptian lute, this making predominant of personal advantage, especially when the Government is concerned, seems to be innate in many parts of the East, where centuries of servility, flattery and insincerity have been a legitimate means of securing individual desires and ambitions.

Indeed, in this realm of reality versus unreality, the student of Egypt finds probably his most extreme divergence from the students of the West. In Western institutions, even among school boys, a "dirty trick" in either the school work or school play, brands the student almost beyond redemption. The Western student lives much of his

life in the realm of friendship, camaraderie and esprit de corps, which demand openness and square dealing. He worships the heroic. I have often seen a student in America driven out of college for lying or stealing, and this not by the faculty but by the student body. To be sure the student of the West learns to be insincere and to be cunning enough at times as he mingles with society or the life of trade beyond his college walls. As a rule, however, his "crookedness" and artificiality are acquired rather than hereditary.

In Egypt, however, the contrast is complete. The Egyptian youth has few clubs, comparatively little close fellowship as far as one can discover, while even his athletics are so bound up in desire for personal glory that much of their true meaning is lost. At a football game occurring not long ago in one of the secondary schools, after the opposing team had scored six goals in the first ten minutes, the home team refused to play longer, and on leaving the field, the captain of the team said to the Principal, "Sir, it shames us!" One difference in favor of the Egyptian is quite evident, the absence of carousing or drinking on the part of the Moslem young men. We look in vain, however, for societies for social betterment, such as are present everywhere among men in the West. Both education and religion seem to be solely for personal betterment. The student follows somewhat too closely the apostolic injunction to be all things to all men. He will usually make you feel comfortable and amenable by agreeing with you, at whatever cost to his pride or self respect. He is such an adept at this, that you are frequently fooled, even while you are aware of his

weakness. One often experiences the sensation Shakespeare describes in speaking of the faithless mistress:

> When my love swears that she is made of Truth,
> I do believe her, though I know she lies.

The tragic influence of this temperamental tendency is readily seen in its effect upon educational processes, the very essence of which should be accuracy and truthfulness and close friendly interchange of frank thought and action. This thoroughgoing indirectness is the Egyptian's handicap—his besetting heritage.

An even greater contrast exists between the religion of the student of the West and that of the student of Egypt. The boys in the schools of Egypt are almost universally members of a religious faith, the vast majority of them being Mussulmans. According to the last census, the Mohammedans of Egypt numbered 10,269,455; the Copts came next numerically with 706,322; the Jews claimed 38,635 of the Egyptian inhabitants, while 175,576 of the population were divided among Evangelical Christians, Greeks, and Catholics. This adherence of virtually the whole student population to some distinct, religious belief marks a decided contrast to the West where, in America at least, not more than about fifty per cent. of the boys and girls in preparatory schools and colleges are members of churches.

The contrast, however, between the Egyptian and European is not so vital in the number of religious adherents as in the relation of these professions to mental growth and intellectual culture. To the Moslem, his faith is not a religion only, it is a social

system involving every act of his life from infancy to the grave. It is a fixed, arbitrary, infallible authority, binding his every action through mandates of divine revelation from the Arabian Prophet, and written in the Koran. In this exclusive and seclusive idea of all religious and social authority centering in the sacred books of Islam, the child of the devout Moslem home lives and moves and has his being throughout his early and susceptible years. He is not, like the Westerner, a religionist because he chooses to be. He has no choice in the matter. In the ear of the new born babe, the Mohammedan father whispers, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet." In his pleasures, in his work, in his marriage, and at his death the Koranic injunctions are always predominant, while the ever present Mosque and Sheikh never permit him to forget for an hour the sovereignty of the Moslem religion. Indeed, until recently, apostasy from the faith of Mahomet was punishable by death. The only chance to escape from Islam is through de-nationalization, ostracism, and a life-long martyrdom.

The loss of voluntariness and individual choice of religious belief is no small loss for the Egyptian. While in the United States and Canada in the year 1913 there were forty thousand students out of at least a total of 250,000 in institutions of higher learning, who voluntarily took up the study of the Bible, Christianity's text book, practically every Moslem student in every Egyptian school of every grade was required to study the Koran from two to five hours each week in the curriculum, in addition to its use in connection with the prescribed prayers of Islam five times a day. In 1910 in the native "kuttabs"

of Egypt, there were 5,565 pupils who were able to recite by heart the whole of the Koran; 4,076 could recite three-fourths of it; 5,355 could give one-half of it, while tens of thousands had committed to memory a large proportion of this book. These exercises represented a mental feat rather than a religious education. I have found it difficult to secure from students, who could give their sacred book verbatim, a clear statement of just what Mohammedanism means in its twentieth century relationships.

I fear that the Western college youth would be decidedly embarrassed if he were to be matched against the Moslem youth regarding the literal knowledge of their respective religious books. But the Western student gains something over the Moslem in real grasp and religious interest regarding the principles of religion. The study of the Bible and of religious philosophy is more often a pleasure than a penance with students whose inclinations and desires lead them to its unrequired investigation. I have seen Moslem boys nod sleepily for hours over the endless repetitions of the sacred laws of their faith, resembling not a little the attitude of Western students at compulsory prayers which are now being replaced so largely by voluntary religious exercises. It is a fair question whether there is not more real moral and spiritual dynamic for leadership and permeating influence, in 40,000 students who study a religious book and engage in the promoting of its principles because they really enjoy it, than there is in 250,000 who might be required by law to study daily, and that in a manner not intended to arouse their intellectual or human in-

terest. At any rate this is a decided contrast between the religious education of the East and the West, a condition to be reckoned with in any comparison of Oriental with Occidental student life.

What are the results of these two systems? By their fruits must educational processes be known.

We observe first that the Mohammedan boy furnishes a thought provoking example for the Westerner. Religious seriousness is never a joke to the Egyptian. He does not apologize for being religious, in fact religion to him is as natural as breathing. He may not understand the intricacies of the reasonings of the medieval school men of El Azhar, but he is certainly affected in his religious life by the spirit of Islam as represented in his prayers and reverential habits. It may seem pietistic to the youth of Europe or America to find the students of Egypt stopping each day for periods of prayer and communal devotion in the Mosque to which their schools are joined. To the impartial mind, however, there is aroused a sense of consistency, attended with real respect, in witnessing the devotional seriousness of Egyptian young men.

In spite of the partial revival in Bible study among the college men of the West at present, it is safe to say that if the average student in Oxford or Harvard were suddenly asked to find, for example, Ezekiel IV:13, he would be greatly facilitated in his search if the questioner would give page and paragraph, and in some cases even more explicit direction as to whether the passage was most likely to be discovered in the Old Testament or the New Testament. The masters of boys' schools in all parts of Europe and the United States tell me of most amaz-

ing things concerning the utter ignorance of many of their pupils regarding the simplest facts of the Christian scriptures; "veritable heathen" is the description by one principal of a great preparatory school in New England. I have repeatedly found in the great state institutions of America literally hundreds of students who, either have not possessed a Bible or who have never given their sacred book an hour's consecutive study in their lives.

In one Christian University not long ago, I discovered a group of seven students who were evidently seriously studying first principles with an idea of personal betterment and the understanding of historical and civilized thought. As one of the students described to me their experience, it was found upon examination that three of these young men claimed to be pantheists, another one a Jew, one an agnostic, one a Catholic, while a seventh member of the group could not be readily classified and was called a *Vegetarian.* These young men had been entering into amazing discussions ranging all the way from the foundation of the world to the present time. By chance one student not long before had suggested that the Bible might throw some light upon these elemental questions. A census was taken and it was found that only one man in the group possessed a Bible and this one, the Vegetarian, had carried it in the bottom of his trunk, back and forth from his college to his home for three years, never having taken it out but once. The effect of such distressing and limiting ignorance concerning the principles of moral and religious civilization, is sufficiently embarrassing to the present generation of Western students, who would nat-

urally be expected to have some idea of the principles of their national religion. But the results upon the next generation not only in the inheritance of this ignorance, but in the deprivation of inherited, spiritual habits, are certain to be ominous. Even if religion was omitted from the discussion, to neglect the Bible as a means of educational culture is an appalling literary crime. For the testimony of Ruskin is the universal witness of practically every great educationalist. "All that I have taught of art, everything that I have written, whatever greatness there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that, when I was a child, my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart."

But while the Westerner is at a disadvantage when compared with the Egyptian in the securing of this early training in his sacred book, he is found to be in advance in many cases in the spirit of his religion. He may not accept so universally and openly, religious allegiance, but he moves in an atmosphere which has been charged for generations with the elastic spirit of Western religion as it has adapted itself to the changing necessities of the times. While there are certain expressions of this faith which he utterly dislikes and repudiates, such as its inquisitorial and dogmatic narrowness, he is constantly impressed by examples, public and private, of the fresh energy of Christianity as applied to the transformed face of a new world. The student who may have disliked thoroughly the theological aspect of Christianity in his boyhood, is now frequently a leader in one of the multiple phases of social service carried

on in the name of religion, but where the emphasis is not upon legalistic, theological sanctions but practicable serviceableness to others. In North American colleges there are thousands of students to-day who are finding an outlet for their unexpressed religious consciousness in those departments of life where religion is directly attached to the world's work, not to speak of their growing respect for a faith which reveals the power of transferring its emphasis from a realm of Church history and systematic theology to one of social uplift and practical morality, as these latter expressions are demanded by the advancing times.

It is at this point of readjustment to the life of to-day that the Egyptian, educated Moslem and student are now struggling with their religious book and their religious practise. Many attempts are being made to rationalize Mohammedanism which was clearly a faith formed to fit the seventh century needs, so that it will meet the conditions and the demands of the twentieth century. If the Sheikh class and the El Azhar have their way, there will occur no change, and the Koran, with its medieval rules and literature, will continue to be a clogging weight upon the feet of the young man, who would run his race, unhampered, if not accelerated by his religion.

Evidences are not lacking that this struggle for individual opinion and individual liberty of decision will eventually win over the dead worship of forms and authorities. The man of New Egypt is just entering his heretofore undiscovered world of science and vocational knowledge. He will demand and he will eventually gain a regenerated Islam, or

after passing through a stage of agnosticism and uncertainty, he will turn to another religious belief that will allow him breathing space in a larger room of thought and religion.

IV

Reforms in Egyptian Education

FITZGERALD said of Carlyle that he had sat for years quite comfortably in his study at Chelsea, fiercely scolding the world for not being heroic but without being very precise in telling people how. Lest similar charge should be laid against this discussion of Egyptian training by those faithful and truly efficient educationalists who have been struggling for years, and with no small result, with the complex problems of race, official relationship and religion, I shall make bold to suggest several lines of necessary reform. These changes are recognized, in part at least, by the educational leaders of Egypt, but until more decided advances are gained, the problem of the intellectual training of Egyptian youth will continue to be one of the most perplexing matters in the Near East.

The first need of Egypt educationally touches the domestic circle—the home of the child—the wife and the mother. In Egypt as elsewhere

> "Man's cause is woman's;
> They rise or fall together,
> Dwarfed or Godlike, bond or free."

In the Ministry of Public Works in Cairo recently, a Moslem of the higher official class was heard to say that his mother had never stepped outside of her house, not even to cross the street.

It is not uncommon even now in certain parts of Egypt, for the laboring man to lock up his wife and children before going to his work in the morning, and the mud-built hut is made a prison house until his return at night. Upon being asked what she did all day, a Mohammedan woman of the better class replied, "I sit on that couch for a time, and when I get tired I cross over and sit on that one."

In the light of such conditions as these, one can better understand the reports of the last census to the effect that but two in a thousand Egyptian women can read and write.

But this ignorance and seclusion of women (although prevented from attendance at public worship in the Mosque as well as from first hand knowledge of the Koran) have not destroyed their wellnigh fanatical adherence to the Moslem faith.

The chief knowledge, however, of the Moslem woman concerning Islam has to do with her marriage laws.

The mother endeavors to keep the son in the Harem as long as possible, shielding him carefully from any outside influences that might warp his mind from his national faith. The women and children, as a result, live in a parochial world, quite apart, surely beyond the influence of enlightenment and having few interests outside the realm of petty gossip or intrigue. These conditions have fostered in the mind of Egyptian childhood the inferiority of womanhood, at the same time stultifying the youthful mind and growth by associations that have little if any value in the way of early education. If it is true that the social and personal conceptions of a

child's home world are the permanent influences not to be shaken off in after life, these untoward early surroundings are among the first changes to be wrought in the education of New Egypt.

Beginnings have been made and some of them very propitiously. "It is not coming with a rush yet," said the principal of a training college for girls in Cairo, but for that matter what has ever come in a rush in any Oriental land? Last year instruction was given to 22,002 girls in 2,867 "kuttabs" (small village schools usually connected with a Mosque), while thirteen of the Government "kuttabs" have been especially set apart for women students and now have an attendance of 2,020 girls with forty-two trained women teachers. In one of these schools for teachers which I visited, there were 138 applications in a single year to fill thirteen vacancies.

Schools for girls are also being founded by native initiative, through the inspiration and example of the Government institutions. A large institution for the training of women is just now being opened in Alexandria by the Egyptian Government and the appurtenances for modern education compare favorably with those of Western schools. The missionary institutions for girls conducted by the American Mission are among the most flourishing and efficient of the girls' schools of Egypt. Although the majority of the students in these schools are from Coptic families, there is a growing tendency for Moslem parents to send their daughters to the missionary institutions, where at present there are about thirty per cent. of the students who are members of the Mohammedan

faith. A decade ago it was very uncommon to find Moslem girls in the missionary colleges.

The English Government struck a note of reform, not educational only, but social and national as well, when in 1901 it began sending Egyptian girls to Europe to be trained as teachers. The difficulties confronting the Ministry of Education were many and varied. The father of the girl first had to be dealt with and convinced that no attempt would be made to destroy the girl's religious convictions. He was not at all certain of the wisdom of the rather revolutionary concession in allowing his daughter to leave his home before marriage. When the girl returned to Egypt and secured a self-supporting position as teacher, and when the father beheld in his daughter not a perverted Moslem but a more devoted member of the traditional faith, a long step was taken in the education of women in Egypt. One of these fathers expressed his satisfaction with the wise and impartial attitude of the English Government when he said to Mr. Dunlop, who asked him concerning the results of European education upon his daughter: "You have not only trained her mind, but you have changed her heart. She speaks more kindly to her mother in the home; she is more thoughtful; she is a better Moslem girl."

It is to the great credit of Egyptian women that of the entire number of girls who have been sent to Europe in their teens to be educated, suddenly deprived of the close home restrictions and guardianship, at the same time subjected to many temptations in a foreign country, no breath of scandal has attached to any one of them.

There is every indication that this reform will sweep rapidly through the entire nation. The seclusion of women is very largely an economic matter in Egypt. It has been considered not only impossible but also disgraceful for women of Egypt, other than those of the lower classes, to earn their own living. The departure means that Egyptian women are finding an honorable possibility of livelihood, other than that of being a wife under circumstances that are often adverse and cruel. This new development signifies also that children are to be trained in homes in which modern enlightenment and some degree of equality and culture are present. In this land where the word "feloos" (money) is the sovereign and omnipresent word which one will hear on the street, in the cafés, among the Fellaheen and in the homes of the Pashas, the power of a woman to obtain a salary of from 12 to 15 pounds a month produces a real impression upon Egyptian men. It raises the respect for woman by giving her a money value.

Furthermore, the need and desire for educated wives and daughters will be increasingly fostered as increasing attention and appropriations are given to this branch of education. There has been a tendency on the part of the more enlightened fathers to send their boys to school as soon as possible in order to place them beyond the reach of the stultifying influences of the Harem. Give the mothers education and the whole situation is transformed. The dead weight of the early and senseless memory work of Egyptian youth will be lifted. Girls who are learning other things than the unintelligible phrases of the Koran, are certain to im-

part such knowledge, as daughters, sisters, and mothers, to their respective households. Women who learn housewifery, methods of modern cooking, sewing, and sanitation in the domestic economy schools, are bound to cast about the home upon their return the atmosphere of a civilized community. The old time picture of the Oriental woman spending her hours upon divans, eating sweetmeats and indulging in petty and degrading gossip with the servants or with women as ignorant as herself, will be changed. The new woman of Egypt will be a companion rather than a slave or a toy of her husband. Marriage will advance from the stage of a paltry trade in bodies to something like a real union, involving respect towards the woman by both sons and fathers, while in a new pride of relationship the woman herself will be discovered.

Scarcely second to this reform in woman's education is the need of carrying the training of Egyptian youth beyond its mechanism into the realm where students are increasingly induced to think for themselves.

One can hardly overstate the difficulties under which the English government has gained the present success in Egyptian education. The patience, justice and wisdom inherent in the British character are evident on all sides. I visited virtually the entire sweep of schools now under the Government supervision, together with many native schools which afford a striking comparison. With profound and growing respect I have seen the pupil of the antiquated and independent native "kuttab" taken to the Government "kuttab" with its modernized equipment of teachers, text books, and

buildings; I have followed the same class of student through the new primary schools which compare favorably with those in which Western boys and girls are being educated. I have inspected the secondary educational processes under Western methods, where for four years Egyptian youth have learned not simply the principles of underlying college instruction, but also the personal relationships involved in a college community; then I have visited the higher colleges of Egypt, the colleges for doctors, lawyers, mechanics, business men, civil and mechanical engineers, where but for the prevalence of the native *tarboosh* and occasionally the turban and flowing gown of a Sheikh, I could have imagined myself in a finishing school in London, New York or Paris. To think of these five thousand or more students enjoying these privileges of specialistic practical education when two decades ago there existed only one school for advanced vocational training in this country, is to be profoundly impressed with what has already been wrought.

But Government education in Egypt, like Government education elsewhere, has not been free and is not yet free from the over-emphasis of mechanics, schedules, and lifeless systems which are never in themselves education, but rather the means thereof. It is a saying current in America that at Oxford it requires a formal vote of the Vice Chancellor and ten college heads, professors and M.A.'s to get a book out of the Bodlean Library. However suppository this statement may be, no little of the English tendency to routine and "red tape" is evident in Egyptian schools. Indeed the Govern-

At a monastery school in Mandalay

Outside a coffee-house in a mountain village, in Kabylia. Under French control much of the old-time barbarity of the region is passing away

ment has been partially responsible for this "ten day memory" exhibited so often in Egyptian examinations. For many years, Government offices were necessarily the end of school training, since every country must have officials with some kind of mental capability. Now that the Government offices are beginning to be over-filled, the results of preparing students for special positions rather than for life are apparent. Because of this objective, and perhaps more especially because of the native custom and traditions in regard to learning, we find too often that education is epitomized in schedules hung upon the wall, in certificates and statistics which are signs of educational progress, rather than the most conducive influences toward thoughtful and resourceful leadership.

Teachers are confronted with the temptation to give their students notes to copy verbatim instead of insisting by thought-producing questions, by personal association, and by the narration of incident, upon stirring the mental faculties and individual imagination. The Egyptian student is perfectly delighted if he has a certificate in sight or an examination to pass. As soon as he has gained the certificate and passed the examination he, as one of the leading educators of the country told me, closes his books forever. He has finished them. Does he not hold his certificate in his hand? Educational training means to him not knowledge as such, but knowledge to answer examination questions, for the sake of a piece of paper which will open the doors of a remunerative position. The average student estimates his education in purely comparative and economic terms.

It is not strange with this pressure upon the instructors that these men incline to give to the students their knowledge in the form in which they demand it, rather than to try to swim against the tide. The most popular teacher in the Egyptian schools to-day is the man who can dictate in the loudest, clearest voice, the greatest amount of notes to be taken down word for word, and in a manner requiring the minimum of original thoughtfulness on the part of the student. These notes are not to be taken home and digested, but rather to be kept inviolate until a month before examination time when the student works day and night to commit to memory every word and punctuation.

An instructor in a law school told me that the great aim of the students of his classes seemed to be to secure his, the teacher's, personal opinion, which opinion would be accepted without question. He told me that one rarely finds anything but an unanimous decision in an Egyptian law court. The majority vote was a common occurrence. Few cases of persistent individual opinion occur. While at Cambridge or at the University of Berlin, one might find almost as many opinions as there are men in the circle, in institutions like El Azhar there is but one opinion possible, and that a constricted, traditional one, founded upon infallible rules, and the findings of commentators. The general picture of Egyptian education has been, for centuries, a group of young men sitting reverently in a circle about a teacher whose first and constant purpose seemed to be the filling of their minds with a great mass of information, having little or no relation either to the individual or to the National conscious-

ness. The result upon student thinking is obvious; as Coleridge said, "to sit still and be pumped into, is never an exhilarating process."

We find, therefore, the Egyptian student, not confused by the tides of life that surge about him, so much as by a type of mind that has not learned to be inquisitive or original. He is, furthermore, often handicapped by being asked to present his thoughts in a foreign language. A medical student told me how his brother failed to pass his examination for his degree, not because the young man did not know his subject, but because he could not express himself in English, which was the language of his examination. He could only put down certain phrases and combinations of terms which he had learned by heart, trusting that by some happy chance he might hit upon the right phrase.

The Egyptian student's powers of observation are also decidedly untrained. One of the eminent physicians of research at the Medical School in Cairo showed me how difficult he found it to teach his students to observe the simplest and most common phenomena. He would ask a young man to describe a certain object or a section of a body, and the student would describe it in faultless English. He would then bring the young, embryonic doctor to the table in the laboratory and show him the object underneath the microscope, asking him what it was. It frequently happened that the student would gaze at the object blankly, having no conception that he had ever studied regarding the object under his eye.

I find, moreover, little philosophy of life or conduct that is not learned or borrowed or committed to memory. Ask a certain question of a Moslem

educated man in any part of Egypt, especially concerning science and religion and he will give you identically the same answer. It is the answer which has been prescribed and handed out by traditional Mohammedan teaching, and any personal opinion or individual bent of thought is quite out of the question. The Egyptian student has not reached that stage in the educative scale which John Locke refers to as a stage of "clear ideas." Even the students who are sent to Europe for a broadening of knowledge and for research work rarely take full advantage of their opportunity. An Egyptian young man of my acquaintance who was sent to Oxford for three years that he might acquire the foundations of the training for an Orientalist teacher, came back to Egypt without having given an hour of attention to any other language than that of Arabic. An Egyptian Egyptologist is as yet unknown. Anything like higher criticism of the Koran, for example, does not seem to have occurred to the Moslem student. His continuous inquiry, like a refrain, is "what does the Koran say?" as his perpetual excuse for the absence of knowledge consists in asserting: "I have not yet learned that in my book." When an educated Mohammedan explains to you how every modern scientific achievement has been foreshadowed and explained in the Koran, for example, the invention of the automobile, by quoting to you the phrase of Mahomet, "and they shall be drawn by horses and camels and *other things*," it is a blank day for the training of the mind. One must conclude, despite many signs of progress, that the Egyptian student has not yet grasped the true meaning of education.

This stereotyped tendency of mind is besieged at present by a decidedly strong influence in the form of new schools for practical vocations. In an interview with Lord Kitchener, I was impressed with the way in which he had planned for agricultural training on government farms for the boys and schools of housewifery for the girls. "The training of parents to care properly for children," said he, "is one of the chief present needs." Practical education is bringing about a new type of Egyptian student, not a young man who knows a lot of words but can do nothing, but a man who may not be able to recite so much but can at least do one thing well.

During the past five years institutions for training in agriculture, engineering, commercial and industrial arts, have been slowly but steadily growing in favor. Now the shop is really in competition with the study. The educational formula is beginning to be worked out in life, it is being brought into contact with Reality. The mechanics and engineers needed for the New Egypt cannot be furnished rapidly enough to supply the demand. Young men are appreciating that an engineer's job at three times the salary of a clerk has compensating advantages, and the call which is largely economic is constantly growing louder in this direction.

There are at least two causes for this advance in the "bread-and-butter" studies. One of them consists in the fact that of late government offices have not been sufficient to go around amongst the graduates holding primary and secondary school certificates. The other cause lies in the leadership and intelligent enthusiasm of Sydney H. Wells, who is bringing years of practical experience to the devel-

opment of schools so directly associated with Egypt's present need. Five thousand students are now studying and working in the twenty-six schools of Egypt devoted to technical and agricultural training. In these institutions I saw literally hundreds of young men "learning by doing," substituting laboratory for memory work, and engaging in practical tests requiring original thoughtfulness and invention. Examinations were found in these schools of course, but at least fifty per cent. of the examination was upon work *outside* the classroom, work that could not be imitated or copied from notes, much of it in the workshop and in the fields.

Nor does this kind of training destroy the power of the Egyptian student to work for an ideal. Of course, "a cow is just a cow," said Professor John R. Commons of the University of Wisconsin, "and can never become a Winged Victory, but within her limits she is capable of approaching an ideal. And more than that, she is an ideal that every farmer and farmer's boy—the despised slave and helots of Greece—can aspire to. But, most of all, this idealism of a perfect product is the only way of rendering a perfect service to others. The same is true of all other branches of applied science. They are all teachers of esthetics to the common man. And it is only as a science gets applied that its idealism gets democratized. Utilitarianism is the democracy of idealism."

The vitality of these schools in a country where agriculture, and trades germaine thereto, are of inevitable importance, can hardly be overestimated. Hon. Harvey W. Wiley, ex-Chief Chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture, is fond

of telling the following story that his father used to relate for the purpose of inducing boys to remain at home rather than go to the city:

"A farmer with three sons was asked what he proposed to make of them. He replied: "John is the brightest of my boys, the most industrious, anxious to work, and quick to learn. I am going to make a farmer of him. Sam would rather talk than work, and is fond of telling all he knows and much that he imagines. I am going to make a lawyer of him. Thomas is the laziest one of all my boys. In fact, he is so lazy that he never gets into any trouble of any kind. I am going to make a preacher of him."

There is decided evidence at present that Egypt, likewise, is choosing her most intelligent sons to be her farmer leaders, and to assist in laying the foundations of her growing life. Indeed, her commercial and her structural enterprises in factory, in field, and along her waterways, give the best possible evidence of her sensible modern educational system. Not that her schools should all turn vocational. Egypt needs no additional incentive to worship wealth or make a God of materialism. This would be as great a mistake as certain of our American educational institutions are inclined to make at present in turning out mere specialists and experts without sufficient fundamental knowledge or training to make their specialism vital and far-reaching in their own or their country's development. The body of learning, both mental and cultural, must be given with increasing efficiency and extensiveness in the primary and secondary schools, if the youth of our day is to become anything more than a superficial hand-worker and money-getter. When, even more generally than at present, cultural and prac-

tical training join hands in a kind of utilitarian idealism, in the awakening of the individual both to the acquiring of personal resourcefulness and to generous and serviceable action towards the community, Egypt will be liberated.

The teacher is the key to this generally desired advance. Men of personality and teaching ability must be raised up among the native Egyptians, men who have clear ideas of what the object of education really is, and who know how to apply these ideas to the practical needs of Egypt. Certain teachers with whom I have talked in this country remind me of a confession of one English instructor who said: "I was a public schoolmaster for nearly twenty years: and now that it is over, I sometimes sit and wonder, rather sadly, I am afraid, what we were all about."

There are two elements indispensable to good teaching, an enthusiasm for one's subject and a love for the student. The utter absence of one or both of these qualities among certain teachers of Egyptian youth has made it possible to hear such despairing words as these which are quoted by Douglas Sladen from an English master: "It is impossible to live happily in Egypt if you take any interest in your work. You must treat it simply as a means to getting your living."

Indeed, many teachers both English and Egyptian to whom I have talked, seem to have lost their grip. The keen edge of emotional interest which gives fascination to learning, both within and without the classroom, is lacking. I have been reminded here of the appropriateness of a remark of a Harvard professor who described the spirit of this oldest institution in America by saying: "A healthy

spirit of pessimism prevails in all departments."

Now I am aware that it is no easy matter to keep up a high electrical voltage, either mental or physical, in a country where climatically, "nothing's right but loafing," and where a considerable portion of the day is given to sleeping. But the thing which interests the observer of Egyptian education is not what the teachers or students do when they are asleep, but what they do when they wake up. An old Greek professor in an institution which I once attended used to drop off to sleep at times in the warm spring months and frequently some one had to go and awaken him to get him to attend his lectures. But we always noticed that after one of these naps he usually said something brilliant. So true was this that there used to be a little couplet going about entitled: "When Marvin wakes!"

While I would not overdo the *advocatus diaboli* business, I have been impressed at times with the fact that much of the brilliancy and aggressiveness of a certain type of teacher here is exercised in "slanging" students and making them appreciate how utterly backward and good for nothing they are. One must confess that there is reason for such attitude, but the pathetic side of it all is, that real and effective teaching, depending quite as much upon heart interest as head interest, goes out of the window when this mood of pessimism and unbelief in pupils comes in at the door. As the old French proverb puts it "to love is to understand everything," and if I do not greatly mistake Egyptian students, these youth, despite many handicaps connected with the accumulating vicissitudes of the country's checkered history, are very human, and

especially susceptible to consideration and kindness. It may be that certain Oriental races do not understand anything but bullying, but I am emboldened to think and remark that no Oriental race is to be lifted into self-respect and independence (to say nothing of being raised to the ability of self-government) by leaders whose chief weapon is criticism, but rather *decidedly* by men like that Arthur Benson describes Henry Bradshaw to be: "He simply loved his friends, as the father in the parable loved his prodigal son, because he loved him and for no better reason."

Moreover, the native teachers, especially, are too much obsessed with the idea of showing off their knowledge in the classroom. They are top heavy with their new learning. I found an instance of a teacher whose subject was physiology. The inspector, wishing to learn something concerning the subject matter of the teacher's lecture had some of the instructor's notes translated, finding to his amazement that this pedagogue of students fourteen or fifteen years of age, was discoursing in long periods about embryos, protoplasms, and physiological and scientific processes, the meaning of which words was almost as hazy in the instructor's mind as it was indiscernible to his students. He was making an impression, however, upon his hearers, and one of his pupils was overheard to remark solemnly that his teacher was "a very learned man."

The real difficulty, of course, resided in the fact that, in the first place, his own teaching perspective was limited and secondly, that he had not discovered the primary truth that Egyptian students need activity rather than receptivity of mind.

We are bound to conclude then that the day of reconciliation between teacher and student in Egypt has not yet arrived. The attitude of aloofness and distrust of teacher and student, the one to the other, seems at present reciprocally universal and complete. The Arabic language hangs like a veil between the scholar and the teacher. Not long ago I asked a hundred graduates of the United States and Canada, the chief impression of value gained in their college course. Eighty-nine responded that it came from personal contact with one or more great teachers. Yet I have not seen in Egypt the absorbed student outside of lecture hours working with lively curiosity at the side of his professor. Long walks with a strong individual teacher or quiet evenings in an instructor's home are practically unheard of as agencies in the development of the Egyptian's student life. The virile intellectual energy, the dynamic youthful enthusiasm in the subject of his own temperamental choice, is still absent. There is little evidence of the impartation of that "vision splendid" or the desire for unique contemporary leadership for the educated pioneer. The inspiration when it exists at all is too often a text-book impulse, and too little the result of the light from a great man's eyes.

The training schools for teachers of which there are thirteen now in Egypt, five of them directly under the Government and the others receiving partial supervision from the Government, afford much hope. In these schools the teachers of the teachers are often graduates from the higher European and English Universities and know well their subjects, even though they have something to learn of the

important art of presenting these subjects interestingly and with contagious enthusiasm. There is also a teacher's training school in the city of Cairo enrolling four hundred Moslem students from the El Azhar University. Although these students have spent from ten to twelve years in this ancient seat of learning, they have failed to learn there how to teach, but are here trying to make up for these deficiencies. These four hundred students will become teachers of Arabic in the modern institutions of Egypt, where many of the fundamental subjects and text-books in use are now being presented in the Arabic language.

Thus from various angles we notice indications that the leading educators of this country are beginning to appreciate that the educational task of Egypt is the task of the teacher, the task of arousing real, intellectual interest to take the place of the commonplace ambition of securing a certificate whose chief significance is fifteen pounds a month as a clerk in a government office. There is no help which can be given to Egypt to-day by her friends that will be more truly far-reaching than toward the awakening of cosmopolitanism and cooperation in the throbbing, vital life of the world.

Egypt needs her armaments, no doubt. She needs appropriations to improve physical conditions, to build dams, to dig drains and canals, to protect property and life, and to administer justice. But the great need of a New Egypt lies in the raising up and in the careful training, all through the country, of strong men to teach Egyptian youth, men of animation and character, men made bigger because of the enormous discouragements and besetting ob-

stacles, men of persistent idealism—even faint resemblances of Dr. Arnold of Rugby or certain old masters of Marlborough and Eton where, Cromwell aptly said, the great battles of England were fought and decided. It is only such spacious souls who will be able to see in the Egyptian student the man beyond the "native"; who will be capable, if necessary, to sweep past mere official bulletin boards and papier-mâché rules in their passion for teaching schoolboys, even Egyptian schoolboys; men of whom students will think in later years as Matthew Arnold thought of Jowett of Baliol:

> For rigorous masters seized my youth,
> And purged its faith and trimmed its fire,
> Showed me the high, white star of Truth,
> There bade me gaze and there aspire.

"But," says the Government educator, "we must be very careful not to stir up political discussion. Have we not banished Farid Bey, the nationalist leader for five years, and is not Lord Kitchener here and there and everywhere in the country, than whom no man on God's footstool is better able to rule Egypt with authority? Things are quiet now and we must keep them so, at whatever cost. We must not touch religion for that is in the Treaty. And in education, especially, nothing offensive to politics or conducive to national ideas can be tolerated. We must put scientific text-books into Arabic for that is necessary in order to preserve this ancient language and also to please Egypt. It must be taken for granted that Egyptian students belong to the twelfth century and are necessarily defective. We must not bother them with psychology, or sociology,

or modern philosophy, even though these studies are admittedly essentials of every real educational system. And we certainly must not become intimate with our pupils outside the lecture room, since we are a superior race and have an official dignity to uphold."

Very well, and very sensible most of this, from one point of view. But what of education meanwhile? Were men ever educated, really educated, without personal contact with large minds and sympathetic hearts? Were individual ambitions ever aroused without painting upon youthful brains the entire range of present day ideas and possibilities, patriotic, social, and religious? Has there ever been discovered any educational apparatus for creating vital literary interest more potent than free discussion and the fascination which a student secures in a love for wide reading? In other words, is the Education of Egypt to wait upon Politics, Arabic, and Officialdom? This is now the crux of the Egyptian Question, educationally.

These are surely not easy questions for educators anywhere, and especially not easy in a land no farther advanced than this country of the Nile. Neither is it likely that any nation would come nearer, if perhaps as near, to the speedy recognition and solution of these problems as England is coming to-day, united as she is with the most intelligent portion of the Egyptian population. To answer such questions satisfactorily will necessarily take time, patience, intelligence, and infinite sympathy. But these questions must be answered with seriousness and without equivocation, and answered aright, if modern education or anything worthy of that name is to reign in the Land of the Pharaohs.

V

Under a Modern Bedouin Tent

"WOULD you like to spend a few days at the home of a Bedouin chief on the edge of the desert?"

It is needless to say that I answered the question in the affirmative, and at once sent word stating the time of my arrival at Fayoum, where I was to be met by the retainers of the Bedouin, who is at the head of 35,000 nomads of the desert.

We found the carriage awaiting us at the train—in fact, a courier of the household had met us several stations before our ultimate destination, assuring us with various Oriental signs, mixed with Arabic and salaams, that we would be very much welcomed at the castle of his chief. The drive for miles across the well-irrigated country was memorable; the variegated *galabeighs* of the fellaheen dotted the landscape and the hot air of the desert blew across vast rainless lands. Here and there at the doors of the mud huts we saw pictures that might have belonged to the time of the Old Testament—women grinding corn at the old-fashioned hand-mill; water buffalo yoked with camels drawing a crooked stick for a plow as in the seventh century—it was all weird and strange enough to our Western eyes.

After we had passed through one or two villages containing the low black tents of the Bedouin, we

approached the home of His Royal Highness, Chief el Basel. At the expense, however, of the romance of our title, the Bedouin tent which we approached must be confessed to be a creditable brace of modern buildings which might have been found in a well-ordered community in Southern France or Virginia. To be sure, the buildings were low and the architecture was somewhat varied and incongruous; the courtyard into which we drove was austere and barren, almost as treeless and bleak as the desert which we could see in the distance. The Chief had evidently taken his designs, both in the exterior and the interior furnishings, from mingled impressions gained in Cairo, Constantinople and the more modern cities of the Continent. But to say that we who had imagined ourselves living like nomads, sleeping in our blankets on the sand, beneath the brown tents of this desert people, were surprised at the modern sumptuousness of the habitation that confronted us, faintly expresses it.

As we drove into this semi-royal enclosure of a really sovereign Eastern potentate, who rules with no mean Government over thousands of wandering desert men scattered through Egypt and Tripoli, we were greeted by twenty or more impressively clad Bedouins of various ages and degrees of distinction, all members of the tribe that boasted of nine hundred years of ancestry, coming originally from Arabia, the Bedouin's native home.

In front of the committee of welcome stalked our Chief, decked in a luxurious silk robe which he carried with exceeding grace and dignity. His salaam was the signal of not less than a score of hands touching respectfully, first their heads, then their

breasts, signifying: "I salute you with my head and my heart"; then the Arabic phrase "*Sharrafit*" ("You are welcome") sounded about us. To make welcome doubly sure, as soon as we alighted a dozen or more turbaned Bedouins gave the lie to their warlike appearance (for each wore a terrifying bunch of pistols in his belt, while some carried guns), stepped forward and insisted upon kissing my hand, uttering ejaculations of approval and good will.

In the extravagance of Oriental hospitality which was one of the impressions left upon us by this visit, none outdid our host.

His full name, including title, was Abdul Satar el Basel, Chief de la Triba Bedouin el Rameh et Indeh de Kasel el Basel, but to save time we usually called him "Chief!" With much saluting and in fairly good French (the Chief spoke no English) he invited us to come into the inner court, where we found ourselves in a modern drawing room, the decoration of which reminded one more of Versailles and Louis XIV than the black tents and mud huts that we had been passing along the way to this sole modern house of the Bedouin tribe of el Basel.

Here we found Bedouin coffee which resembles Turkish coffee, only more so, and also more often, for it was not unusual to find coffee at our side eight and ten times a day in this home of unstinted hospitality. In short, one seemed to be shadowed most of the time by a servant holding a tray in one hand and some sweets in another.

The early injunction of our chief and host was to be "perfectly natural," reiterating that his dwelling was our home. He impressed upon me this fact when I went to my sleeping room and found a beau-

tiful Arab costume of silk, with both the inner and outer robes, which the servant helped me to don in place of my heavier clothing, and which my host insisted I should keep as my permanent possession. I found the costume most acceptable in this part of the world, where the tropical sun makes life a burden for those adhering to the modes of Western dress.

A fine Arabian horse was also allotted to me and I do not remember a more pleasurable sensation during my entire sojourn in Egypt than that which I received upon the back of this fine animal in long, hard rides over the well-packed sands of the desert in the early evenings, when that indescribable azure sky marks the passage of the blazing Egyptian day into the black Egyptian night.

My companion in these horseback rides was usually the cousin of my host, who one night slyly asked me if my wife had said anything about the appearance of the wife of the Chief. It must be understood that these people observe the strictest seclusion of their women, and while my wife was allowed entrance to the women's quarters, where no man save the Chief himself was ever admitted, this relative of the family, who had spent long visits in the home, had never as much as looked upon the face of our hostess. Indeed, I was told that the brother of el Basel, who had lived under the same roof for years, had never seen the Bedouin ruler's wife.

The strictness of this seclusion was brought humorously to our attention one day during our visit when our hostess with a company of women met unexpectedly our host as they were coming out of a relative's house. The moment was a tragic one.

The women, who found it possible, made a hasty escape into the house. The others dropped suddenly upon their knees with their face to a wall, while an old servant covered them with her shawl until the dangerous masculine had passed.

On another occasion, as I was crossing the court-yard, I met almost face to face my hostess in the company of my wife. Her consternation was hardly greater than my own, and I fled precipitately into the house. Her fear, I was told afterwards, was not so much that she should be seen by a foreigner as that possibly her husband or some of the many guests should have witnessed the sacrilege.

This seclusion of women is far less strict with the Bedouins who live in tents; in fact, the wandering Bedouins do not seclude their women. I was also surprised to learn that it was the women who are the strictest holders of this ancient custom, which means to the woman of the East the loyalty and protection of the husband. The Moslem husband who does not maintain the seclusion of his women is thought to have lost his love for them. I found here, as throughout Egypt, that the majority of Mohammedans had but one wife. The reason, however, was economic rather than social or religious, since their faith allows every man four wives with unlimited powers of divorce.

Our visit here was one round of receptions and calls upon Bedouin relatives—cousins, uncles and aunts—of which there seemed to be no end. The whole tribe is directly or indirectly related, and the custom of entertaining each other and the giving of gifts forms a considerable part of the daily life and routine. The lands of these people join and em-

brace no less than 6,000 acres, which are among the richest agricultural lands in the valley of the Nile. These possessions occupy the famous Fayoum section, where Joseph's canals are still shown to travelers. A small railway engine carries the farm products from one village to another, and I was astonished one day to see in a field adjoining one filled with primitive implements and oxen treading out the corn, as in the days of old, a steam threshing machine in full operation, also a steam plow and a road maker.

I was much interested in what was styled the guest house, for this house within the outer courtyard was always filled with wandering or traveling members of the tribe, who were entertained free of charge by their Chief. There was said to be never less than twenty of these guests enjoying the hospitality of their ruler. Similar to the customs of the time of Abraham, a sheep is killed when a guest arrives.

I used to enjoy sitting among these men and watching their various occupations. One was a teacher—a Sheikh—who spent a considerable time at his prayers in the corner of the rest house, bowing back and forth, quite oblivious to the presence in the room of other Bedouins who were conversing strenuously as they smoked their cigarettes or cleaned their firearms.

Many of the visitors were on their way to Tripoli, thirty days by camel, and I was told by a Bedouin who could speak English that much of their conversation was concerning the war then in progress between Italy and Turkey, in which many members of their tribe living in Tripoli were fighting. These

Bedouins, indeed, have made various attempts to assist their relatives and friends, both by the sending of money and arms and also by volunteering as soldiers of the Turkish army.

An amusing incident is narrated which reveals Lord Kitchener's mingled powers of strategy and resourcefulness when certain chiefs of Bedouin tribes called upon him expressing their desire to gather a large force of their warlike brethren and join in guerilla fighting against Italy. It must be remembered that the Egyptian dreads more than all else conscription in the army, and Bedouins have been exempt from service as soldiers. Upon receiving this announcement from the chiefs of the nomad tribes, the Soldier of Khartoum faced solemnly the men of the Desert, saying that he was sorry that he had heretofore overlooked their martial propensities, that he would immediately see that Egypt did not lose the benefit of these heroic sons who thirsted for glory upon the battlefield, and that he would have them all enrolled at once under the same terms as the Egyptians in the regular army. It was stated that at this proposal the dust that rose from beneath the flying feet of those Bedouin chiefs as they escaped from the presence of His Lordship, was like unto that which sometimes rises over Egypt from a thick *Khamseen,* the wind that blows in blinding clouds the sands of the Sahara.

But these desert men must not be thought of as mere wanderers in the sand. Their leaders, at least, are men of business, sometimes owning large estates and competing with the most advanced Egyptians in agricultural pursuits.

One night as I was sitting with a circle of land-

owners, the telephone bell rang and a servant brought to my host the telephone receiver, and I heard him carrying on a conversation with officials in Fayoum, twenty-five miles away. He informed me when he had finished his conversation that he had just been talking with government officials who were arranging a meeting between the landholders of the section and the English Consul General the following day, a meeting for the purpose of discussing matters of irrigation, farming, and also the subject of education for the boys and girls in the small village schools of rural Egypt.

If you walk behind an Egyptian man on the streets of Cairo or Alexandria, if you sit at a table of state in the midst of Pashadom, or listen to the donkey-boys and the camel-drivers or fellaheen about their huts in the country, or sit as I did with these nomads with the air of the desert blowing upon our faces, it is always the same, they are talking money, money and piastres. Nor is this passing strange, since the majority of Egyptians are unable to read and write, only three in a thousand females and only eighty-five from a thousand males being literate, according to the official report of last year. And not only are these people deprived of the interests and advantages consequent upon education, but it is only recently that either Bedouin or Egyptian has dared to make known the possession of his wealth for fear of being despoiled of it by unscrupulous or greedy Turkish officials.

The chief of the Bedouins was also discovered, not merely as a business man, but as a ruler and judge. Members of his tribe bring to him all kinds of cases and his modern Bedouin tent is frequently

converted into a tribunal, wherein the tribal head has power of life and death over his subjects.

While we were present at his home he was called upon to act as judge in a trial involving murder, and the bold sway with which he made his rulings, reminded one of the autocracy of feudal days. He is virtually the lord and master not only of his home, but also of the villages and of the educational and industrial life of his empire. This means a large number of varied activities, the settlement of a wide variety of cases. The old blood feuds, for example, are constantly reenacted among these tribes. It is "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and, in a real sense, a life for a life among these desert peoples. A member of this tribe in speaking to me one day of a father who had been killed, said: "Of course, the son was in duty bound to kill the murderer of his father. If he had not done so he would have been ostracized from his tribe."

Among the strongest impressions of these days were those concerning the strictness of Mohammedan religion as carried out in the Bedouin community.

It may be true that in the large cities, where the tides of modern civilization sweep in from other lands, the Moslem faith, which comprises 223,000,000 adherents, or one-seventh of the entire population of the earth, may be rationalized and changed in part, but here in the desert we found Mohammedanism almost exactly as it was given by Mahomet in the seventh century. I used to attend the services of prayer in the little Bedouin villages at noonday, when the fellaheen were brought by the

call to prayer in the little mosque from their tasks in the fields. These sons of the land would crowd the small room to suffocation and then they filled the street outside as they knelt in their prayers to Allah, crying in unison with every other good Moslem the world around:

"God is Great!

"I testify there is no God but God!

"I testify that Mahomet is the Prophet of God!

"There is no God but God!"

Repeatedly in this country I noticed an humble farm laborer leaving his work, and the camel driver dismounting from his camel, to kneel upon the edge of the field or the sand, with his face towards Mecca at one of the five prescribed daily times for prayer.

In the modern "*kuttab*" or Moslem school which I visited, guided by the Chief, I found a section set apart for a praying place for the children. The complexity of these prayers makes it necessary that the boys and girls begin to learn them early. This school, as well as the entire government of the community, was maintained entirely at the expense of this Bedouin Chief, who explained to me with the keenest pleasure the modernity of these institutions.

Lady Duff Gordon has said sententiously that this country of Egypt is a "palimpsest on which the Bible is written over Herodotus and the Koran over that." The statement is not more true of any part of the land of the Nile than it is of these men who carry the Koran with them on their desert journeys, and who are aroused more easily against a government which touches even indirectly their religious life than over any question of politics or business. These desert men hold a religion which has with-

stood for twelve centuries every effort of other faiths or forces to color or to change their belief. Members of Islam, wherever we find them, must first be dealt with, not as citizens but as Moslems.

These Bedouins, like the modern Egyptians, are changing their exterior expressions of life through the use of modern implements and progressive institutions received from the North and the West. They have become modernized in commerce, but they have not become Christianized in religion. As far as I could discover, Western forces had swept over their religious creeds and convictions, leaving them practically unchanged. We learned that the American mission, with scores of missionaries, which has done loyal work educationally, religiously and medically for more than fifty years in Egypt, during that entire time has not been able to report more than one hundred and fifty converts from Mohammedanism to Christianity. The Christian influence, however, and the spirit of civilization which America has given to Egypt through these devoted people, have told mightily.

What the future may hold for the people of tropical Egypt is much easier to predict politically and commercially than it is religiously. Some of the keenest and most broadminded students of Mohammedanism, after years of study and life amongst the Moslems, say that Islam cannot modernize herself and still be Islam. The older Moslem, whether we find him in Bedouin tents or in the Cairo homes of Egyptian Pashas, appears to be perfectly satisfied with the faith as his Arabian Prophet outlined it so many centuries ago, the worship of one God, the giving of alms, the fasting, and five daily prayers,

and a pilgrimage to Mecca marking the culmination of Moslem piety. Yet one can hardly witness some of the results of this medieval faith, its lack of adaptability to modern conditions in its social laws, especially its doctrines in relation to women, together with its fanaticism as to the letter of its laws, without the realization that, as it now stands, Islam is inadequate to meet many of the new and most vital needs of a modern people.

The chief hope which I see at present rises in the fact that the English nation, expressed through modern schools, modern industry, courts of justice, and through such personalities as that of Lord Kitchener, *is in Egypt to stay,* and with its occupation there is coming to this country—Bedouin, Egyptian and Turco-Egyptian alike—a new vision of all that is most effective in the land of the Christian.

While the presence of the English with their irrigation plans and their excellent modernized utilitarianism for Egypt may not mean that the eleven millions of Egyptians and Bedouins are to embrace Western religion as we know it, one may have faith to believe that these people will gradually come to realize the essential values of Western Christianity, and that they will find a way to utilize such of these values as are fitting and consistent with their Oriental surroundings and imagination in the rapidly changing life of the new Egypt.

VI

"As Far as the East is From the West"

THE writer of the Hebrew psalm doubtless had in mind spatial distance when he said, "As far as the East is from the West"; yet the figure holds true for mental and spiritual separation between the Orient and Occident.

There are few more difficult things to which one may set his hand than the task of explaining the "What" and the "Why" of the difference between the East and the West, but no one has crossed the boundary line between Europe and Asia without perceiving it.

There was a time when it seemed more natural than it seems at present for the Oriental and Occidental life to flow together in one main stream. Alexander was once an Oriental monarch, and St. Paul seemed to find it comparatively easy to become a Greek. Did then these clearly marked differences come about through those forty generations or more of separation, when in the Dark Ages the Orient was almost utterly erased from the European mind and the West developed its own life along independent lines? Or are these national contrasts due to the fact that there are two great and separate earth spirits, the one at home in the realm of romance, mystery and religion, and the other demonstrating its existence in the realm of science, progress, and the development of nature?

It would naturally seem that when one has passed through the thin circumference of tradition and habit, one would arrive at a common humanity quite regardless of the tangled skein of races, colors and creeds. In a certain sense this is appreciated by the world traveler. If you sit in the cafés of Cairo or Broadway, you will listen, in general, to much of the same kind of talk, conversations concerning trade and weather and money. My wife mixed quite constantly with native women in the harems and purdahs of Moslem and Hindu lands, taking note of the subjects of common interest. In Algiers or in Allahabad, in Cairo or in Canton, the topics were always much the same as in the West—marriage, dress, food, domestic gossip. Nothing human is foreign to either the Oriental or the Occidental; in a very real sense we are brothers in a common humanity.

Why is it then, that in this primitive unity of humanity, in this deepest sense of brotherhood between Asia and Europe, there is fixed evidently so great a gulf?

One's first difficulty in trying to answer such a broad question is the difficulty of defining the terms "East" and "West." It is by no means easy to mass under the term "West" that congeries of peoples to be found on the continent of Europe, among the British Islands and in the American countries. It is still far more difficult to define Asia or the Orient, which comprises one-third of the surface of the earth, and to say that the East is inevitably associated with certain invariable characteristics, remembering the wide separating barriers differentiating the Arab from the Chinese, or the Hindu from the subject of the Flowery Kingdom.

These are not members of the Klu-Klux Klan, as might easily be supposed, but Mohammedan women veiled from inquisitive eyes

Ladies of the harem out for a ride

Still, instinctively perhaps rather than scientifically, we seem to know what we mean when we say "Oriental," quite as truly as we think of something entirely dissimilar at the mention of the term, "Occidental."

There is a unity of contrasts even, a unity in diversity between Occidental and Oriental. There is a line of demarcation of individual and national spirit separating Europe and the vast land of Asia. From the Bosphorus to the Pacific, the Oriental is at home, and the Occidental knows that he is in the Orient. Even from Algiers to Yokohama, from the Mohammedan shores of Morocco to the Shinto shrines of the Mikado's empire, it is East, regardless of the nations who rule. It belongs to Asia as inextricably as the stars belong to the night. There is a line threading it together, stronger than geography, mightier than politics, more potent than climate and custom. It is the spirit of the Orient, it is the permanent idealism of Asia, the intangible but very real solidarity of races whose vision and accomplishment are more or less identical.

In all this stretch of earth, the student will find common social and religious ideas belonging solely to the inspiring principle of the people living beneath the Eastern sun. You may call it indirectness, contentment, superstition, the sense of the far away and mystical, or stagnation and antiquity, according to your point of view as a Westerner. But if you were born out of its bounds you will not fully understand it.

The Oriental recognizes his brother Oriental; the recognition is intuitive; it is innately and spiritually sure. To him the Occidental never becomes other

than a foreigner. You take your Mohammedan "boy" from Cairo to Tokyo and he is everywhere more or less at home. He readily picks up enough of language and sign motions to carry himself and you through the intricacies of travel, and in any one of these countries you feel that he is far more capable of understanding and becoming one with the natives than you are. Take him to the shores of the northern Mediterranean, and he is at once in a *terra incognita,* helpless and remote. Even his intuition fails him here, in this, to him, strange world of men and things.

I recall what a sense of "home" I experienced after spending many month's beneath the tropical sun in north Africa and Egypt, when on one June evening I stepped from an Austrian Lloyd steamer upon the Italian soil.

We sat in the Square of St. Mark's until long past midnight enthralled with the compelling sense of difference. It was not the clothes of the passer-by, it was not the Venetian architecture or the rounded domes of St. Mark's, nor the faint strains of gondola song that floated to us from the Grand Canal. Indeed, I hardly realized that the people were speaking a language other than my own. I had the unconscious yet conscious feeling that I could make these people understand because they *knew. What* did they know?

Was it a common knowledge of social understanding? Was it a common heritage of ideas, of art, of law, of progress, of classical background, or was it the unity of a common historical association? I do not know. I could not tell then and I cannot tell now, with any satisfaction to myself, why I, an

American, felt the stirrings of heart that made me peculiarly at home in Venice, a European city, which I saw that night for the first time in my life. I just *felt*—"as far as the East is from the West."

Some may fix upon the great unifying idea of freedom as a dividing factor between East and West, while others may say "climate," and still others may attribute it to the racial separation of color. But one may be certain that there has existed through generations, as there still exists, a great divide between Eastern and Western civilization, in the realm of religion.

In nearly every Eastern land, Mohammedanism, for example, counts its natural adherents by tens of thousands or by millions. Buddhism has, at different times, compelled loyalty from myriads of adherents in three empires. In the first century of the Christian era, the religion of India was made the state religion of China, and six centuries later it became the state religion of Japan. But while these Asiatic nations have yielded to these Asiatic religions without the aid of vast missionary enterprises and forceful organizations for proselyting, no great Asiatic nation or race has ever truly accepted the Western religion, Christianity, although our Western faith has been attended for its propagation by a tremendous missionary expenditure in money, devotion, and life. The religious statisticians tell us that in the year 1913, $30,000,000 were spent upon Christian missions in Asia, and that $14,000,000 of this amount came from America. Yet it has been virtually impossible to even transfer or translate intelligibly the religious terms of the West into the language of the East. One is told in

China that the Christian missionaries in the Middle Kingdom, after generations of theological debate, even now find it difficult to fix upon a word for "God" in Chinese.

There seems to be a root religious difference between East and West. A part of this dissimilarity lies fundamentally in the way of conceiving God and the Universe. In the East, religion is associated, first of all, with the Universe, surrounded and interpenetrated with fixed and unchanging laws, and borne on by resistless Fate. The great cycles of the Universe, running back and forth from chaos to world processes, include in their ceaseless currents both gods and men, and these latter are not determining factors, but incidents merely, in a mighty movement of invisible, ultimate, and everlasting forces and laws.

In the West, the European or the American is accustomed to associate religion with some idea of a Creator who is beyond and above the Universe and the men whom he has made. Despite the complexity of our creeds or no creeds, there is the underlying consciousness of personality, or something akin thereto, in the conception of God and of men fashioned in the Divine Image. The world, as universe, was made for man, not man for the universe. He may conquer and control it; he may discover the secret laws of an Omnipotent Architect, whose name is not only Law, but also Father.

To the Westerner, progress is endless growth in personality, an unceasing climbing upward upon earth's altar stairs that may slope through darkness, but also through ceaseless effort, up to God.

To the Easterner, Moslem, Buddhist, or Hindu,

personality is to be ground out in the mills of the gods until identity is lost in an over-powering Koranic fatalism or by absorption with the Absolute in a supine Nirvana.

In the more tropical portion of the East especially, this withering of the individual and the supremacy of the organism is apparent. "The individual," writes an Oriental scholar, "comes to a quick maturity, passes into an indolent middle life, and sinks without regret into old age." Lord Kitchener, who knows the Oriental as do few men, said to me: "I find a kind of arrested development among the Egyptians. The young student develops rapidly, he has a quick maturity, then he stops!"

One can hardly imagine a more abject loss of personality than that one sees in the sun-worshiper of the Ganges. Even the fire-worshiping Parsee reminds one of the mighty domination of nature over the individual. The fanatical Moslem soldier casts his life with glad abandon into the arms of Fate, which is strong enough both to engulf him and also to save him in Paradise. The sweep of famine and plague, the hot, fatal breath of the Indian sun, the countless immensity of crowded Chinese populations, the inexorable demand for death with honor, of the Japanese devotee of the Son of Heaven, are all expressions of the rule of the Absolute over the individual in Oriental lands.

Take away from the sense of a race the sure ability to overcome nature by means of science or invention, put Absorption and Annihilation in the place of ambition and retrieval, deprive the individual of the aspiration and allurement of personality growing ever larger and finer along normal lines in

a life beyond life, and you get the dead level and contented lethargy of the East—a distinct antinomy to the ever-hoping and enduring individual and national ambition of the West—the faith that urges in the words of Tennyson:

> Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster.

A strong element also in these diversities of Orient and Occident, is the element of age, for the Orient is a synonym of age, another term for timelessness. I suppose none but those who have grown up in it can fully realize the influence of cumulative duration upon the minds of a people. The first impress of an Oriental civilization upon the Occidental mind is unlike anything else in the world; it convinces one at once of the subtle power of antiquity as a force for molding a nation.

One's first impressions as he leaves the Western world at Port Said and begins his silent voyage down the Suez Canal, that blue liquid thread that binds West with East, passing on either side the relics of historic associations, as old as world history, are like the scenes of childhood, indelible.

Instinctively, as by a kind of Eastern twice-born sense, the Westerner recalls in memory the Bible stories of these lands, poignant still with associations of distant centuries when the world was young.

Immediately behind him are the magic cities, Greek Alexandria and Jerusalem of the Bible; to the east and south are the bleak hills of Arabia, Mt.

Ararat and the mysterious Mecca, the land of Moses and the Pentateuch and the home of the Prophet and the Koran; to the west is the land of the Pharaohs—and the Nile—the hope of Egypt, fringed with date palms and black lateen-sails filling with the night breeze from off the Mokattam Hills; while awaiting him in the south is the languorous breath of the Red Sea with all the magic, expectation and charm of that Eastern world which heretofore has been for him only "such stuff as dreams are made of."

It is with a unique tightening of the heart that one feels all these first Eastern things, which can be only felt and never adequately described, as he passes across the edge of the Oriental world.

Boatloads of Arabs, with dark sensual faces and shining teeth, float off behind us as the big ship glides slowly and noiselessly on its one hundred miles' journey through these narrow banks which it cost eighty million dollars to build. A group of Civil Service Englishmen, who have donned their white clothes of India, are beginning to show new signs of interest as they stand together near me and talk of the changes of Port Said, since "we took it over." Some American tourists are discussing the length, the cost, and the tonnage of the Canal, losing thereby the glamour of sensation that one goes around the world to experience and which never can be duplicated upon a second voyage.

We look off toward Egypt, time enduring Egypt, to see camels and oxen yoked together in the field as they were in the time of Abraham. A little further along our eyes follow a winding line of camels in homeward route for the villages in the distance,

great bunches of maize and sugar-corn bulging out from their sides; the weary fellaheen farmer is walking behind them, the same type of face which you have seen carved upon the century-old walls of Abydos. A band of gesticulating, naked boys run out from mud-huts and cry out a shrill, Arabic "Sharrafit," welcome, as we pass; without glasses we can descry the shadoof men on a bend of the Nile, their brown perspiring bodies glistening in the evening sun, as they lift the last buckets of the precious water to the long canals that irrigate these rainless lands; snatches of the weird cadence of their evening song are born to us through the still tropical air. Some fellaheen women are seen, carrying water jars balanced sidewise on their erect heads, their black gowns flowing gracefully about their lithe bodies, reminding us of a page out of our Sunday school days, when the early lessons of religion came through the old pictorial Bibles. Far toward the horizon desert line can be seen the jagged line of black tents beneath which we know Bedouin camel drivers, en route from Tripoli to the Fayoum, are resting after a long day in the heat and sand.

Some one exclaims that he has caught the outlines of the Pyramids against the sunset.

While we strain our eyes to find every new object in the passing panorama, the night—the sudden unexpected Egyptian night—comes down swiftly like a cloud of blackness and covers all. The soft wind from the desert freshens and blows on our faces. The searchlights show us by flashes the barren desert sand on both sides of the Canal; it also glances across the faces of a group of sleeping Arabs piled one on the other in a lifeboat on the ship's side;

there are no noises now, save the distant barking of dogs or the howl of a jackal in the far-off Arabian hills; the wash of our ship breaks softly in ripples along the low bank; you can fairly feel the loneliness, and the stillness, as if other ages and other races of men were holding reverent vigil here. It is not only different from the West, it is something more. What? You cannot tell. But you do not forget this first night in the land of timelessness.

This element of fascination attends the Occidental throughout the entire Orient, if said Occidental goes eastward gladly and sympathetically. There is a certain type of person who should never go traveling in any Oriental country. He is the individual who is afraid of dirt and smells, and is always expecting to catch hideous diseases. Such a person, by the way, usually captures all of these and loses in addition the mystic charm of age-long associations. One must take the Orient as he finds it, not as he would have it, in order to accord with his latter day physiological and sociological ideas.

To him who thus sails east of Suez, Asia speaks a wonderful language. She tells him of things primitive and ageless, things that lie near the soul and the sources of original supply. Her creeds, her colors, her sounds, her deference, and her passivity, grip him and hold him fast. There is something elemental about the East, making appeal to the hereditary strains of human nature. Even the foreigner who rails at the abominable climate, and hurls epithets at his stupid servants who lose or steal his toilet articles, talks about second journeys to the East. To certain natures, indeed, nothing

Western can begin to capture the mind and spirit as that essential and compelling call of the slow moving Orient.

Antiquity plays a leading rôle in this charm. India for example, with its mysteries and its millions, with its sorrows and its simplicity, seems to have come out of the night of time. To her a thousand years are but as yesterday, "a watch in the night." For centuries her religious consciousness has been coming up to its present type. The historian tells us that at least five thousand years elapsed before the wars of the Mahabharata. Behind her lies the spell of those milleniums, passed on the tablelands of central Asia, where are the headwaters of the world's civilization. It was here that the Aryan took the first steps of history, training the beasts of the field, domesticating fire and corn, discovering the use of tools, and planting the earth's first known fruits.

In the Rig-Veda we get glimpses of the Indian's poetry and song with which he inspired his labors in these pristine centuries. Hundreds of years before Oxford or Bologna were dreamed about, forest Universities were producing their learning, and the accounts of their sessions have come down to us in the Sutras and the Upanishads. In some such period as this, the Vedas were written and human society existed, governed by such legislation as we find in the laws of Manu. Indeed the farther one goes back in Indian history, the more limitless lifts the horizon; always "leagues beyond these leagues there is more sea."

India is thus like the entire Orient, inexpressibly impressive. She must be felt rather than talked

about. Some of the best impressions of the East are those that can never be taken down. They defy capture. They are as elusive as sunbeams, leaving a distinct and ineffaceable memory that lives in one's consciousness half vivid, half obscure, like the sense of a sunset or a beautiful mountain, or the impression that highly intelligent and adorable individuals carry about with them, the magic and magnetism of which lingers when their words are forgotten. It is a sense of presences.

This something richly primitive and universal, this something of age and timelessness, diversity and spirituality, lying near the soul and the springs of original supply, is the East. Her creeds, her colors, her elemental mysticism, seem to belong to the primitive and unutterable properties of human being. She somehow strikes a note near the heart of life and in consonance with the inwardness of living things. Deeper than tourists' talk, finer than the architecture even of the Taj, the Orient touches life on its myriad sides

> "Its pain, prayer, pleasure, act and sleep
> As wallowing narwhales love the deep."

The Oriental's many-mooded spirit broods over one after its immediate presence is lost. His religion, his poetry, his beauty and romance cast a peculiar spell as of

> "A great bell beating afar and near
> The odd unknown enchanted gong
> That on the road hails men along,
> That from the mountain calls afar,
> That lures the vessel from a star,

And with a still aerial sound
Makes all the earth enchanted ground."

You can note superficial difference, you can describe her architecture, her customs and her commerce; then, if you are a Westerner, you must stop. After that the Orient for you is, in the words of the Eastern psalm:

"As far as the East is from the West."

VII

Changing Social Order in India

IN India, as in no other country, the social and the religious are inextricably associated. India is the land of caste, and caste will have as many definitions as there are kinds of people with whom one talks concerning it.

The sympathetic European will frequently tell you that caste is defined as a sense of honor, and that it is no more a menace to India than are the clear cut differentiating grades of society found in England, or France, or Germany. In other words, caste is a natural division of society according to the standards of self-respect; *noblesse oblige.*

If you talk to a missionary in India, you will get quite another definition. Here for example is one which was given me by a most intelligent mission worker:

> As it exists to-day, caste is a blighting and baneful institution, the perpetuating cause of old feuds, the ever present source of suspicion and envying, the one thing which prevents the free interchange of thought and life from class to class and the intermingling of men as equals (when talents and attainments clearly stamp them as such). Caste has outlived its usefulness, if it ever really was useful.

I have asked many English officials regarding the value or the harm arising from the rigid castes of India. As a rule you will not receive deleterious

criticism of caste from an English official. On the other hand, he will go out of his way at times to place his sanction upon it. I have attended many garden parties in various parts of British India, and I have yet to find the official who has not seemingly been glad to furnish separate tables, food and entertainments for various castes and nationalities. It may be a sweeping assertion to state that the ruling class in India are usually in favor of any influence which keeps strong sections of Indian society apart. In disunion of native India lies the strength of the rulers. If, at any time, Mohammedan really united in spirit and action with Hindu, and if the days should arrive when the Hindus could break down all of the separate walls and partitions between themselves, and Sudra and Brahmin join hands in one common purpose and propaganda, the hour for English sovereignty would strike.

You will find still another point of view regarding this social and century old influence in India when you talk with the progressive Indian, the man who, working through politics, industrial or religious advance, longs for a new India built upon modern patterns. This type of reactionary from the old hereditary orthodox classes wants the best things of the West, and desires them not simply because they are western but because somehow they have seemed to succeed in countries Oriental, of which Japan is the first example.

This type of Indian is not necessarily a revolutionist, but he is the educated, ambitious descendant of those Indians who once ruled India by the sword. His weapon is not physical warfare but modern improvements, progressive machinery and

At a mission school in India

Teaching the Koran to the native youth

things new for old India. Sometimes he has traveled and he returns to find that his best dreams for his motherland are blocked by ignorant prejudices and foolish superstitions. Mr. Khrishna Gokhale, who, perhaps, is one of the best present day examples of the sane, intelligent, iconoclast in the midst of old Indian modes of thought and custom, would break caste feeling in order that the people themselves, mingling more closely, might unite for political and educational advances.

The Gaekwar of Baroda, who is one of the most outspoken enemies of caste dominance whom I met in India, is not only starting schools for depressed classes through his state, but has given a standing order that any teacher who refuses to teach these "untouchables" shall at once be replaced by a teacher whose views regarding these matters are more modern. The Gaekwar makes it a point to invite Europeans who, to the orthodox Hindu, are as outcasted as the lowest untouchable, to his table at Baroda and a short time before my visit there, he had entertained in the palace a large number of students who were members of the lowest and most depressed section of Hindu society. "Caste is slowly loosening," he said to me, "and we are determined here in the State of Baroda to annihilate it as soon as possible." His reasons might be interesting, but as far as I could gather, one of his chief arguments against caste lay in the fact that it was a distinct obstruction in his wide plans for compulsory education throughout his native state. No limitation of learning and intelligence to a Brahmin class could possibly go hand in hand with anything like a system of widespread educational policy.

There is still another class among Indians, and these continue to be the largest numerical section of Hinduism, those who hold to caste with a vigor only possible for religious zealots. Caste, to the orthodox and ultra-orthodox Hindu, is the mold in which the religion of his fathers has come down to him and which, it would seem, he believes is an indispensable essential for the continuance of his faith in its traditional purity.

This consistent Hindu (I do not speak now of any of the sections of reformed Hinduism) thinks of caste very much as certain Western Christians think of the Church and their creed. To lose his caste would mean to him to lose his religion. He would be like Micah, whose gods of stone the Danites stole and carried away, leaving the old Prophet to cry in his short-sighted dejection, "They have taken away my gods. What have I left?"

To the Orthodox Hindu, caste is the strongest barrier between him and the influx of Western ideals. As long as he can hold the body of Indians in a water-tight compartment, as long as the Brahmin especially can draw from the three lower castes the homage and the religious reverence which he has maintained for so many centuries, he believes and, justly so, that he can safely say, "Let the new forms industrial, and educational come in. They will be inadequate, for they cannot touch the family life of India, which for generations has been insulated against all outside influence which would tend to break down its customs of marriage, social communication, and domestic rites." Thus far this greater section of the Indian population, drawing its adherents from the country and the village, which

communities are always the last to be touched by new streams of thought, remains virtually impregnable upon this subject. Even the educated men who return from Europe to the smaller communities of India, after having parted from their allegiance to caste principles, are driven to gather up again the threads of these social ancestral distinctions, in order to be allowed to remain in their family or to escape the term which to Indians is anathema—"Outcasted!"

An instance of the absolute impossibility at the present time of breaking through the caste prejudices of village life in India was brought to my attention upon visiting the school and mission inaugurated and conducted by Pundita Ramabai at Kedgeon, not far from Poona. This Indian woman, whose learning and work has brought to her a somewhat unique distinction, the title of Pundit, and who is doing in some respects a remarkable work among the 1,200 or more girls she has gathered from various untoward environments and circumstances, is now finding one of her great difficulties in securing a place in the home life of the Indian villages and towns for the girls whom she has been able to Christianize. In spite of the fact that the young women are much superior in the way of education and training, and also in their domestic capabilities, to the average girls of the villages, it is almost an unheard of event for any villager to be willing to marry one of these mission girls. As one man expressed it, "Any Indian who married a girl from this school, a girl who, according to Hindu standing had been outcasted, would find the entire village rising up against him and

would actually be prevented from living in his home."

It was my privilege to go with a band of workers from this school to a village near by where they were accustomed to preach in the endeavor to win converts to Christianity. The utter lack of sympathy and even common courtesy which was offered to these workers astonished me, since in most of my visits to the Indian villages, I had found the simple village folk filled with curiosity and interest, good humor and hospitality at the presence of the foreigners. I found that the chief reason which led these people to greet with dark looks these mission workers lay in the fear, which was heavy upon them, of losing favor or being held as objects of suspicion among the villagers, which is simply another way of saying they were in terror that they might lose caste. In spite of all the tremendous advances which railroads, the telegraph, the Indian posts, and education are making in the way of breaking down this terrifically high and strong fence against foreign intrusion, as far as one can see, the majority of rural Indians are held as firmly in the vice of social customs today as they were a thousand years ago.

Even in the cities, when the spirit of caste has gone, the form remains, and it is often as efficacious as the thing itself.

It was my custom in my studies and travels in India to meet and talk with as many members of the local community as possible during my sojourn in a given place.

A somewhat amusing instance of the way in which caste hangs like a Damoclean sword above

the heads even of progressive and well educated Indians, was revealed in a certain place where for several weeks I had made it my custom to receive callers in my hotel apartment.

One afternoon it chanced that a Brahmin of one of the highest castes was calling upon me as tea was being brought to my room. At our invitation my guest, somewhat hesitatingly to be sure, allowed my wife to serve him with tea, and cake which he proceeded to eat with us. Before we had finished, however, a rap at the door announced my next interview. It chanced to be another Brahmin of the same caste as the gentleman who was eating with us. When the caller was announced we noticed the embarrassment and confusion depicted upon the face of guest number one, and my wife, with a subtle exhibition of feminine tact and to the extreme relief of our friend, deftly swept his cup and plate of half eaten cakes from before him, carefully concealing them from view.

Brahmin number two then entered the room, and with natural hospitality we invited him also to partake of tea and cakes with us which he peremptorily refused to do, saying with a pious look at his fellow Brahmin, "*We Brahmins,* as you know, are strictly orthodox, we never eat with those outside our caste."

When my wife murmured something about her regret at not being able to properly show our hospitality to either of the two gentlemen present, the grateful look that passed over the face of Brahmin number one, amply recompensed her for the social deception. It was not that either of these gentlemen would refuse, if alone, to drink tea and to eat

cake with us, but they were afraid of each other in the tragic fear of caste. They were not unlike certain extreme and radical temperance advocates whom I used to meet in obscure parts of America, who would always refuse a drink when their friend, John Jones, was present—but at other times—

Yet I would not have my readers mistake the above remarks as depicting the entire Indian tendency in relation to caste, for no one can visit the country as a whole to-day without seeing more or less constantly the signs of deterioration in this century old custom.

I was meeting on one occasion quite a large company of students in a professor's home where refreshments were served upon two separate tables, one for the Hindu students and the other for the Mohammedans. It seems that the Hindu students being somewhat in the majority had consumed their cakes and one of the young men with considerable frankness hinted to the host that the cakes had disappeared. The host sent his servants to bring more refreshments, but the servant soon returned with the disappointing news "cakes finished," at which the aforesaid Hindu boy, taking the Professor aside, pointed to a large plate of tempting sweets upon the Mohammedans' table.

"But," said the Professor, "those have been partaken of by the Mohammedans," at which the student shrugged his shoulders and said, "It doesn't matter, they look like good cakes just the same."

"I have been teaching for fifteen years in India," said the Professor, "and I am sure such a thing could not have happened even five years ago."

A strong influence in bringing about broader

opinions relative to this matter are the reform societies, the Brahmo and Arya Samaj, which number among their adherents a large constituency of the influential, educated men who hold positions of leadership and responsibility in the new India. The members of both of these reform movements have eschewed caste, and while the Brahmos are outcasted in many Hindu circles, the members of the Arya Samaj who hold very strictly to the ancient Vedas as their text-book of religion, are usually spoken of even by orthodox Hindus, with much respect. In fact one could hardly say that the members of the Arya Samaj were really considered outside the Hindu fold, despite the fact that they do not keep caste laws.

In the cities of Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay, I found several instances of Brahmins and Hindus of good standing eating with members of other castes and even in public places. Were it not for the conservatism of Indian women, who are by far the most sturdy preservers of Hindu usages, this ancient system would be much more speedily annihilated. As it is, one can only say that caste waits upon time in this land of timelessness. It is my opinion that the slowness with which caste is being swept away in India is not an unmixed evil. In spite of its disadvantages to a united India, in spite of the unjust laws which it binds upon the neck of Indian brotherhood, caste is a mighty force in the way of moral restraint.

In the matter of intermarriage alone, as well as in the general moral relations between men and women in a country where standards of chastity are quite different than they are in the West, the doing

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away of caste before other moral restraints, equally as binding, have come in to take its place, would undoubtedly bring a chaotic condition of social life which is not pleasant to contemplate. In the present condition, the members of the lower strata of Indian community who usually have, to be sure, little to lose in accepting Christianity or any other alien faith, find themselves after such acceptance more utterly isolated and expatriated than one can easily conceive.

To the Hindu, almost as much as to the Mohammedan, to be ostracized from the religious household is to be denationalized. In India as in Egypt and the near East, it is a Church State rather than a State Church. The binding thread of the people is religious rather than national. To lose standing in a matter so important as that of social religious status, means that the person so deprived of the environing protection of public opinion might as well be deported, as far as his relationships with his own people are concerned. It is only in certain places in Southern India where Christianity is now presenting a more confident and stronger force in the second generation of Christians, that this class stigma has been at all obliterated. I find it not uncommon to hear missionaries in India affirm that they hesitate in many instances to advise young Indians to break utterly with their homes and their social family obligations as they would be compelled to do if they publicly embraced Christianity. It is one thing for Christians to theorize concerning the necessity of Indians making a "clean breast of their faith" regardless of circumstances, and quite another thing to deal with the complicated and the

often marvelously involved individual cases with which the Mission workers are confronted in this land.

What is the nature of a force which has been thus capable of enchaining for so many generations two hundred millions of people?

The divisions of this force are fourfold. We have first the Brahmin or the learned class. In the division of labor, these men have been appointed as the thought bearers, the educators, men of ideas and meditation, the thinking class, the inheritors of the sacred writings, the Scribes and Pharisees of the Hindu religion. This top layer of society, which in America would be giving its first attention to material aggrandizement, in England to becoming environed by royal or political influence, has in India given its first time and attention from periods immemorial, to the cultivation of the mind. As a consequence, it is this class which is by far the most powerful section of Indian civilization at the present time. These are the men who most rapidly adapt themselves to Western learning, and to Western office bearing. I find indeed at present, these men, contrary to the ancient divisions, are becoming expert in the professions formerly allotted to the second and third classes in the caste division. It is the Brahmin, however, who is naturally the most desirous of retaining caste divisions, for in so doing he is fighting for his own prestige under the guise of age long religious sanctions.

The second caste division is that of the Kshatriyas the warrior class. These are the military and fighting guardians of things Indian. No disgrace attaches to their ignorance, but had they failed

in the protective art, they might look in vain for the favor of the Hindu Gods. In this class were enrolled the turbulent and pugnacious Rajputs, the warlike Mahrattas and the ancient tribes who kept the Indian frontiers. The British Raj showed farsighted craftiness in the enlistment of so many members of this class in the native army, for in India, as in few other nations, there have existed throughout the centuries large numbers of people whose only calling is that of being fighters, and who care solely for the martial career. One can easily notice the difference in mien and bearing between the keen intellectual but non-fighting and often effeminate Bengali, and the swaggering, independent air of the born-fighting Rajput. The Bengali *talks* when disaffected, but the Mahratta and Rajput *fight*.

The third caste, that of the Vaisyas, are the merchants of India, although at present this class has been absorbed in certain sections of India by the Brahmins and Sudras who are entering the commercial field.

The influence of deputizing the world's work in business to a particular section of society has had a permanent influence upon the entire country. These were supposed to be the men who attended to the business of India. They represented the great middle class of shop keepers. To be born in this class meant that it forever settled the person's standing and his kind of work. The Brahmin, traditionally, is obsessed with the conviction that for him to sully his hand by labor, whether it be that of the Sudras or work of the merchant class, is to lower his rank and, in a sense, to give up his birthright. The economic pressure, however, which is

now perhaps the strongest force dominating the new India, promises to make this merchant class the predominating one in the next quarter of a century, since thought, religion, and military life must perforce change their garments for those of the worker before the new machine-made civilization which is now revolutionizing Indian standards.

The fourth class of Indian society are the Sudras —the servant class, the mechanics, the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, the farmers, the artisans, the carpenters, the weavers, the goldsmiths. It is only in the last fifty years that hope has dawned for members of this class through the introduction of education. I have found these men among the teachers of the schools, among the officials in Government service, while certain members of the second generation are now numbered among those who are sent to Europe and America to become expert mechanicians and agriculturists and on their return are clothed with honor and rewards quite equal to any of the higher social classes of India.

Beneath these four grand divisions of Hindu caste there is the great unwashed, the submerged tenth, the unclassifiable "Untouchables," the Pariahs and outcasts of Indian society. To be a member of either of the above mentioned four classes is to be honorable, but to be born into this subterranean ground work of Indian life is to join "les miserables" of the sweating, toiling millions who are forever sullied with the world's unseemly work.

It is out of this class that converts to Mohammedanism and Christianity have chiefly sprung. That they have gained by their change of religion

is beyond question. In fact, if Christianity had done nothing in India but to hold some sort of hope before the eyes of these soiled slaves of degrading toil, it might well have had a *raison d'être.*

The Government is also taking a strong hand in the lifting of these classes into new possibilities. Schools for the depressed classes are being founded in all parts of India at present. The bulk of missionary enterprise and thoroughly conscientious labor are aimed at this class of society with telling effect. The pitiableness of these outcast people is fairly unspeakable. Their very shadows contaminate. One sees even to-day the Brahmin drawing his robes about him and moving in a wide circle at the approach of an "untouchable." In Southern India, I have found places where the atmosphere for sixty-five feet around these outcasts contaminated the air for the higher classes. In some sections of India, these forsaken ones are not permitted to walk through certain streets and in villages are confined to quarters of their own victims of birth. The following urgent Indian appeal for relief of depressed classes is an earnest of what the next few years will bring forth in this changing Indian society:

"A Government within easy reach of the latest thought, with unlimited moral and material resources, such as there is in India, should not remain content with simply asserting the equality of men under the common law and maintaining order, but must sympathetically see from time to time that the different sections of its subjects are provided with ample means of progress. Many of the Indian States, owing to less elevating surroundings or out of nervousness, and fear to strike out a new path find it less troublesome

to follow the policy of *laissez-faire* and to walk in the footsteps of the highest Government in India, whose declared policy is to let the social and religious matters of the people alone, except where questions of grave importance are involved. When one-sixth of the people are in a chronically depressed and ignorant condition, no Government can afford to ignore the urgent necessity of doing what it can for their elevation."

VIII

Glimpses of Old Hyderabad

TWICE at least impressions are indelible—in childhood and in India.

To the Westerner, India comes with a rush of commingled and extraordinary impression. He is almost blinded by the riot of color, the brown and white and resplendent reds and yellows. A street scene impresses one as an artificial masquerade; it is a phantasmagoria Asiatic, of dress and gesture, of turbulent cries and a mixture of all the Arabian Nights' pictures and sensations one has ever dreamed.

India's moods and motions are all Oriental, magically paradoxical to Western eyes. The traveler is plunged without warning into a new world and strange. He finds servility in the place of independence; instead of commercialism he is greeted with an intricate system of barter; incessant volubleness and indirectness fill the foreground where he has been wont to find Western order and directness of dealing. The very sun in the heavens, which he has always been taught to love, becomes his treacherous foe, dealing him fatal sunstroke if he is unwise enough to be caught in the Indian daylight without sufficient protection for his head. The heavens at night, set with their dry blazing stars, seem to declare a new handiwork of Deity, and when evening comes with its languorous warmth subtly wrapping

him about with its garments of mystery, the traveler feels himself a sojourner in a land he knows not of. Like a dreamer at night he struggles for a consciousness that can break the spell of this unaccustomed thraldom of his senses.

Of all places in India where this sense of the East is thrown about one as a spell, Hyderabad, old Hyderabad, the largest native State of India, ruled by a Mohammedan Potentate called the Nizam, stands supreme. I shall never forget my impressions of the weeks which I passed among the officials, the schools, and in the homes of this old city, which indeed hardly seems like a city so much as a kind of magical amusement exposition dropped to the earth from an Oriental dream. Truly, you feel that the whole atmosphere is too old and too strange to last, that the gaily painted shops are simply stage scenery, soon to be pulled down and placed in the property room, and the goldsmith who makes the bracelets, nose rings, and necklaces for the pretty dark eyed women within the Zenana, is only waiting for his cue to leave the stage. You cannot but think that the men on the corners of the tortuous streets with their arms filled with great wreaths of white flowers or with marigolds and garlands, which the Indians hang about the necks of their friends or drape over the doorways at feasts and weddings, are simply there for show to add color to the picture.

Then the women, the working women and, once in a while, the Hyderabad lady whom you see in glimpses with saris of purple or crimson, with gleaming bracelets and clinking anklets, with kohl blackened eyes that stare at you wonderingly from above their veils, and also the women draped in long

white cloaks like winding sheets which cover them completely from view of the passer-by—these are just a part of the chorus; while the sheen of knives and guns and huge silver chains hanging over the shoulders of the men from the north, the elephant swaying slowly down the street looking with keen, twinkling eyes at the people who make way for him, and the background and setting composed of the small native shops swarming with tens of thousands of the dark subjects of the Nizam, add further to the impression of the pantomime and mirage. Over all lies the dazzling brilliancy of the Indian sunshine and about all the spirit of the slow-moving East.

There seems, indeed, to be little or no connection between this picture and the scenes to which Western eyes are accustomed. It is just another name for age and mystery,

"Another brain dreaming another dream."

It is difficult to appreciate that all this is a part of the new India, India with her 315,000,000, as large as Europe without Russia, and increasing at the rate of 250,000 per month; with its forty-three races and twenty-one languages in every day use, with its annual commerce with Great Britain alone amounting to four hundred million dollars; India with her 40,000 miles of railroad, carrying 350,000,000 passengers yearly, and 65,000,000 tons of goods; India with her big port cities equipped with modern conveniences of telegraph, telephone, electricity, sanitation, irrigation and with a slow but certain acceptance of the chief educational and industrial appliances of the Western world. It is even more difficult to appreciate in this State, with all its signs

At an Italian mission school in Hyderabad

Four Indian princes at Nizam College, Hyderabad

of Oriental despotism, that one is in a country ruled over, not by Great Moguls but by Great Britain who accomplishes the task with only 75,000 troops and 1,200 civil servants and school teachers. To think further, however, is to appreciate the farsightedness of England who has realized that the only way she could govern India is by retaining these ancient native chiefs over their respective states as veritable kings, under surveillance, and affording to Indians an increasingly large share in the affairs of government. England's chief danger, in fact, of losing India lies in her departure from the present policy of equity and just dealing to all, regardless of creed or color. Any indication that the British Raj distinguishes between men because of blood or color or race would immediately tend to unite Hindu and Mussulman against the rule whose ensign floats over half of the people of Asia.

Hyderabad, which represents one of the strongest centers of Mohammedan influence with which Great Britain has to deal, finds its central interest in the personality of its ruler, the Nizam, who has for generations enjoyed a reputation for magnificence and of mystery—the royal personage who has been said to outrival Solomon with his palaces, his jewels, and his wives.

One of his subjects described to me the Oriental lavishness with which he entertained during the Great Durbar at Delhi, when King George was proclaimed Emperor of India; the gorgeousness and prodigality of expenditure could only occur in an Eastern land. For sixteen months he had an army of workmen clearing the ground, making lawns and flower gardens, and erecting the tents that were to

accommodate his guests and the four thousand people whom he took with him from Hyderabad. His scores of women were lodged in an old palace at a distance from the guests' tents and were of course unseen, viewing the spectacle from afar.

This is but an indication of the profuse and sumptuous life which the Nizam lives in old Hyderabad. His life, however, is hedged about with the utmost secrecy. There are all kinds of conjectures regarding the number of wives and women within the extensive palace walls. No foreigner, indeed, not even the officers of the Hyderabad State are ever admitted into the sacred enclosures of the Nizam's private life. The home secretary of Hyderabad, who was frequently my host, told me that he had only seen the Nizam privately once or twice during his entire term of office.

During my first day's visit in this ancient city, I was brought into practical realization of the presence of this unseen Ruler and the dignity of his household. One of my first objects in visiting the State was to study the schools and the system of education in order to compare the education carried on by the native rulers with that of the British in the large English-ruled cities. The Director of Education had arranged to meet me the morning following my arrival to conduct me upon a tour of inspection through the Nizam's schools. This official appeared in the morning to say resignedly that there would be no schools held in the city that day because a prince had been born that morning at the palace. We, therefore, arranged to visit the schools the next morning. Even before the Director arrived the following day, we heard the guns firing,

which I soon learned designated the fact of the birth of royalty and the stoppage of education. The Director appeared as before saying, "I am very sorry but to-day also is a holiday, another prince is born." As my visit lengthened necessarily as I desired to have considerable time to visit thoroughly the schools and as nearly half of my time in old Hyderabad was passed in school holidays, I became convinced of the fact that Hyderabad, although placed in modern India, was in spirit and custom as old as the Orient itself.

The present Nizam is a comparatively young man and is said to be taking up his government from the hands of his father with a rather high hand. Gossip tells us that when the late Nizam died there was a cartload of broken glass bracelets, the bracelets that are worn by wives but are broken on the wrists of widows, taken away from the palace. This late ruler was credited with a great many more wives than he actually possessed. Hyderabad is a feudal country similar to France when Louis the Eleventh reigned. The Nizam is the overlord. His feudal princes, Zeminars, when possessing a pretty daughter, are always anxious to give her as wife to the Nizam. He perhaps may accept her and send her to his women's quarters, never seeing her again. But her people are satisfied, as they have the honor of having a daughter in the imperial Zenana, consequently a friend at court, as she will naturally remember her relations when imperial offices or gifts are being distributed. She receives a stated income said to range from sixty dollars a month to four hundred, according to her status, number of children, etc.

No small part of the history of Hyderabad is written in the language of intrigue and feminine duplicity. In spite of the Western impression that the secluded women of the East are more or less slaves and powerless, one does not live long in the Orient without discovering that the Eastern woman is a powerful factor and that she secures her ends by intuitive trickery.

One hears in Hyderabad the romantic tale connected with the uprising of the women in the Zenana against the present Nizam because of what they considered his injustice.

The former Nizam had his favorites and to one of them especially he showed a love and an affection rather rare in an Eastern potentate. She bore him a son and because of her place in her master's heart, the women of the palace planned to kill the boy. The details of the plot came to the Nizam's ears and in the middle of the night he took the mother and the boy in a cart and went far into the country where he hid them in the house of a servant on one of his estates. He returned to the palace and meted out punishment swift and sure to the culprits and he did not allow the boy and his mother to return until their safety was assured. He had another wife of whom he was very fond, but he discovered her in a lie and he never saw her again. Before he banished her, from the palace to the estates, he had made her a very rich woman, and when the new Nizam came to the throne he cast a covetous eye upon the rich properties and sent for the widow to come to Hyderabad. She was compelled to obey and found herself virtually a prisoner within the palace. She used her woman's ingenuity to get out

of Hyderabad and back to the country where she would be safe in the midst of her own people. She knew that all the women in the palace of the old Nizam were rebellious because of the action of the new ruler in regard to their allowances. He, justly, as one might think, decided that widows who were supposed to live a life of absolute simplicity, eating only one meal a day and that cooked by their own hands, who could only be clothed in plain white cotton, and supposed not to indulge in any frivolities, nor buy new clothes, nor think of worldly things at all, simply meditate upon matters spiritual, did not need the thousands of rupees that were going out of the Imperial treasury each month. He also said, "What do widows want with jewelry; they cannot wear it. I will take it." He did not count on woman's love for jewels, even if they were forbidden, or the clever plotting of the eternal feminine.

The palace was next door to the big Mosque where the Mohammedan men of the city came to worship, and in the courtyard of the Mosque was the tomb of the Nizam. A hole was made in the palace wall, and at prayer time, when many of the devout men of Hyderabad were solemnly kneeling and bowing and praying to Allah, about five hundred women of the palace rushed through the hole and threw themselves upon the tomb of their lord and master, the late Nizam. The astonished worshipers gathered their shoes and flew, because they could not look upon the faces of those from within the Zenana without a decided breach of every law, Mohammedan as well as civil.

The bewildered Nizam did not know what to do.

It was an unheard of thing, and there was no precedent on which to act. He sent for the Prime Minister, who was also nonplused, and used every argument he knew to persuade the ladies to return, but in vain. They said they were going to stay upon the tomb of their lord until they starved. In the meantime the Mosque was practically closed to the worshipers as no man dared to come near the place, and the town was ringing with the scandal which flies so quickly in these Eastern lands. He finally sent for the Commander of the Army, an old man well versed in the intriguing diplomacy of the Orient. This man put five hundred of his troops from another Province around the Mosque, then told the women that he would give them until a certain time to return to the Zenana, and if they were not in their rooms at the appointed hour, he would allow his men to enter the court and do their will. Even this did not frighten them, as they said they wished to die, and after much parleying, the general pledged them his word that their jewelry would be returned and a certain amount of money allowed them. They finally went back to their quarters and the general had the whole wall covered with heavy iron bars, in order that this particular calamity would not happen again. In the meantime the woman with the estates who had planned the whole revolution had escaped. She had drawn the attention of the entire court to the women of the Mosque, and quietly went out of a side door, and was well on her way to her home before, in the excitement, she was missed.

Although the government of the State of Hyderabad with its more than 80,000 square miles of area

and its 11,000,000 population, is in a certain sense a kingdom governed by the Nizam King, it also, as we have said, bears a resemblance to an ancient feudal state. It is a land of immense hereditary estates, which are nominally held by landlords as trustees for the Nizam who can confiscate them at his will. The holders are supposed to furnish him with a certain number of men in time of trouble, but now, when India is ruled by the English, instead of asking for men, the Nizam asks for rupees, and if stories are true, he asks for a great many of them.

One of the greatest land holders is the hereditary Prime Minister. He has twenty villages and over 6,000 people of whom he is actual owner. An official told me that the Nizam had lately confiscated the estates of his aunt, because she had allowed her daughter to marry a man out of the royal line, a commoner. He deported him, and the wife and mother-in-law secretly sent him three lakhs of rupees, which had fallen, through the treachery of a trusted servant, into the Nizam's hands. He gave the mother an allowance, but not anything to be compared to the $5,000,000 a year that the estates yielded. It was said that the estates had never been so well managed as during the time of this old lady, who was strictly "purdah" and could neither read nor write. She sat behind a screen and talked with the stewards and men of the estate, and woe betide one who forgot the least account, as she had a marvelous memory. She had the account read her and could remember to a penny what was being spent and what the income on certain property should be. It is a well known fact in India that estates managed

by widows, and a mother is often regent when the son is under legal age, are well managed. When an estate is in a bad condition, they say, "it needs a widow's nursing." The widow does not entertain lavishly, as she would if she were a wife, nor does she spend money in jewelry or finery, being restricted to cotton or the simplest dresses; she must eat no meat, go to no festivals, and practically lives the life of a nun. It is, therefore, natural that money could be saved or expended in improving the estate, which, in the hands of a man, would be spent in keeping up a large Zenana or in dissipation, or in the luxurious entertainments for which the Oriental is noted.

This ancient type of government is offset in part by a nominal modernity in politics consisting of a departmental government plan with men of modern education at the head as secretaries. These men are endeavoring to incorporate as rapidly as possible the ideas and methods of British India. The presence of an English Resident is also a check upon ancient Mogul tendencies. As yet however the Nizam, with his enormous personal income, also largely controls the State revenue which amounts approximately to $12,000,000 annually. In contrast to the uplifting and enlightening measures adopted by such native princes as the Ruler of Mysore, Hyderabad is still very far in the rear of present day Indian progress.

There is little doubt that one of the reasons for this retardation of advance is the strict seclusion of the women, both Mohammedan and Hindu, for this seclusion has carried with it backwardness of education for women and all the attendant evils of

the restricted purdah system. The custom is still holding this State in a firm grasp. The women take it as a matter of course and do not seem to feel any deprivation in being obliged to pass their lives among women only. Indeed, they would feel ill at the thought of being seen by any man except their husband, brother, or immediate relatives. My wife was visiting a Mohammedan lady who is strictly "purdah." They were taken into a drawing room where the father-in-law of the hostess was chatting with another gentleman. Her attendant went into the woman's quarters to see the mistress. She returned soon and said to the men, "You must leave now," and both men went out. The lady entered, exquisitely dressed in a light blue sari. As she sat down she saw that one of the blinds of the windows was partially open and she quickly drew her sari across her face speaking to the attendant who went to the window and closed the blind. This did not fully satisfy her, however, and a servant was called who went to all the windows seeing that they were securely closed and that no one could possibly look into the room from the outside.

It seemed a useless precaution since the windows opened upon a garden, and no one could pass except one of the household. The lady laughed apologetically and said, "I know what you think, but I cannot sit here with any degree of comfort thinking that one of my husband's guests or even one of the men servants might pass by and look in and see me unveiled. It is an instinct. My mother and my mother's mother were purdah women, and it is in my blood."

Among the many institutions which I visited in

this State, the Nizam College and the school for the training of the young princes, presided over by Englishmen easily took the lead. Modern education, however, is having its battle in the native State of Hyderabad. The Mohammedan schools are for the most part in the hands of the old time Moslem teachers. The Koran is still the *pièce de résistance*, though modern subjects are being introduced. There is a system of inspection of schools though the evils of the old time Oriental are still prevalent even here.

I asked one of the officials of the government about the introduction of compulsory education. He said it would be impossible at present, if for no other reason than that they could not secure inspectors honest enough to collect the fines. In my tours in this State I repeatedly came across bribery among educational officials, a rupee or two slipped into the hand of the inspector by the rural schoolteacher being capable of bringing a perfect report to the authorities at Hyderabad.

In the city itself, however, under the leadership of such really able and cultured gentlemen as A. Hydari, educational advance is apparent. This Home Secretary arranged an educational conference for me in the city which was attended by scores of representatives, both Mohammedan and Hindu, whose ideas and intelligence augur well for the future of learning even in this backward State.

These advances in education are not confined merely to the leadership of Englishmen and those espousing the Western religion. Mohammedan gentlemen who go from the Mosques to the school are becoming keen for both moral and educational

advance. Despite the somewhat horrid and shocking discrepancies which one finds in the manners and customs of the Nizam State, one discovers true Moslem devoutness here.

I shall not forget a certain afternoon when a prominent Mohammedan official took us in his motor car to visit the old Golconda Fort and ruins on the edge of this antique city. We had climbed to the very pinnacle of these ancient piles, the servants bringing our luncheon which we were to take on the top of the fort as we watched the sunset. The dull brown hills that guard old Hyderabad were just touched with the evening sun as there came the united voices of the Muzzein from the minarets of the city:

> Allah! Allah!
> Come to prayer,
> There is no God but God,
> And Mahomet is his Prophet.

My host, the Mohammedan gentleman, quietly and unostentatiously excused himself and gliding down the narrow stairway passed to a little nook out of sight of the company. I walked to the edge of the parapet somewhat curious, when I saw my host who had spread his prayer cloth before him, prostrating himself in utter devotion with his face toward Mecca. When he returned there were tears upon his cheeks and his face had changed. As we sat in silence at this memorable historic spot watching the dying tropical day, I thought of the old Suffi proverb: "There are as many paths to God as there are feet to tread them."

If Mohammedanism could be universally repre-

sented by men of such devoutness, the West would hardly need to send missionaries to Islam. I was glad to note that even in this ancient stronghold of the Moslem, Hyderabad, the uplifting and civilizing influences of the Western faith were gradually touching that Oriental religion. While converts to Christianity are not the direct result, the indirect influence of Christian thought and ideals is being felt. The outcome is such men as this one of whom I have spoken, and in such men the real hope of future India lies.

IX

The Gaekwar of Baroda, Progressive

IF Emerson was correct in saying that an institution is but "the lengthened shadow of a man," a simple way to discover a nation is to study as many as possible of its leading men. Indeed, one soon learns in the study of nations that he does not catch the spirit or the message of a people simply by marching through buildings or by hurtling across the land in a railway train, but rather by being with a nation's great personalities, noting their aims, their aptitudes, their principles and their pastimes. One must find out what persons like, what they read or talk about, what they work at most enthusiastically—whither they seem to be tending. In such investigation the student is always finding that behind the industry is the individual, back of education is the educationalist, and below the modern method is always the modern man.

During my sojourns in India I have met hundreds of prominent Indians—officials, judges, teachers, merchants, politicians. But no man expressed more vividly to me certain traits of the coming Indian than did His Highness the Maharajah of Baroda, in whose home city I spent a memorable week.

To be sure this Maharajah is an unusual Indian. He is the absolute ruler of more than two million

people who occupy an area of eight thousand square miles in the most progressive native state of India. He has journeyed ten times to the Western world and has girdled the globe. He possesses an annual state revenue of 1,333,330 English pounds, or approximately $6,666,650, or 3,653 pounds ($18,000) a day, which he may spend as he likes, since he is a truly Oriental ruler with unlimited sway in his own dominions.

The manner in which His Highness spends this money marks him as an unusual Indian, for while his court and his life are Orientally splendid, his chief pleasure and objective consist in the development of his State and in making happy and prosperous his people. As Napoleon represented France because he gathered up into his personality more of the elements of French character, and these in more perfect combination than any other man of his time, I am inclined to think that the Gaekwar of Baroda, despite his mistakes (and they are many), comes nearer to representing what the enlightened Indian ruler of this generation is becoming than any other man in present-day India, a fact of great significance for the future.

While to understand the Oriental mind and mode of action, far less to analyze it, is for the Westerner an almost impossible task, there are several traits so pronounced in this ruler's character that no one could be his guest and in his domain, even for a week, without appreciating them.

One of the things that impressed me in my first interview with His Highness was his freedom from caste prejudice. During a previous visit to India I had become accustomed to make allowance for

caste feeling even among educated men. I found students having their individual cooks in their boarding houses, since to eat food prepared by a cook of a different caste than themselves would be highly improper religiously. I had learned that a European could hardly expect a Hindu to sit down at the same table with him, and indeed I was often aware that the Hindu students who talked with me privately were obliged by their rigid caste principles to return to their home, change their clothes, and bathe before they might themselves partake of food, so great was the contamination of the presence of a foreigner. I had seen Brahmins make a wide circle in the street around the man of lower caste than themselves, while in certain parts of India it is true even to-day that a Brahmin cannot pass within fifty feet of the Indian of the lowest caste, or even allow his shadow to fall upon him without pollution.

What was my surprise, then, to hear this Hindu Maharajah say in the first few words of our conversation, "We would like to have you and Mrs. Cooper dine with us at the Palace. You see," he continued, "caste feeling is loosening in India. Twenty years ago I would never have thought of dining with you or with any one outside of my caste."

Few who have not been in India can realize what such breaking with Hindu customs means to the Hindu, for the very history of the Hindu people has been fitly described as a great systole and diastole of caste. The national pulse is controlled by it.

I soon learned that the Maharajah had not only

disregarded caste for himself at the expense of no small persecution from the Brahmins, but that he was energetically promoting this breadth of view among his subjects.

He is a pioneer in the education of the "depressed classes," or what is colloquially styled the "sweeper class" or the "untouchables." If students of this class have even been fortunate enough to go to school, which has been in rare instances, they have been obliged to sit outside the room occupied by the other students. In certain places I have seen these boys sitting or standing upon a veranda, peering in at the window of a schoolroom where their more fortunate companions of higher caste were studying or reciting. No strictly orthodox Hindu student or teacher could sit in the same room with them without desecration to his caste principles.

The Gaekwar is rapidly changing such pitiful and tragic conditions for this section of his people. He is not only building schoolhouses for this class, but he has insisted that they shall take their places in schoolrooms with other students, though they usually sit apart. He has also further emphasized his wishes by issuing the Imperial and strict order to his Ministers of Education that any teacher who refuses to teach these boys or shows them any indignity be immediately dismissed and another instructor secured in his place.

The Educational Minister told me that only the week before my visit to Baroda the Maharajah had invited scores of these students of the depressed classes to the Palace, serving them with refreshments and sweetmeats in the Grand Durbar Hall,

The Prime Minister of Baroda

A Parsee schoolmaster

The Head Man of a Baroda village

On the way to school

A small merchant of Baroda. Most of the articles for sale are of Western manufacture, such as scissors, combs, mirrors, etc.

and had listened with especial delight to their songs and recitations. "I have never seen His Highness more pleased," said the Minister. Such an example in a native state, where the ruler's every act assumes the authority among his people of an institution, foreshadows a new attitude of mind in the coming Indian.

It was not long before I perceived that this native chief was not simply socially in advance of the usual Hindu, but that he was, moreover, a progressive educationalist to his people. I found an efficient school system, from primary to college grade, with one of the most thoroughgoing industrial, educational institutions I have seen in India. I visited with much interest the schools His Highness has established for girls, where these young women are taught especially practical arts. I found normal schools for training teachers, dormitories for the housing of high-school and preparatory school boys, and out-of-door athletic sports similar to those which one finds in England and America. I was especially impressed with the advantages which this up-to-date ruler has made possible for Indian widows, who are privileged to enter his schools, aided by scholarships, to secure an education and equipment for teaching which will furnish them opportunities for a remunerative and honorable life-work.

I found here also the pioneer system of compulsory education in India. The thing which the usual official of British India as well as, until recently, the majority of rulers of native States, considered impossible, is happening in Baroda, namely, the enforced education of children. In this State, at

least, the emphasis of educational reform has been changed from the upper side of literary and liberal education to the place where it properly belongs—at first, at least—to the rudimentary training of Indian youth. Out of 280,000 children of school-going age, seven to eleven, the figures, as shown me by the Minister of Education, reveal that last year 180,000 attended school. If even one-half or one-fourth of this number were in school, it would have been a decided gain over the condition in a majority of the native States.

At Hyderabad, for example, where I spent some time in the largest native State of India and the chief Mohammedan feudatory of the country, the contrast is glaring. Not only is there no compulsory education, but as far as one could gather there is no system whatever worthy of the name through the rural districts. In fact, the illiteracy outside of the city of Hyderabad is almost complete. In comparison with such conditions, Baroda is at least a hundred years in advance of the educational times in this land.

The difficulty of enforcing compulsory education is necessarily very great, for the people have not yet learned the value of mental training over the value of the rupee. In going through a native village in Baroda, I came across an incident which reveals the extreme difficulty which the attendance officers encounter in their endeavor to make primary education general.

A certain woman whose son of school-going age was earning seven rupees a month insisted upon keeping her son at work and paying two of the seven

rupees to the attendance officers as a fine for her son's absence from the schoolroom.

Much difficulty is also encountered in securing the exact number of children in a given household, for almost invariably the head of the household will forget to count his daughters among his children, so long has the Easterner been accustomed to disregard the existence of girl children. Time will fight, however, on the side of the Gaekwar's policy. In Mysore, a large native State in South India, I find the example of Baroda has been contagious, for the legislature is expected to pass a bill for a like compulsory educational law which will affect five and one-half million inhabitants in the second largest Hindu State of the country.

The Maharajah of Baroda's interest in education is also exhibited in his generous grants of money for the erection of school buildings and teachers' salaries. He is himself a personal inspector of his educational policy. During my investigation of the different grades of education, I found that His Highness had frequently been a visitor the same week or possibly the week before, or that he had been meeting there with certain workers in whom he was interested. I found that he invariably talked to the children themselves during his visits, inquiring as to what they intended to do with their education, and exhibiting a genuine personal interest in their home life.

One day I discovered him taking another native chief, who was his guest, to visit the State library, which he has made the center for distributing libraries throughout his domain. The Maharajah has

shown his leanings toward America and American methods by seeking out one of our librarians, Mr. William A. Borden, and putting him in charge of a new library plan by which 330 libraries containing 170,000 books have been established in the villages and towns of this State. Last year 57,296 volumes were drawn from these libraries by the native population. The government appropriates the major amount for these libraries, but insists that the people in each village or community raise a certain fund in advance. This fund is secured by a library inspector who works with the people, arousing public opinion concerning the value of such an institution in the village. Quite often the schoolmaster and a few of the officials in the village form a committee in charge of this important work, which is now going hand in hand with compulsory education in these communities.

In addition to these stationary libraries, one hundred traveling libraries, each consisting of thirty books, and remaining in a locality for three months, are in circulation among the smaller rural villages. These libraries are especially valuable to the women of these country sections, who, in many cases, especially among the Mohammedans, are in "purdah" and confined to their homes. Plans are made to send these books behind the bars of this Eastern seclusion, giving the women the first glimpse often of the life outside in the modern world.

The Gaekwar's personal interest in the enlightenment of his people was illustrated when, after purchasing a moving picture machine, he wished to go quietly to see the pictures and to note the effect upon the people. Waiting until the room was dark-

ened, attended only by one of his secretaries, he slipped into a back seat of the hall, and was so delighted with the interest and pleasure of the audience that he forthwith ordered four more cinematograph machines for educational use through the outlying provinces.

This ruler's intellectual curiosity regarding everything that is being done in the modern world is enormous. Like the Japanese, he is not ashamed to borrow any new means or method that may suit his purpose. I hardly remember having been asked more pointed questions during any single hour of my life than His Highness put to me one evening at the palace, concerning progressive industrial and educational conditions in America. To be sure, he combats the inaction, the indolence and the absence of self-reliance born of centuries. But one can see the signs of a new day breaking upon the minds and purposes of his people. The coming man of India must necessarily be for many years a progressive educationalist. Like America, India must rise out of enforced education into widespread, voluntary education, an education, too, that is not merely literary, but applicable directly to the "daily round" and the "common task."

No one should surmise, however, that "the little man," as he is generally called by his officials, is merely a director of education or a propagandist of new social ideas alone. He is the ruler of his people in the Oriental sense and his dictum is law, whether for life or for death of his subjects. The Maharajah would probably say, if you asked him concerning government, that India has been the theater of personal and absolute government so far

back as the imagination can reach; that democracy, as we know it in the United States, is not understood in the East; that no Oriental nation, in fact, save possibly Turkey, in her fitfully doubtful experiment, has attempted constitutional government. In fact, although the Maharajah has formed a kind of cabinet of six officers and has brought into being legislative and municipal councils, no one suspects for a moment that the Gaekwar of Baroda is any the less the soul and absolute sovereign of his state.

Any one who has witnessed a Durbar at Baroda, with its long lines of splendidly decorated elephants, with the uniformed native soldiers reaching the entire distance from the station to the palace, while the Maharajah, ablaze with gems and royal insignia, rides in Oriental state upon his richly caparisoned elephant—any one who has seen these kingly events is not likely to forget that the ruler, like his ancestral Mahratta Gaekwars, is supreme in the administration of his State. "Westernization" has not crushed out his Orientalism and love of display or power. His collection of gems is estimated to be worth six million pounds, or $30,000,000. The half is hard to tell of his riches of ornament and jewels. He possesses cannon and chariots and howdahs of solid gold and silver. The famous carpet of pearls and precious stones, his great establishments for entertainment, his motor cars and palaces which await him in various parts of India, speak eloquently of Oriental ideas of royalty.

But the characteristic which lingers in my mind concerning this native ruler is not connected with any of these emblems of pomp and Eastern splen-

dor. I never heard him even refer to this ornate side of his existence. It was his benevolence that impressed me. Every one about him spoke in almost the same terms: "He loves his people. His first thought is for the advancement and welfare of Baroda State. He lives in the idea of his progressive measures."

They told me of how, in the last famine in India, he had melted a gold gun and devoted the proceeds to buying food for his famine-stricken subjects. A commission was appointed not long ago by the Maharajah to look into the Imperial household expenses and also to examine certain State establishments with a view to cutting down unnecessary expense, that the Gaekwar might have funds to use upon education and industry.

Society life in India was recently stirred by the somewhat phenomenal breaking of the alliance of the Gaekwar's daughter with one of the leading Indian princes, because it was found that in giving this daughter he would be giving her as a secondary wife. The modernized father won over the hereditary despot.

Shortly before leaving Baroda I attended the unveiling of a statue of Buddha in the public square of the city. The statue had been purchased in Japan by His Highness and was his gift to the city. The streets and houses round about the square were packed with Barodians. In a tent erected in the park upon a raised platform His Highness sat for an hour and a half listening to speeches of thanks in appreciation of his gift, while before him sat long rows of ministers and officials, and beyond them the people whom he loved. I happened to be sit-

ting within a few feet of him, and, as I could not understand the language of the addresses, I gave my attention to the Maharajah and to the scene about him. I saw something in the eyes of this much talked about and picturesque Indian, and something in the people's faces before him which gave me my lasting impression of the Gaekwar of Baroda. As he looked down at the multitude of motley, turbanned folk beyond his row of ministers, all straining their eyes for a glimpse of their king, waiting to express in shouts their gratitude for unnumbered kindnesses, his face seemed to change. The aggressive, energetic Mahratta despot became the benevolent protector and friend of his childlike people—as the Easterner likes to express it—the "father and mother" of the races of men whom he understood, whom he really loved.

Although these lofty qualities, breadth of social understanding, progressiveness, and benevolence still linger—are, indeed, as yet ideals only in the majority of Indian men—the very fact that we are reminded of them in such types as the ruler of Baroda renews one's hope for the coming man of India.

X

Through an Indian Jungle

IT is ten P. M. and I am sitting at the little station at Hardwar with the roar of the Ganges in my ears and about me the high pitched notes of Hindu pilgrims who are being discharged by every train in squads of hundreds.

Near me sits an officer of the Indian Railway Police who is waiting to establish his picket to-night to guard the Viceroy's "Special," which comes through Hardwar on its way to Delhi about midnight. So thorough is this police guardianship that, previous to the arrival of the King-Emperor's train, every person save the representative of the Government police and the station master, are excluded from the platform, and a picket of Punjabi soldiers is placed about the entire station. Furthermore along the entire route, one hundred yards apart, stand officers, with flaming torches—one on one side the track, with his alternate on the other side, so that any person crossing the tracks between their lights could easily be discovered.

This police system which has been doubled in its numbers and watchfulness since the attempt at Delhi upon the life of the Viceroy, is hardly a match for the subtlety and traditional ability at intrigue of the Indian character, as my young Anglo-Indian officer companion in the European waiting-room remarks, "I have lived in India all my life, and am

as familiar with Hindi and Modi as with English, but I am never quite sure what is at the back of the Indian mind."

My day had been an eventful one. I arrived at the pilgrim gathering place which is situated at the spot where the Ganges gushes out of the northern hills with a great natural bathing pool, amid literally a horde of Hindu worshipers who have traveled by train and on foot from remote parts of India. The average number of pilgrims arriving by train at this sacred Hindu city is 1,700; while several times each month at the religious fairs or festivals, this number is increased to tens of thousands, frequently reaching five hundred lakhs or one-half million.

It was with difficulty that I made my way through the densely packed pilgrim assemblage that blocked the station and passage ways. It was a vast sea of restlessly moving persons and paraphernalia. Each pilgrim carried on his shoulders a large bamboo pole ten feet in length, on either end of which were his brass jars and jugs made of gourds in which he will take back to his distant home the water of the sacred river. This water is used in the household sacrifices of the Indian coolie and is also poured into the mouth of the dead to assure purification, for the water of Mother Ganges is supposed to be the elixir of all kinds of renewal for life physical and spiritual and social. It is still thought that the chief method of purification from the sin of eating or becoming contaminated by touch of the European, is a bath in these healing waters.

The amount of superstitious awe associated

with these worshiping itinerants is incredible. Wretched, evil looking priests dole out the water or impose taxes for bathing at the main bathing pool outside the town where these chanting pilgrims march in endless processions. It is thought that certain spiritual satisfactions accrue to the worshiper who pays these priests out of his toil-earned savings. Often a pilgrim gives dole of hundreds of rupees to these mendicant vagabonds. In short it is said that these almoners of the simple ignorant pilgrims are enormously wealthy. Even a few annas gathered from each pilgrim would, in the course of a month, give a largess by no means insignificant to these purveyors of ceremonial Hinduism.

But it was not to witness these scenes alone that I journeyed to this out-of-the-world spot. The town of Hardwar lies in the lap of the sacred River Ganges as this river winds about the foothills of the Himalayas, and it is also a kind of portal to one of those vast Indian jungles which stretch to the north and east almost endlessly into *terra incognita*, a land of half barbarous jungle tribes and of endless varieties of wild, animal life.

It was in order to pierce a little way into this jungle for the sake of visiting one of the most unique institutions in India, that I made this journey.

This Institution is called the Gurukula, or, as the title means in Sanskrit, "The Family of the Teacher." It is the training place of one of the strongest reform Hindu sects, the society known as the Arya-Samaj whose battle cry is, "Back to the Vedas!" It is here that three hundred Indian

youth are gathered about Indian pundits who endeavor to reproduce within their students' minds and acts the ancient, and in these modern days, the unworldly and ascetic habits and practises of other Hindu centuries.

My Mohammedan servant after some difficulty, found an ekka which is the nearest approach in this part of the world to a taxi-cab. Attached to this vehicle was an animal which never would be mistaken for a horse and which no Western cowboy would call a pony or no Southern cotton planter would recognize as a mule; it was a nondescript in the animal world, a specimen one sees only in India. This particular animal, as far as one could presume, in a previous incarnation was of a whitish color and in that far off period, he might have been either a mule's colt or a false alarm jackass. He was not far from the size of a Harlem goat and of about the same thinness and discouraged expression. He had evidently shrunk since his rebirth into his present day existence, for his harness had been looped together, tied up with ropes and the thills of the cart, which rose up a foot or two above his head, as we arranged ourselves upon the front and back seats of this sulky, threatened again to elevate his donkeyship into the realm of another transmigration.

We piled our luggage upon this perilous looking equipage which was in charge of a large Punjabi driver, while my servant and I climbed on top of it, feeling a sense of shame keen beyond anything that possibly could envelope the frame of a Bowery or East-End koster about to be arrested by the 'Cruelty to Animals' League. Five miles through

the sand and desert jungles, with four fords of the Ganges before us, under the blazing sun of the tropics and with no larger, stauncher hope between us and our destination than this scrawny beast, only a degree bigger than a sheep! My feelings were indeed, charged with humility.

After we had once left the confines of the town, however, I began to realize that it was not wholly the donkey who was to be pitied. The passengers also were destined to share in the hardships of travel. The first patch of rocks, round cobble heads washed smooth by previous inundations of the river and left absolutely bare of earth in the road, made riding in this springless vehicle a penance. As soon as we were able to stop the caravanserai, we begged to walk, and the donkey relieved of the human part of his cargo, jogged along contentedly with the luggage, and his driver chirping at his side.

As I alighted on the edge of the Ganges which was now at low tide, I discovered at my side a huge Suttee burial ground; the place was marked by scores of graves of Indian women who had chosen to be burned and buried with their deceased husbands on the shore of the River of their Religion. Although it is commonly reported that suttee is seldom found to-day among Indian women, I saw repeatedly in the rural districts especially, traces of this practise in the mothers of the young men of this generation. It was common to hear a young child rebuked for lack of courage by an older brother or sister who would say, "Are you not ashamed, and your mother a suttee?"

I met a young man coming out of this burial ground who spoke to me in English;

"You're going to Gurukul," he said.

"Yes," I replied, "if I can get there with this turnout."

"You will make it," he said, "but it is a hard road and you will be obliged to wade through streams and pick your way through several jungles. I have never been there," he continued, "though I often come here to worship. I have just now been burying my brother in the Ganges."

"Do you believe," I said, "that your brother will fare better in the next world for being buried in this river?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "it means nothing to me; I have been educated in the Government school in Lahore, but my father believes it and my grandmother is buried in this Suttee burying ground and I must follow my father's desires to keep up the old rites."

The attitude of this youth of modernity was a fitting native reason for the establishment of the institution to which I was now journeying and which lay isolated beyond the distant hills far from the influence of the Government schools and even farther away from that collision of mind which is now taking place in India, caught as she is between the two conflicting currents of Occidental and Oriental civilization. It is as one visits the rural sections and such out-of-the-way places as Gurukul that one is reminded that the East is still East and that, far below the superficial adaptation of Indians to Western customs, the real Oriental is unchanged.

After crossing the first branch of the river which

was a slight stream with a broad fringe of stones on either side, all of which seemed innocent enough now but which we found later in the day could be converted into an angry flood menacing life and bullock carts,—we found ourselves upon a sandy track with a road leading into a semi-forest of stunted trees and jungle grass. We had not gone far before what might be taken by Western eyes to be a band of gipsies was discovered by the road side. These were jungle folk who had been to the Ganges to bathe and were now returning, bearing many miles into the waste places of this desert country, the sacred water of "Mother Ganges."

Large brass water jars hanging at the ends of poles, were carried by the men and were also strung across the saddles of the horses. The women, who for the most part, bore their babies on their hips, according to Indian custom, also carried small water jars on their heads. This motley crowd began to push about us gesticulating and talking as wildly as only excitable Indians can gesture and talk. The men were huge, swarthy and shaggy, their bodies clothed only at the waist by a loin cloth. The women wore fiery red saris, their arms and legs heavy with golden bracelets and the toes of their bare feet set off from each other by numerous rings.

Some of them also wore about their necks gold ornaments and suggested the disposition of some of that forty thousand pounds of gold coming into this part of India each year but which can never be accounted for by the Government. In India, as in Egypt, the coolie and the farmer feel sure of the treasure which he can bury or convert into ornaments for their women.

I could not understand the meaning of their excitement and their evident request of us, but my servant who understood both Hindi and Punjabi, said that they had mistaken me for the Police Inspector Sahib, and were telling me how the policeman in a jungle town ahead of us had held them up for twenty rupees before he would allow them to pass. He capitulated, however, I learned, in true Oriental fashion by accepting two rupees, saying that *the Government required this of them* and that otherwise a fearful calamity would overtake them on their way home.

Upon assuring them that in a general way I sympathized with them in this outrage upon their meager funds, I further assuaged them by taking pictures of their most profusely bedecked women and of one of the old jungle husbands.

I soon had them all about me, young and old, male and female, crying for backsheesh—for India is a backsheesh country through and through. I have not yet found the instance of an Indian below the first official and educated grade whose palm is not greased for it. It was only through the vigor of our small steed who had renewed his strength through some fodder his owner had concealed in his ekka, that we finally left behind us these barbarous looking people with their simple and harmless garrulity.

The journey for the next four miles was full of interest. We met queer looking folk attended by scrawny bullocks carrying sugar cane; a turn in the road would reveal, through the high jungle brush, a break in the hills through which we caught the transporting view of the far away Himalayas, white

with everlasting snow. We crossed pontoon bridges covered with straw which bent beneath us like thin ice and at the end of which we invariably met a man calling for tribute.

Just before the buildings of the Gurukula arose in the distance, we arrived at a considerable ford of the river. Upon the bank was a band of pilgrims drying their clothing after their moist passage. The rushing stream, unlike the last one we had encountered, was unbridged. Our faithful pony looked at it suspiciously and commenced to turn around with a red, dangerous look in his eye.

There was nothing to do but to go ahead and, preparing for a ducking, we perched ourselves on top of the luggage and with the driver wading and pushing the cart and donkey, we struggled along with many perilous lurches which threatened to swamp us within a few rods of the shore; there we stuck fast in a big hole into which donkey, cart, occupants, driver, and baggage sank together in wet confusion. We had reached our highest elevation on the cart. My servant was holding our bedding on his head while I was on my knees on the cart seat trying to balance myself over the water which was now flowing through and over the vehicle, holding aloft my suitcase.

Just as the stream seemed about to overwhelm us, two woodsmen with fierce beards and big sticks appeared on the bank and plunging into the stream took bodily the donkey and cart with its contents and carried and pushed us to a point where it was easy wading to the shore. It was my first bath in Mother Ganges and I fear that my thoughts were not "concentrated" in preparation for the same, in

that religious manner recommended by the Hindu religion.

We were now but a few hundred yards from the school and we were met by a vanguard of a score or more of Indian students dressed flamboyantly in saffron colored garments and crying "Salaam! Salaam!"

I was soon introduced to a condition of education which certainly was unique. Here were 300 young Hindus, spending sixteen years of their life in a spot covering in extent 800 acres of jungle on the shores of the Ganges River, utterly severed from the world both by geography and customs. Each youth made a vow upon entering, of celibacy until he was twenty-five years of age and, furthermore, agreed not to visit his home nor to associate with the world's folk during his entire training which lasted to the end of his twenty-fifth year. This vow of celibacy is indeed unusual in a country where the majority of the students of high school age, are married. These young men also are unlike other Indian students as regards the rigorous discipline to which they are subjected. They go without hats, even in the burning Indian sun, they discard shoes, for shoes are more likely to crush insects in walking than are the bare feet, and the old Vedas are strict in relation to the killing of animals. These students were also thorough-going vegetarians, eating with their fingers only Indian cooked food, using no condiments whatever, not allowed to smoke and obliged to sleep upon a hard, board bed and rising at four A. M., to engage in a multitude of prayers and sacrificial rites.

The training, unlike that of the five big Govern-

ment institutions of India, as in most of the Indian native colleges, is in the vernacular, only a very little English being taught, while such old time teaching in relation to medicine and ancient geography as existed in India centuries ago is followed. Sanskrit is the chief subject of study; this is indeed like a perpetual feast, the hope being that the old idea of Hindu education may be revived and that this type of other-worldly ideas may make its way against the strong flood of new education from the West which is now sweeping through India. There was hardly a suspicion of the type of education known in the West. The chemical laboratory consisted by count of three test tubes, two jars and a table, none of which looked as though they had been used by the present generation.

The students, because of their lack of knowledge of English as well as on account of their deficiency of modern learning, are debarred from taking the examinations of the Government universities which now form the surest road towards official positions. By every possible means these young men are hedged in from contact with the world of to-day and predestined thereby to go forth as blind reactionists in the new India, missionaries, not of present day opportunity, but of an old time religious order which has for centuries marked a nation peculiar for its spiritual and speculative tendencies. The drift of such education like that of the Mohammedan schools of Egypt and Hyderabad is toward the emphasis of things Asiatic and dogmatic in religion as against things European and progressive. Between these two sets of forces the Oriental of to-day must choose and upon his choice much depends both for

himself as an individual and also for the nation. That Gurukul stands decidedly for Asia and antiquity is made evident by the answer of the Principal of this Institution when I asked if he had visited Europe:

"No!" said he decidedly, "and I never wish nor intend to visit Europe. Europe and the West are diametrically opposed to my theory and my practice. They stand for the principle which I abhor for India, namely, the principle of life by material standards and for material gain. European religion stands for competition, the Hindu religion for co-operation. The West emphasizes things, the East believes in ideas. Your people make religion a thing apart from your practical life; we believe in connecting it with every phase of existence. We Hindus of this school believe that India is to be saved by the cry, 'Back to the Vedas!' These sacred books of Hinduism contain all that Indians need to know either for faith or practice."

This statement is a brief hint of the policy of that reformed sect, the Arya Samaj, which is now working so devotedly for the revival of ancient Hindu literature and Hindu religion.

The Vedas which form the body of belief of these people are four in number and are called by the names of Rig, Yajus, Sama, and Alhurva. To study these four books is the primal object of the Gurukul. In these treatises, students secure methods of prayers to God, directions for daily bathings, study, and worship; the universe and its dissolution is treated as is the soul in its effort to raise itself above itself by means of many incarnations until it merges in the Great God for æons together. The central idea is that of achieving all bliss in God by means of endless transmigrations.

The practical working out of these doctrines is most interesting. The name Guru (teacher) and Kul (family), means literally a family of teachers and this idea is followed to the letter at this jungle institution. The boys, from morning till night, are in charge of their specifically appointed gurus, who sleep in the same room with them, take long tramps and play with them on the banks of the Ganges, assist them in their prayers and incense burning and offer to them an ever present intimacy of friendship not unlike that which Pestalozzi advocated in Europe in his revolutionary methods of teaching schoolboys. These teachers live on an amazingly small fee and are virtually committed to the brotherhood and to this monastic company for life.

The Gurukul students are confronted with five daily duties which are as follows:

1. Get up at 4 A. M. Bathe. Say prayers or perform "Duty to God." This is "Bramha Yagna."

2. Incense worship (Agni-hoera). This incense purifies the air, going up to God with a sweet odor and also signifies going out to the world with general helpfulness.

3. Duty toward the Elders (Pitri yegna). This the members of the Arya-Samaj affirm is being lost sight of to-day. It is the old Hindu custom of not partaking of food until one has rendered some service or duty to an elder. This sometimes consists of giving a piece of cloth or a small gift or going out to the borders of the town to take food to an old person.

4. "Vali-vaigh," or feeding animals and insects and birds. The traditional allowance for such purpose is a farthing a day.

5. "Atà the"—yeagna—"whose date of coming is not fixed." These duties have to do with the welcoming, the feeding, and the caring for the Sannyasis or the learned and holy man when he comes.

However unworldly the above regulations and rules may seem, there was one type of exercise here at Gurukul that impressed me with familiarity; that was the enthusiastic practise of athletics. These 300 students were the most sturdy youth I met in India. Every student in the school engaged during a certain part of the day playing football, kicking it with their bare feet and darting over the fields with an alertness and strength which one seldom sees equaled anywhere on earth. The athletic exercises, which are practised with regularity here, produce men capable of great endurance and severe exertion.

One of the teachers told me of the last "march," when these students with their masters in fifteen days tramped northward five hundred miles, with no shoes, no covering for the head, sleeping out-of-doors wherever night overtook them and subsisting on pulse, grain and vegetables. Such regularity of habits and exercise, with such temperance of life, cannot be too highly commended.

I found moreover a spirit of devoutness that impressed me deeply. Here was no idle street corner praying, no specious temple or Ganges fakir worship, but rather earnestness and religious zeal, the zeal almost of the fanatic.

Repeatedly I watched the praying circle of little boys around their guru, two boys fed the fires while each one of the students at a certain time in the prayer came forward and put on the flames his small

contribution. Then with closed eyes, with bending bodies, they all repeated their prayers and canticles.

One cannot refrain from admiring the sense of enthusiastic devotion, the regularity of habitual exercises and the freedom from caste prejudice, for there is no caste here at Gurukul.

That which the Westerner looks for in vain, however, in this school as in certain other institutions, is the training that fits the boys to do one thing well in after life, the one thing appropriate to the needs and times in midst of which this Indian youth is to spend his days. In India, as in Europe, Japan, or Australia, it is now increasingly necessary for a young man to be not merely good, but to be good for something particular, and definite. A youth who has learned to be regular and self-controlled in his school, to be devoted to a high principle, to learn how to live comfortably and successfully with his superiors and equals, has learned much; but this is after all not the only qualification for a successful education. This is indeed, in a sense, on the side when one is judging in modern times of the output and the value of his life.

The question that the twentieth century puts to the young Indian is a far more insistent and searching question than whether he can go without a hat under the scorching rays of the Indian sun; it is a more vital and sifting question even than whether he is devout in his religious exercises, indispensable as these exercises may be in creating character. The question is whether this man, thus equipped, is ready to take his place in the arena of India's new battles and new service, whether he can match his powers with some great mission of helpfulness to

his day and generation, not becoming a parasite and a traveling religious mendicant, but a living creative force, supporting meanwhile his own existence with honor and adding material, intellectual, and social force to the wealth of his nation.

The first and ever necessary kind of training of youth, in the upbuilding in character, is successfully emphasized at Gurukul. The second and quite as essential matter, the preparation for using these qualities in a life work that is truly worth while, is almost utterly neglected.

I could only ask and wonder what these strong and vigorous young men were to do when they got out of school and confronted the world which would seem strange enough to their isolated eyes. It was not that these men, because of their disqualification in English, would be unable to secure Government positions, since already these positions are more than filled. It was more especially because the new India calls for men of self reliance and constructive ability in her great industrial and technical awakening.

With this strong utilitarian current running through India, one naturally asks what chance the Gurukul student or the young man trained only in traditional Hinduism will have as he cries to his countrymen, "We must go back to the Vedas!" Even though the reformed sects of Hinduism could establish dozens of such schools as the Gurukul, they would be powerless to stem the tide of modernity which is sweeping through the Orient to-day and securing its followers not only out of India but also from the sons of Japan, Egypt and Africa.

This utilitarian, economic gospel of both the West

and East may well be halted at times that we may inquire whither it is tending or if its means have engulfed its ends, but to check it or to turn it back would be almost as difficult in India as in America to-day. India needs not obstructionists and obscurantists but leaders. Her times call not for speculation but for service, for the active powers of finely balanced men, men who can answer their own prayers by far reaching humanitarian exercises, proving their faith by their works.

If Gurukul had shown me the last five years of its student life given over to fitting its youth to some practical and useful calling in order that graduation would mean a real commencement of useful activity either in letters, industry, or science, I should have been encouraged; because I did not find such inclination I cannot but fear that this institution, together with all those bodies of men which more or less naturally are holding on to the old régime in India to-day, must either rearrange their schedules and attach their moral principles to modern life or be swept away with the time flood.

India is in sore need of the moral and physical forces which this jungle institution advocates. She has already enough and to spare of unworldly, meaningless and speculative symbolism in religion. Let institutions like Gurukul add to their religion, utility, and let the new technical schools unite their modern science with the religious devoutness which these earnest but misguided Hindu institutions afford, and the result must surely be men of light and leading; pioneers who will "go up and occupy" in those fresh modern enterprises that now mark India's awakening.

XI

Student Life in India

THE Royal road to learning is by no means easy for the young Indian. The Indian student is a reflection of the man of India, and probably no man of any nation is beset with so many and such diverse problems as the inhabitant of this continent.

The Indian youth is first of all handicapped in being obliged to secure his education in a foreign language, for in the higher grades of training, like the preparatory schools and the five large examining Universities of the country, the lectures and text-books are almost exclusively in English. The impression that was most prominent on my former visit to India was that virtually every young man in my audiences understood English and that some of these students had been working in English for eight and ten years.

English, in point of fact, is becoming the lingua Franca, the true Esperanto of a nation where more than 150 different dialects are spoken and where there can be no means of intercourse between different sections without some commonly understood tongue. The eager ambition which one finds everywhere to learn English is not common to India alone; it is seen throughout the entire Orient. I even found English being taught in the Bilibid prison in Manila where 1,700 prisoners go to school to English daily. English brings to young Indians, as to

all Orientals, opportunities for cosmopolitan service in Government and commercial positions. It is the hall mark of culture and progressiveness in every Oriental community.

The student of India has also inherited a system tending to destroy individuality. For three thousand years the words of Tennyson have been true in India.

> The individual withers, and the world is more
> and more.

Orientalism in theory and practise has tended to suppress personal possibilities in favor of despotic rulership and patriarchal family systems. India has been ridden with collectivism, both in family and in state. The present Indian student is an inheritor of a slavery to social and ancestral systems whose first tendency is to deindividualize him and to make him a mere cog in a great social wheel. This emphasis upon conformity of type has produced a fixity and conservatism which differentiates the Indian student from the Westerner in a most emphatic way. It is one of the most impregnable walls through which the civilization of Europe has had to penetrate. India has gloried in her exclusiveness and in her annihilation of public spirit, in her allegiance, without change of jot or tittle, to the laws of the fathers, defying all sudden transformation. New India has inherited a traditional conservatism well expressed by William Watson:

> The brooding mother of the unfilial world
> Recumbent on her own antiquity,
> Aloof from our mutation and unrest
> Alien to our achievements and desires,

Too proud alike for protest or assent
When new thoughts thunder at her mossy door;
Another heart recalling other loves,
Too gray and grave for our adventurous hopes,
For our precipitate pleasures too august;
And in majestic taciturnity,
Refraining her illimitable scorn.

Whether one inquires of teachers, officials, businessmen or missionaries as to the characteristic of the Indian, before one is through with the conversation, he will inevitably hear the phrase, "the lack of initiative." The Indian student has never been taught origination and the powers of creative resources. Whether this deficiency is due to the age long servitude of the race, which has naturally involved the dwarfing of initiative and compelled services other than those self-assertive and reliant characteristics of a ruling and accomplishing people, or to the fact that the ruling race has taken for granted this natural inaptitude to active individuality and has not tried to develop it, may be an open question. It is everywhere evident, however, that India has not been prolific in great leadership which is another word for great individuality. Even a few great men during almost any age of her existence, even one great national personality, a Cromwell or a John Knox in spirit and fire, to "see life steadily and to see it whole" and then, with practical aggressiveness to lead this 315,000,000 host towards unity and progressive development—even one such man would be notable by his uniqueness in Indian history.

I predict, however, that the new day which is dawning in India will see, among other things, the

Field day at a Christian college in Singapore

An Indian hill-man

rise of men of independent qualities of judgment and action. In other words, I believe that the Indian is capable of being trained in the modes of action as well as in the modes of thought of the West. I have found in the native states as well as in certain parts of British India where the burden of legislative, commercial, and educational responsibility has been laid upon the shoulders of Indians, a new dignity of purpose, not only a higher self-respect but certain powers of command and determination resembling the traits which have made the British Raj rather than the Hindu Maharajah supreme in the Indian peninsula. Such exercises as those connected with modern commerce and athletics, original investigation in laboratory and field, where imitation, or examinations are virtually excluded, are slowly bringing out a new individualism. The next generation is rich in promise in those traits which make a nation great and free through the leadership of "mountainous men."

In India, as in Egypt, education leans towards economics.

Professor Henri Bergson, the distinguished French philosopher, speaking in the assembly hall in the College of the City of New York, upon the development of what he felicitously styled the "International Mind," epitomized education as included in a two-fold function: to teach fact and to train the intelligence, the latter being really its most important work. The acquisition of facts, so often regarded as the exclusive occupation of research in the University or in the realm of higher education, is really for the purpose of exercising and developing the intelligence. He continued by developing the

thought that the greatest products of intelligence are judgment and good sense; that through the powers of judgment and good sense or, what he styled practical idealism, the great individual and the great state resulted.

Whatever may have been in the minds of the teachers of India youth, as far as one can observe, this great object of educational training has never permeated deeply the Indian student's consciousness. He is an apostle of pure theory and becomes practical and filled with common sense judgment only in so far as he judges his theory to be cashable in rupees. He is out primarily for the education that pays. He is seldom lost in the absorbing sea of his own specialism. Among the hundreds of students, and Indian teachers as well, with whom I have talked relative to this matter, I have found but a saving remnant who would not quite willingly leave their present work, whatever it might be, for the sake of a position carrying a higher salary, especially when that position brought with it not only dollars but dignity of some official kind.

The reason for this submergence of Indian students in purely utilitarian objective is apparent. The Indian student above all his kind is poor in purse. With the exception of certain sons of modern rich men or of ancient patriarchal families, the student of India must work for his bread and he must depend, in the new competition imported from the West, upon his position at graduation for his livelihood. The man who receives honors or high marks at examination time is the one who is chosen for the most lucrative positions in a government office, and if business opportunities are open, it is

this man with a high grade certificate in his hand who is chosen.

Furthermore his place in marriage and social life is decidedly dependent upon the stamp which his examinations leave upon him. For example, a graduate of the preparatory or secondary school who, upon graduation, holds a good certificate can command from his prospective wife's father a larger dowry than could be forthcoming for the uncertificated youth. So definite is this matter, economically speaking, that in a certain part of India, the teachers inform me that a regular scale of dowries is in vogue: Five hundred rupees exacted from the prospective father for a secondary school certificate husband; a thousand rupees for a first class B.A., with a thousand to two thousand rupees demanded by the youth who flaunts before the eyes of a would-be bride an academic M.A. Veritably the Indian student graduates as a marriageable commodity for the highest bidder.

It is not only the matrimonial obligation which affects scholarship in India. The patriarchal custom, of the head of the family being responsible for the various relatives, as far as their support is concerned, is also a matter that must be considered seriously by the young man who keeps his eye upon his study and his tests for the sake of their economic value. It is not unusual for a student, even in his first years after college, to find himself saddled with the enormous burdens of a large circle of relations who are frequently wholly or in part dependent upon his efforts.

A bright Indian boy came to me with the following story of the practical condition which he was

facing. "I am obliged to leave school," he said with real sorrow in his voice. "Why," I said, "should you think of such a thing? You are one of the best men in your class your instructor tells me. You will be able to graduate and, if you desire, to pursue some specialty which will enable you to become eventually a national leader amongst your people. The Government will assist you in study abroad to complete your education along the lines of your choice." This was the young man's reply. "I know this and I have the greatest desire to continue, but I have not only my own wife to support, but at the death of my father last year I was left with my widowed mother, two younger brothers, two widowed aunts and one of my aunt's children dependent upon me. I have just been offered a position with a salary of fifty rupees a month and if I am fortunate," and here he laughed cynically, "I may be getting one hundred rupees a month at the end of twenty-five years' work, but there is nothing better ahead of me. Meanwhile they *must* eat." This is a fitting sample of at least one of the ways in which an ancient patriarchal system fails to work in the twentieth century.

When we consider furthermore that even when such obligations as these do not exist, that in nine cases out of ten the son inherits the debts of the father, debts made to satisfy the foolish and insane customs of mortgaging one's future for the sake of a great parade at the time of the marriage, funeral, or religious event, and that he is just now coming into a period when prices for living have increased twofold over that known to his father, we may be increasingly sympathetic with the single eye which

the Indian student turns upon his economic future.

Indian boys and girls are fond of making water pictures. Fine dust is sprinkled upon the surface of the water in which figures are lightly traced, but a slight stirring of the water jar blurs or destroys the picture—symbol of the change and instability which the foreigner seems to find in the entire Indian character. Unlike the Western student, accustomed frequently from his earliest years to bear responsibility and to make his way, the Indian collegian's life has been enervated by a climate which can only be appreciated by those who have tried to work and carry heavy loads in the Orient, and whose earlier years have been surrounded with conditions which would seem perfectly fitted to bring about a nerveless and indolent future.

Try to imagine the home from which so many of these students come. A place hardly worthy, from our Western point of view, of such dignified appellation. It is not the home of the large Indian cities, it is quite as often the secluded mud hut in some far away Indian hamlet.

"The paths lead across the level unfenced fields which roll away in miles of green, unbroken save where a clump of trees every half-mile or so mark a village beneath. Here in these village centres, the life of India or ninety per cent. of its population or nearly one-fifth of the people of the globe, live together in these half million of villages. Beneath a cluster of palms or banyans are a hundred huts, huddled together for mutual protection and help; for a house—a floor of earth ten feet square; four walls of mud a foot thick; a roof of hay or palm leaves; a low door for light; without window or chimney, table or chair—this one

room is the home of a family of five or ten. Fields surrounding the village give them food, the trees above furnish their houses, while the little shrine or temple without the village is their religious center, and Chutterham (rest house) or market place in the midst of the village is the social meeting place. For dignitaries, there is the 'head man,' the writer or school master and the astrologer. Cases of dispute are settled by 'panchayat' or unofficial jury of five. Thus the village, like a miniature republic, is isolated and self-sufficient, as ignorant of all the world as it in turn by the world is ignored, unknown. The sun marks the time of its uneventful, lazy hours, as the children play and the dogs sleep in the sun."

Out of such sequestered isolation, removed from the great tides of the world's life, come increasingly large numbers of Indian students, too poor in purse to travel, knowing nothing in their early training beyond the simple, rude and superstitious joys and experiences of the Indian peasant, with little practical or industrial bent, deprived of the necessity of working for a living in a land where four rupees per month support the average Indian; his government in the hands of a foreigner, he fights a climate in which success must be attained if at all in the early morning hours [the Indian day excluding activity during at least five hours of the Western working day], bound into a social tyranny of caste that curbs and kills his expansive and growing tendencies towards social betterment, with little or no intermingling with his fellows; is it strange that one finds the Indian collegian within his new and strange environment, the English ruled University, an immature schoolboy, undeveloped in experience, at graduation hardly advanced beyond the stage of the prepara-

tory school lad of the West? Is it strange that this son of the Tropics is found to be a creature of his emotions, imitative, romantic, idealistic, lovable, sensitive, unreasonable, often unbalanced, a ready prey to inflammable influences, unsteady and far less competent than his Western counterpart to endure the stress and strain of the world's burden?

In view of his handicaps, therefore, I consider the Indian student a marvelous phenomenon. He works far more indefatigably and sedulously than the Western students with whom I have been privileged to come into contact. He has little patience with an instructor who does not appear to him to be able to give him the kind of training most suitable to his desired vocation. He spends far less time than does the European student in the social and athletic dissipations of modern school life. Deprived of the mitigating and safe guarding environment of college hostels and boarding houses, hundreds of Indian students are retaining their moral self-respect under conditions that would place the severest strain upon the less serious minded young men of our Western cities and towns. The seclusion of women in India furthermore makes intercourse with respectable women almost impossible to the young Indian. In fact, his very concentration is one of his strongest safeguards, as a worker among students in the city of Madras said to me: "I can not conceive what would become of the Indian student if he was not such an incessant worker."

Unstable, lacking in far-sighted initiative and often devoid of great resourcefulness, they may be, taken as a whole, but in the next generation these men will have a far different account to give of

themselves. Such habits of persevering industry, especially when many of the influences I have just narrated have been largely obliterated, will have their reward in a new type whose outstanding characteristics will not be described in terms derogatory to these scions of the Orient.

If the tendency educational has been turned for a quarter of a century in the wrong direction, the present drift is correctly pointed. It is twofold in its present direction. Fundamentally it is toward the building anew of a substructure for future India. Primary, Industrial, and Agricultural education are now taking the place of that senseless routine which for so many years did nothing more enlightened than to turn out Government clerks with the B.A. degree attached to their names.

I attended a large "party," so-called, in Bengal. Three hundred members and relatives of the same family were present. It was the occasion of the rejoicing over the birthday of a grandchild. All sorts of Eastern festivities were in progress, and the host, who was a wealthy man, was keeping open house in a manner of lavish hospitality known only in the Orient. I was introduced to a young Brahmin who, I found, was a graduate of the University of Illinois. He had gone to America to study agriculture. His father owned 2,000 acres of land in Bengal and the son, now returning with his Western methods of farming, was introducing them as rapidly as possible among his cultivators. He had an experiment farm where he was growing various grades of jute, rice, and cotton. He had built a farm laboratory where he was exhibiting modern implements of agriculture—different seeds and grains, with fruit grown

under favorable circumstances. He was also experimenting with soil, with garden produce and had made some interesting experiments in stock raising.

"The old Indian ryots," he said, "gather about my laboratory at night and examine with intense interest these 'modern side' improvements. My side hill plow," he said, "occupied their attention in all their spare time for over a month. Most of my farmers had never used anything but a crooked stick for a plow and of course had experienced great difficulty in cultivating the hill sections of our estates." These farmers, the young man told me, were suspicious in the extreme of modern implements and methods, usually saying in the course of the conversation "this was good enough for my father, and it should be good enough for me," but in spite of their incredulity, the results were too strong for them and the young agriculturist was finding a slow but certain change in the attitude of his cultivators. He said significantly, "In five years I shall be able to treble the output of our family estates."

One has only to remind himself of the fact that India in ninety per cent. of its population at least is agricultural, and that India must depend primarily for the future as well as the present upon the land, to appreciate the outreach of such student innovators and pioneers as this young man, whom I met by chance among his numerous relatives in the city of Calcutta.

Throughout the various parts of the country I found beginnings in agriculture among India's coming men. I only wondered that this vital and all important subject, so indispensable to Indians, was

not placed at the very front of educational propaganda and reform. The English government only recently awakened to the fact that many of its agricultural colleges were merely theoretical schools turning out B.A.'s for government positions like other institutions. In Egypt and in the Philippines, I find far more general and thorough attention being given to this fundamental branch of training. One cannot help but wish that every state and province, if not every large community, could have schools similar to the one at Poona conducted by Dr. H. H. Mann, and also the sympathetic and practical devotion with which this Scotchman is bringing practical education directly to bear upon India's agricultural problems. I found this president of a college numbering 500 students sufficiently devoted to his work to spend his vacations and in fact as many of his week days as he could secure from his regular administrative and teaching duties, in journeys to the country, talking with the farmer villagers, walking over their lands, investigating their needs and securing their narrow point of view; and he did this not to criticize their prejudices but to discover means by which he might awaken them to such measures as co-operative efforts in irrigation, uniting them for the benefit of better implements and the moving of their crops to market, which problem is in India one of the most difficult awaiting the solution of agriculturists.

In one native state also, I found that the Maharajah was sending through Western nations two officers of his government who were more or less expert in agricultural matters, especially for the purpose of securing enthusiasm and knowledge rel-

ative to Western farming and mechanical industries connected therewith. It is the purpose of this state to keep at least two men in the field for such study during the coming five years. Upon returning after extended visits, they travel through the agricultural sections with their fresh inspiration, carrying with them the samples of machinery and introducing devices for aggregate farming into parts of the country where for thousands of years, hand labor has been the only manner of enticing the products from the soil.

In such agricultural undertakings one can discern the hope of the coming Indian led by the Indian student, intelligent, kindly, increasingly practical, and eager, to copy the models of the West. As an agricultural devotee, the Indian student is not yet generally characterized, but there are enough of these new apostles of labor to point the possibility, to turn thither government appropriations and to encourage all lovers of this land of sun and soil to believe in a new and greater country.

XII

Indian Industry and Economics

THE problem of the modern Indian, like the problem of the modern Chinese, is to secure material and industrial supply commensurate with the ever-expanding population. The population of India is increasing at the rate of 250,000 a month in the agricultural sections with approximately the same cultivatable area and yield per acre as existed fifty years ago. At present the progress in land cultivation is not keeping pace with the progress in population nor is the yield per acre. Reasons for this failure lie partially in the fact that the manure of the country is utilized necessarily for fuel and not for fertilizing, while century-old methods of agriculture are still in use. It is impossible for the people to secure fertilizing for the land because of its expense, while the cattle and bullocks are quite incapable of dragging the heavy plows and machinery of the West. The landowners also, while slow to accept Western methods and modern machinery, are justified in their attitude, since it would be quite impossible for them to use upon their diminutive farms, implements and steam power intended for large areas; even if cooperative farming could be introduced the difficulty and expense of repairing the complicated Western machinery would prevent its rapid introduction.

The industrial problem becomes, therefore, the

people's problem in India, since less than fifteen per cent. of India's population is non-agricultural. Much depends upon the solution of the land problems, since to their right solution India must look for the alleviation of the present high cost of living, and also for the development of resources by which India may be able to successfully withstand the strong tide of Western progress bringing, amongst other things, the factory systems and the mechanical devices of the Occident, which must necessarily displace the handwork and indigenous craft of this ancient population.

There is probably no race that has been more successful than the Indian in raising himself above the clanging voices of desire or in stripping away from his progress the impedimenta of material luxury. Hence the Indian is poor in purse. This is one of the first impressions one receives in this land of complex and diverse conditions.

The minimum rate of wages for the laboring man in India is the lowest in the world. It is almost incredible to think of millions of Indians living upon four annas or eight cents a day, while in certain of the rural sections, whole families are reared upon two shillings, or fifty cents a week. Economists tell us that there are a hundred million more people in India than could subsist upon like wages in any other part of the world.

But the Indian comes near to being the most materially independent of human beings. He constructs and repairs his own earthen hut which is usually composed of a single room and a mud floor, and he usually pays no rent for the same. His clothing is chiefly the Indian sun by day and a rough

blanket by night comprises his highest necessity, while his children must be content with a loin cloth, and his wife a cotton sari, costing not more than one rupee. The Indian seems to make everything without tools; he uses crooked sticks for plows and gets on without chairs or tables. For him there are no tailor bills, no milliners, and rarely any doctors' fees. He may marry without waiting for an income. He drinks no alcohol nor does he eat opium for, even were he desirous of doing so, his economics would debar him such luxuries.

A fairly contented Indian peasant or artisan usually seems to Western eyes to possess no comforts at all. There are very few modern conveniences, no carpets, no bedding in the English sense, nothing indeed, whatever on which a British pawnbroker would in an hour of expansiveness advance three shillings. The owner's clothing may be worth five shillings, if he has a winter garment, and his wife's perhaps ten shillings more, her festival robe, usually diaphanous, though sometimes as thick as an ordinary English shirt, having a distinct value. The children wear nothing at all. The man never sees nor thinks about meat of any kind. He never dreams of buying alcohol in any shape. The food of the household costs about six shillings a month and consists of roasted rice or unleavened cakes. Fish is procurable, vegetables, milk, and a little clarified butter, the whole being made tasteful with cheap country spices; and his only luxury is sugar, made up sometimes cleverly, sometimes horridly, according to the "way" of each district into sweetmeats. . . . He could fly into the jungle with his whole possessions, his farm or hut of course ex-

cepted, at five minutes' notice and carry them all himself.

You will be told in many parts of India that the majority of Indian peasants and laboring men eat but one meal a day. I have personal knowledge that this is true in certain parts of India, at least. As soon as one gets away from the larger cities, into the native States for example, one finds almost a blank ignorance of the outside world. Many artisans, whose pictures I took in the towns and villages, told my interpreter that they never before had been photographed. It is a proverb that India is never without a famine somewhere. It is certain that from time immemorial the Indian has been averse to killing any living thing for food. The Brahmin in Bombay of whom I asked what he considered the greatest boon for India replied, "Induce the Europeans to stop killing our cows!"

The poverty and abstemiousness of the Indians can be realized when one thinks, that in the majority of cases, they have naught to tax but their skin, and that they eat nothing that can be taxed save perhaps salt. (We find, however, that even the laboring man is beginning to demand tea. If this continues we predict the downfall of abstemiousness, as sad a fate as has come to the Britisher.) One must decide that apart from the chewing of pan and the use of certain sweetmeats which the Indian dearly loves, the artisan and laborer are about as free from luxuries as any creatures under the sun.

This continuous poverty and forced restraint of desires have produced in the Indian a mental habit, a kind of suppression of wants, a will and ability

to go without, a trait quite absent among men of the West. Among the Indian's highest exemplars are the 50,000 or more ascetics or fakers whom he helps to feed, the men who have surpassed him in this annihilation of desire. His whole ambition is antipodal to that of the West; while the Occidental has worked for fame the Indian has been engaged in an agelong effort towards ideas and ideals. One of the well educated Brahmins whom I met in Bombay told me he was trying to get his affairs in shape to gratify his keenest ambition which was to leave the walks of men and to become a Sannyasis, to enter upon the last and highest stage of existence, the stage of thought and contemplation.

The strong economic tide now running through this old nation must combat a century-old tendency of non-gratification, which is more than an ignorance. It is a religion, an expression of the soul of the East. Its essence is in the thought that not what a man *has* but what he *disregards* constitutes his kingdom. One finds the indications of this idea in all parts of the peninsula.

Here as everywhere habits rule, and the habits of the East are in line with necessitated poverty and restraint, not satisfaction. To be sure, the Indian wastes much on weddings and funerals, on his priests and for family pride, but Indian self-denial is unheard of in the Occident. He is a past master in self-restraint and in his placidity and contentment, he dwells in a realm unknown to his European brother. Here is a unique civilization, independent of furniture, clothes, and luxurious houses, and a poverty without the loss of self-respect; the Indian is indeed filled with a pride of race as great as the

Westerner's pride of gold. He feels it an honor to be above the influence of material circumstances.

But when we come to the comparative values of this marvelous crushing out of economic desires for centuries, we are facing a serious problem. In being saved from desire, the Indians have been lost to efficient energy, to large material development, and to vast producing power. When Maksim Gorki sailed out of New York Harbor and passed the sky menacing business emporiums of the American world, he expressed his keen dissatisfaction of Americanism in the cry: "All this alas, for a piece of bread!"

It is a question for world philosophers to settle whether the energy producing profusion of the West brings in its wake greater ultimate good than the materially resultless virtues of the East. Is the ideal in reducing desires to the minimum, as do the Oriental Buddhists, or increasing desires to the maximum of human ambition as advocated by Western civilization? Or is the Utopian standard a golden mean between the two? Is it wise to raise the Indian's standards of living at the danger of filling all India with Western discontent? Will the Indian lose the independent side of his character by being flung into the race for physical comforts? These are far-reaching questions and difficult of settlement except by actual experimentation.

At any rate Indians may well be touched to their weal by some of the material accomplishments and comforts of the West, and we are quite sure that some of the lust of the world and the pride of life which hangs so all sufficiently and powerfully before the eyes of the present day Westerner, may be

tempered advantageously by the counter-balancing content-producing abstemiousness of India.

The modern Indian must not only attend to his constructive progress in industrial and agricultural arts, he must also learn to husband his savings along several lines where at present he reveals the utmost prodigality and wastefulness. One would think that in a country where millions of men and women go hungry for days, and where in many sections people live upon the edge of starvation, there would be found a systematic frugality unknown in the West. And this to be sure is true in relation to most matters. But these very people who will struggle so hard to keep out of debt in small matters, and who scarcely know the sensation of luxury, will mortgage their futures and their children's futures as well, for weddings, funerals and religious parades, simply for the sake of show and ceremony so dear to the Oriental heart, paying their money lenders therefor interest at twenty to one hundred and fifty per cent. per annum.

Cases were brought to my attention by those who have for many years lived in close association with rural life in India, of men who were still working to pay off the wedding debts of their fathers and grandfathers. Dr. W. L. Ferguson, one of the most efficient missionaries in southern India, told me of a young man who had inherited from his deceased father a heavy debt contracted for a wedding in the family, which debt was bearing interest at the rate of seventy-five per cent. per annum.

Another man of his acquaintance is paying more than half his salary every month as interest on debts which he contracted in order to make a proper

wedding and a proper funeral for a member of his family. This man had been paying on a part of the principle one hundred and fifty per cent. per annum and on a part of the remainder seventy-five per cent. per annum, and this for twelve years. I am informed that at least one-third, and in some cases one-half of the people in the lower grades of the population in this southern section of India, are laboring under this kind of bondage. The people in the higher walks of life are less burdened by interest, but nearly all are in the chains of debt to a certain extent. So true is this that one of the popular ways of estimating the economic condition of a man is to say: "Ah, he is a very rich fellow; he has rupees (a big sum) in debt."

It is not merely in the West, therefore, that the business man's wealth and his credit are closely inter-related. I suppose there is no country in the world comparable to India, where the wealth of the man is more universally rated, not so much according to what he has, but according to what he can borrow.

A decided difference, however, between India and the West lies in the fact that the Indian borrows, not upon his securities, but upon his mortgaged honor and the honor of his posterity. An ordinary Indian laborer or peasant whose entire worldly possessions may be less than fifty rupees, can borrow five hundred rupees from the money lender for a grand marriage or coming-out party of his daughter, and the money lender knows that he will be able to collect the obligation. I have personally seen an Afghan money lender in the Northern provinces dogging the footsteps of a poor syce, or stable man,

to secure interest upon debts that had been running for years.

A gentleman in whose house I was a guest in Lahore, said to me one day: "Do you see that man going around the corner of the stable? He is after my coachman. He comes regularly each week and carries away with him virtually every cent which my coachman can save from his salary." I asked the rate of interest which the coachman was paying and was horrified to learn that it was thirty per cent. a month. "Is there no recourse for your coachman?" I asked. "Why does he pay it?" He replied, "Public opinion is on the side of the money lender to such an extent, that if the coachman refused to pay, his creditor might come with a band of his friends and beat him into submission to his usurious demands."

One finds at present in many parts of India co-operative societies and savings banks similar to those which are being established in Egypt and which are assisting greatly in affording opportunity for the laboring classes to save their earnings. But these agencies, as will be seen readily by any one who studies the question at all closely, do not go to the root of the difficulty. It is plastering the wound that should be probed to the bottom, for no matter how much the poor Indian coolie *saves*, it will be only a larger amount to go into the pockets of the money lender, unless something can be done to bring dishonor and disgrace upon this foolish idea of incurring debt for the sake of a mere inglorious custom. There must be a revolution of ideas together with a new standard of economics aiming at the inauguration of probity in the conduct of

business and household and society expenditure within the limits of the individual's income. It is at this point that the Government of India has recently become aroused and a beginning has been made toward the passing of laws intended to make impossible the incurring of debt beyond the ability to pay, and also aiming at the abolition of these preposterous rates of interest by money lenders. If the Indians of small communities could be induced to spend in the interest of education or home or community advancement, or even to place in the savings bank, the vast amounts which they spend in interest upon debts, there would arise speedily a new and prosperous Indian community.

It is a question then of thoroughgoing economic regeneration to which the coming man of India is called as a pioneer. It is one of the phases of education which is sorely neglected at present; although in a few of the more prominent institutions I found books dealing with social and political and even municipal economics, these books are as a rule books of reference on the library shelves, and have not become the text books of departments of economics in the University and college life of the country. Until educated Indians as well as Europeans get an enlivened conscience in relation to the desperate need of India for a rejuvenated economic sense in this matter, one can hardly see how the poor laborer is to be loosened from his slavery. It is a case that must have the combined forces of Government and public sentiment among Indians, in combination, for its solution. General education will help, but specific education and vigorous legislation together are urgently needed to remedy this

economic disgrace of India's agricultural population.

Reform must begin in this matter, as in all matters, at the top of society. A well-to-do Mohammedan, for example, told me that when his daughter was married, he gave her fifty suits of silk clothing with the jewels to match and that the feasting lasted twenty-one days. Tents were put up in his garden and he entertained relatives and friends from all parts of India, who came with their retinues of servants and remained for days and weeks as his guests. He said with a cynical smile, "If I had another daughter to be married, I am afraid I should never be able to lift my head before my creditors." And this man, too, was one of the first and most enlightened and influential citizens in the entire native state of which he was a prominent judge.

This injustice, relative to weddings especially, has caused one of the large family clans with which I happened to be closely associated in different parts of India, to inaugurate a rule that a fixed and comparatively small sum, carefully and equally regulated, shall be spent by the bride and the bridegroom, and this quite regardless of the financial ability of the families interested.

Another significant note of protest came to me in the native state of Hyderabad where one of the daughters of a wealthy Mohammedan received at her wedding, clothes and jewelry sufficient to last her entire life, but where a younger educated daughter had demanded instead of this enormous outlay in clothing, bonds which properly invested would yield yearly an interest to be used in a more

sensible and practical way for family expenses, and the education of her children.

But it is not simply in these matters of borrowing and extravagance that the Indian comes short of his highest business possibilities. He is, furthermore, decidedly deficient in systematic business methods. I have had occasion during my visits to India to visit many Indian editors, publishers and newspaper men. The lack of order and arrangement in their surroundings has been one of the indelible impressions which these visits have left upon my mind. One of the leading editors of an Indian journal and owner of a large publishing house frankly and voluntarily confessed to me that he was utterly incapable of preserving any system in his office or his salesroom. When I asked him the reason for his haphazard, hit-or-miss way of running a business of great possibility, he simply shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "I know it means a loss of hundreds of rupees to me every year, but I just can't be systematic. It is Indian *not* to be."

I was dining in the city of Calcutta one evening with a most intelligent young Bengali, who was a graduate of an American western university, and who was endeavoring to put his family estates, which consisted of several thousand acres of valuable property in Bengal, upon a paying basis. I said to him, "What do you find to be your greatest difficulty?" He replied, "Lack of system and attention to detail in every department on the part of my assistants." "What is your remedy?" I asked. "The employment of foreigners," he said, "at least until we can teach Indians the importance of a thor-

ough attention to orderly arrangement, regularity, punctuality, and reliable business methods."

The most successful and perhaps the largest business concern in the city of Calcutta is owned by an Indian. He has been astute enough to appreciate this racial weakness of his people and has placed at the head of departments, competent and trained Europeans.

One reason for this disregard of order lies in the Oriental's desire for ease. This desire for freedom from harassing conventions and forms marks off the Asiatic from the races of the West. What Europeans look upon as the defects of Indian civilizations springs frequently from the temperamental qualities of the Asiatic—the wish to be free from detail, to be waited upon rather than personally to trace things down, to be exempted from the worry that seems a veritable part of Western successful accomplishment.

I was frequently warned by Englishmen concerning the calling hours in India. It would be useless to call upon Indian officials in the early afternoon for they were sleeping. Indeed, the Indian is probably more Asiatic than any other Oriental in his aversions to display of energy of any sort. He does not like to take trouble. To him European formalities are useless "fuss and feathers"; they get on his nerves. Like the Egyptian, he is always conscious of a to-morrow. One finds repeatedly in India among men who are sufficiently educated and self-respecting to have an opinion and hold to it, that Eastern feeling common to the Oriental everywhere; it is similar to that expressed by Twefyk

Pasha who, when a Minister at Paris in 1860, spoke of that European capital as follows:

What I complain of is the mode of life. I am oppressed, not by the official duties, they are easy, but by the social ones. I have had to write fifteen notes this morning all about trifles. In Turkey life is sans gêne; if a man calls on you he does not leave a card; if he sends you a nosegay he does not expect a letter of thanks; if he invites you he does not require an answer. There are no engagements to be remembered and fulfilled a fortnight afterwards. When you wish to see a friend, you know that he dines at sunset; you get into your caïque, and row down to him through the finest scenery in the world. You find him in his garden, smoke a chibouque, talk or remain silent as you like, dine and return. If you wish to see a Minister you go to his office; you are not interfered with or announced; you lift the curtain of his audience room, sit by him on his divan, smoke your pipe, tell your story, get his answer, and have finished your business in the time which it takes here to make an appointment, in half the time that you waste here in an ante-room. There is no dressing for dinners or for evening parties. Evening parties, indeed, do not exist. There are no letters to receive or to answer. There is no post hour to be remembered or waited for, as there is no post. Life glides away without trouble. Here everything is troublesome. All enjoyment is destroyed by the forms and ceremonies and elaborate regulation which are intended, I suppose, to increase it or to protect it. My liberal friends complain here of the want of political liberty. What I complain of is the want of social liberty; it is far the more important. Few people suffer from the despotism of a Government and those suffer only occasionally. But this social despotism, this despotism of the salon, this code of arbitrary little règlements, observances, prohibitions, and exigencies, affects everybody, and every day and every hour.

One finds this chafing over forms and rules quite general throughout the Orient. A Mohammedan business man in Burmah told me of his chief cause of complaint against the English official who caused him to wait before his door for two hours when, had the business man been a Mohammedan, he could have seen him at once. The Indian desires the unrestrained will, save possibly in matters relating to religion where he is ruled by traditional prejudices. His idea of ease is to be released from trifling matters. He does not wish to be obliged to do things:

> "The 'eathen in his blindness bows down to wood
> an' stone,
> 'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own."

European officials continually complain of Oriental officers because they will not attend to details. Exactness, punctuality, regularity, promptness, anything like steady responsibility, are the *bete noir* of the Oriental. It is

> "All along o' dirtiness all along o' mess,
> All along o' doin' things rather more or less."

They are spoiled children, as it often seems to the Occidental. It is the temperament that looks upon life as most successful when most quiet and unperturbed by details.

It was said that Charles II was afflicted with what then was known as a mental low fever. It was not unlike the Oriental ennui and this trait amounts almost to hopelessness, when administrative organization is concerned. No wonder that Indians regard the English energies as "unaccountable, uncomfortable works of God." Across their

ideals could usually be written, "the love of the afternoon life." It is a land where all is without stress and duty, where the servants lie within call outside the door at night and where the dogs sleep in the sun. The *summun bonum* of the Oriental is not to be always attending to duties but to be quietly satisfied. The still life is in his veins. School boys learn by rote Longfellow's poem, "The Psalm of Life," "Act in the living present!"—but it is only a form of words, as some one has said, "life, to be delightful, must be always afternoon, and afternoon of a holiday." The Indian poetess, Sarojini Naidu says: "My ancestors for thousands of years have been lovers of the forests and mountain caves, great dreamers, great scholars, great ascetics. My father is a dreamer himself, a great dreamer, a great man whose life has been a magnificent failure."

None perhaps have caught more surely this spirit of dream and beauty, than Mrs. Naidu herself in her "Palanquin Bearers":

> Lightly, O lightly, we bear her along,
> She sways like a flower in the wind of our song.
> She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,
> She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.
> Gaily, O gaily, we glide and we sing
> We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

The Englishman or the Westerner who fails to understand or to sympathize with this idealism of India, gets disliked as a matter of course. He is an uncomfortable and disturbing factor. If he lacks the imagination to see how he is different, he makes himself even more ridiculous in the Indian's

eyes, who regards him simply as among those who "for some mysterious purpose of the All Wise are permitted to make pen knives and sell piece goods and conquer the world." The European appears on the Indian's horizon as a necessary part of civilization, interesting, but not compelling of either admiration or imitation.

If it is true that the success of any nation depends upon its commercial integrity, there is little doubt that India, in common with certain other Oriental nations must give attention not only to system, but also to commercial honesty. This present system, to be sure, has been a heritage from years of uneven and oppressive government and seems to be more or less ingrained in the Indian temperament and habit.

I refer more especially to the extremely common instances of dishonesty and unscrupulousness found in bazaars and among shop keepers. One who endeavors to do business in any bazaar or store either in village, town or city in India will very soon discover that there are at least three prices for every article, one for the white man, another for the Eurasian and a third for the Indian. In the case of the large tourist centers the number and variety of these prices will doubtless be greatly increased and depend largely upon the amount of gullibility which the intuitive Indian merchant perceives in the face of the alien purchaser. Although one will find of course, many and notable exceptions to this rule, for it would be foolhardly as untrue, to state that all Indian shop keepers were dishonest in the value they affixed to their wares, it has been my experience personally (and I have asked questions

in many sections regarding this subject), that the Indian retail business man cannot be trusted to the extent that the European or the Westerner can usually be trusted in the matter of small purchases and fixed prices. One cannot say that the bazaar keeper is entirely at fault, nor would it be possible to state that he attaches any dishonesty to that which would be considered uneven and unscrupulous business method for a Westerner, since from time immemorial the Oriental has distrusted his neighbor in the matter of bargaining and to get the best of his customer, or on the other hand, to get the best of the trader, has been considered a mark of credit rather than disgrace.

It is almost trite to observe that one of the first rules which the globe trotter and naïve tourist learn, both from their guide books and often by bitter experience, is that the Indian shopkeeper places as his first price a figure from three to five times as great as he can afford to take for his commodities. Apart from the good natured manner in which the average tourist overlooks this matter of unjust business dealing, since the exercise of bargaining furnishes local color and a certain amount of expert ingenuity and skill to a bored and blasé traveler, the matter of uprightness in commercial affairs as related not only to the purchaser but also to the Indian merchant, is one of considerable moment. It is especially a significant question of principle to those men, Indian and European alike, who entertain the hope of building a new India upon the basis of firm and equable economic and commercial probity.

Nor does this barter system affect merely the

small souvenir seller in the native cities. The principle runs through the entire trading life of India, influencing even the foreign merchants. This was illustrated in a famous curio store of the highest class in one of the Indian cities where I had been purchasing certain rare objects of Indian art. As we were leaving the store my wife, with the usual feminine hesitancy to depart from such congenial surroundings, picked up a very artistic piece of brass, and while she was admiring it, the owner of the store, a European, happened to pass through the room. He came over to us and said: "That is an odd piece of Thibetan brass, is it not?" My wife said wistfully, "Yes, I wish I could buy it, but I fear my pocketbook is empty," at which the owner turned to a clerk and said, "Put this piece in the lady's carriage," saying to us aside, "I don't know what you have bought in this store, but whatever it is, I am sure you have paid too much for it."

It is not simply in the vicissitudes of bargaining that one finds the Indian tradesman deficient. The Westerner is astonished at the general slackness which he finds in attendance upon customers, in filling orders, and in delivering purchases. There seems to be comparatively little effort expended, either in making or in holding customers. At least this effort does not appear to be at all a regular and systematic one. A certain superstition is frequently evident amongst shop keepers throughout the Orient. Merchants have their lucky and unlucky days. As in Egypt, one hears so frequently: "Boukra!" (to-morrow) or "as God wills"!, or "perhaps another day you will buy"; likewise among Indian shop keepers there is frequently

evident a kind of "it-is-all-on-the-knees-of-the-gods" feeling. A sort of "Kismet" fatality presides over the merchant and his wares. If you buy, well and good, if not, no one is sorrow-stricken and you will rarely see the cloud pass over the face of the shop keeper as is often the case, amongst the retail merchants of the West, when you walk out of the store, without purchases.

This mercantile superstition, especially as it persists in country districts and small towns, is often most ludicrous. I have been told of a village merchant who called off a transaction because after he made the bargain, he went home and sneezed once. Had he sneezed twice or thrice he would have carried out his contract with great joy. Another villager refused to hold to his bargain with a customer because he met a widow in the road while on the way to accomplish the business he had promised, so great was the ill fortune which he attached to the meeting with such an ill omened person. One finds also that certain men close their shops for days at a time without assigning any reason whatever to the public who have been accustomed to buy of them their regular rations. A certain gentleman who was thoroughly acquainted with village customs told me that he was often accustomed to press for a reply to his question: "Why is not the shop-keeper here?" and to receive the somewhat ambiguous answer: "He does not feel happy in his mind!"

It may be too much to say that this whole matter of commercial relationship lies imbedded in a faulty appreciation of right and wrong. But, at least from the Westerner's point of view, I think this is

true. The principle of elemental justice and righteousness, regardless of circumstances, is often absent. D. L. Moody used to say, "A man is what he is, in the dark." One cannot but feel that the Indian business man is honest or dishonest not so much from principle, as from expediency. It depends upon the man with whom he is dealing whether his honesty is apparent or whether the light that is within him shall be darkness. In other words, the business man is not true to himself, and therefore, cannot be true to others. He does not trust himself; he, therefore, cannot believe in others.

One only has to investigate the lack of confidence which Indians have in co-operative schemes and corporate management, such as banking and agricultural and irrigation co-operation—in fact in almost any pursuit where a man is called upon to trust his neighbor. I have been told by many reputable Indians that there are few people who are willing to trust others with their money. The average native prefers to melt his gold and silver and put it into jewels for his wife, or hide it in the wall or floor of the house, or bury it in the ground, rather than place it at interest in the local banks. This lack of faith in humanity in general is in a sense the heaviest hand laid in restraint upon Indian trade.

The country has not yet discovered the vast possibilities of an extended credit system which has been the key unlocking the mighty resources of Western business endeavor. There is still the uncertainty and hesitation akin to the suspicion and wariness of belated races. It is one of the puzzling things to the student of India to see a race of peo-

ple who have advanced so far beyond the Westerner in spiritual and religious restraint, who have eclipsed anything that Europeans have yet accomplished in their power of speculative and meditative exercise through what must be considered as a superior intellectual alertness, but still have been seemingly incapable of putting their high religious ideas and ideals to the practical test of believing in and depending upon these same lofty traits in their human relationships. An official who has spent a quarter of a century in India expressed what the thoughtful and observant Westerner must feel who has lived long in this land when he said: "In my opinion the keenest and shrewdest brain to be found in any nationality is that of the Bengali," but he added, "he lacks concentration, perseverance, and practicality, otherwise he would rule both the business and political world."

Is this lack a racial one or a moral one? Is it physical, temperamental or more deeply seated in the happy adjustment of creed and conduct? Does the Indian business man fail because he does not know, or because he does not will to do? These are pivotal questions for the modernizing leaders of India.

XIII

Religious Transformation

IN India every fifth Indian is a Mohammedan. Mussulmans are scattered throughout India and mixed with Hindus in almost every section. For nine hundred years the Moslem has been proselytizing in India, his missionary work beginning not later than three centuries subsequent to the Hegira.

Islam, in contrast to Hinduism, presents to the Oriental a comparatively simple and certain mode of salvation in its worldly type of monotheism, which for the Moslem is intended to answer all doubts and mysteries about destiny and to scatter all fears by the impressive and final doctrine: "There is no God but God and Mahomet is his Prophet." According to the Mohammedan a sovereign Will rules the universe, explaining the deep mystery of existence; to him whatever is, is right, because it is the will of Allah.

In morals, as regards the intermingling of sexes, Mohammedanism is the least strict of the Asiatic religions. Mahomet and the Koran allow four wives to each man, free, or what is called triple divorce at the will of the man, and a system of concubinage limited only by economic power to purchase slaves. It establishes and maintains the harem idea of marriage and gives little attention to the bridling and control of the senses.

Nevertheless, the Koran punishes adultery with

death and its adherents are evidently drawn to Islam and held to it with remarkable loyalty, not by the sexual laxity of its laws, but by the peculiar grip of its high ideal—an ideal, indeed, vastly higher than its practice. One needs only to consider that millions of women have accepted Islam, and to-day are among its most devoted followers, and also that Mohammedanism has always won Orientals quite regardless of the worship of the senses, to realize that this great religion has had a stronger might than that of the flesh in its victorious march among Oriental people.

The Indian's home has been for years the center of religious rites and ceremonies. Religion has been his education and his very life. To him domestic functions are religious functions; social intercourse has been religious intercourse, his vocation has been chosen in the name and under the influence of religion; birth, marriage, his calling, and his death, in short every important event is a religious event.

His religious temper, however, is conservative. He is the exponent of a people, who like the Jews of Palestine, consider themselves the inheritors of a national and exclusive faith. It is an inheritance too valuable and too special to be shared with outsiders. The Indian, therefore, is not a religious propagandist; he is not an extensive but an intensive religionist. He may be a radical and an insurgent in politics, but in religion his inclination is to stand by the faith of his fathers.

This conservatism manifested in the religious temperament has been tremendously aided by the Hindu caste system, a system which John P. Jones

of India has designated as "the most rigorous, if not the most cruel, inquisition that the world has known." This system has been watchfully guarded by Brahmanism, and its strict laws have defied the entrance of other religions. Against these religious barriers other faiths for centuries have hurled their weapons almost entirely in vain.

The Sikh religion was originally a religious and a brave attempt to harmonize Mohammedanism and Hinduism. At the present time, this also is gradually yielding to caste dominance and to the fascination of Hindu ritual.

The religious tendency of the Indian is also, paradoxical as it may seem, toward an universal receptivity in religious thought. Almost every shade of theological and metaphysical belief is found here. India has been surfeited by religious ideas. The Westerner stands aghast at the chaotic mass of conflicting tendencies and theories pressed into the theology and philosophy of the Indian. From some angles Hinduism is a hydra-headed idolatry, and her Pantheon is an unexampled exhibition of universality in religion.

We are assured that there are 30,000,000 gods in the Hindu Pantheon, and that each attends to the affairs of his own particular jurisdiction. Most of them seem inclined to be wicked, cruel, and unkind, and delight in bringing misfortune upon their devotees, which ill luck can only be averted by the intercession of a priest. Gods and demons haunt every hill, grove, gorge, and dark corner of the country. Their names are usually unknown, but they go on multiplying as events or incidents occur to which the priests can give a supernatural interpretation.

According to a leading Hindu: "Under the name of Hinduism there still exists in India to-day a system of religion which embraces all the religious thought of the world. It stands like a huge banyan tree, spreading its far-reaching branches over hundreds of sects, creeds, and denominations, and covering with its innumerable leaves all forms of worship, the dualistic, qualified non-dualistic, and monistic worship of the One Supreme God, the worship of the Incarnation of God, and also hero-worship, saint-worship, symbol-worship, ancestor-worship, and the worship of departed spirits. It is based upon the grand idea of universal receptivity. It receives everything."

Professor Max Müller says: "No phase of religion, from the coarsest superstition to the most sublime enlightenment, is unrepresented in that country."

A recent census returned 2,728,812 priests, which is an average of one for every seventy-two members of the Hindu faith, and it is believed that, altogether there are more than 9,000,000 persons including monks, nuns, ascetics, fakirs, sorcerers, chelas, and mendicants or various kinds of attendants employed about the temples, who are dependent upon the public for support.

This multiplication of gods and the swallowing up of all sorts and kinds of religious conceptions of other races has added picturesqueness but little vitality to Hinduism.

Buddhism alone has been able to assert itself as a religious faith which through these two milleniums has insisted upon a distinct identity. Yet Buddhism's great power has been achieved not in the

land of its birth, but amongst other peoples where it numbers millions of adherents. After ten centuries of conquest in India, it too was absorbed or superseded as the dominant religion in India. Buddha himself was added to the personages in the Hindu Pantheon, as the ninth incarnation of Vishnu.

Students of comparative religions are repeatedly confronted with a likeness between Hinduism and Christianity. Some of the deepest and most potential truths find common ground and common expression in these two religions.

Yet it is the antipodal character of Hindu and Christian ideals rather than their consonance, which impresses the student of comparative religions. The Westerner is continually puzzled with the Indian's religious attitude. To sympathize with it one must study his early training, his traditional inheritances, and his endowments of spiritual and religious experiences and illusions.

The Indian's emphasis is entirely divergent from that of the Western religious emphasis as regards Deity. The Hindu sees in Brahm or the Supreme Soul, intelligence idealized. His philosophy aims "to see the formless Being of the Deity, in the regions of pure consciousness beyond the veil of thought." The Christian student finds in God perfect Will. To the Hindu, God is supreme wisdom, intelligence, all knowledge. His goal is Brahmaguana (Divine Wisdom). "Emancipation is only the perception of that which has existed from eternity but has hitherto been concealed from us." To the Christian, on the other hand, God is Infinite Goodness. To the Indian, God is Divine Wisdom

The musicians in a Buddhist funeral procession at Mandalay. The body is beneath the canopy at the rear

A class in an Oriental college in Hyderabad

far away and vague. To the Christian, He is Love, near and "My Father."

There is then a difference of starting points in religious ideals, a difference as wide as that which bridges the space between absolute intelligence and ethical perfection, and this difference is evident everywhere in the intellectual and argumentative Indian religion, as contrasted with the Christian religion of love and good works.

The Hindu's fight has been against Ignorance, ("Eridia"), that blindness of the mind which fails to see that the Supreme Soul and the self are identical realities. To him final emancipation arises when these two are absorbed in one. Self-knowledge has been the ideal of the Indian educated man. Self-control, on the other hand, has been the supreme ethic leading the Christian to "sovereign power." Ignorance is evil and wisdom is grace to the Hindu. To the Christian, sin is evil and that obliquity which clouds God's moral and religious beauty, is to be chiefly abhorred. To know God is of first importance to the Indian. To rebel against God in the heart is to the Christian a greater evil than not to know God with the intelligence. To be transformed into the image of God of righteousness is Christianity's ideal. To realize the Absolute beyond the self is the Hindu's ideal.

Here then we have quite a different point of view, and this is vital and critical to all result. The Indian student thinks, argues, and meditates in his search for freedom from self. The Western student acts, decides, and regards practical religious values. The Christian idea of religion is utilitarian. It must be serviceable and it must be po-

tently personal. It is partially expressed at least in Mr. Huxley's definition of the value of true education, namely—that which gives a man the power "to do what he ought to do when he ought to do it, regardless of whether he feels like doing it or not." And the Western religionist also adds that this religious good must be in accordance with the will of God—the perfect goodness, the righteous Father who dwells not in any far away Nirvana but even within us:

"Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

Hindu philosophy, theology and metaphysics are thus divergently dissimilar to Christian thinking, in their initial premises and emphases.

The Indian is immediately affected by this different attitude in religious ideals. Until recently he has had little care for altruistic enterprises. His morality, also, is a matter of small moment to him. The custom of his land has made it possible for him to hold the laws of social chastity of small significance. He has been wont to laugh at any attempt at social and moral reform. No meeting for the consideration of such topics as social evils has yet been possible or largely successful among Indians, since they disclaim the existence of anything like purity or chastity among men. In short, these facts do not have a place in their religious furniture or ideals. The moral consciousness of India has never been deeply touched. An old Brahmin in Calcutta said to me: "Is 'stir the conscience' a

right use of English?" Upon receiving an affirmative reply, he said: "This is India's great need, a stirring of conscience for the sake of distinguishing between right and wrong."

The Indian's conception of sin is often emasculated and buried underneath huge piles of ceremonial. It has usually meant superstitious error caused by pollution, or a blindness which has resulted from ignorance. The idea of sin in India has well-nigh lost its tonic of moral sensitiveness and ethical impulse. It is difficult to convince Indians of your meaning when you refer to such subjects as sensuality. They understand perfectly ritualistic malfeasance but moral iniquity has little meaning for them.

When we speak of Hinduism or Brahminism as a religion, however, it is only a conventional use of a term, because it is not a religion in the sense that we are accustomed to apply that word. In all other creeds there is an element of ethics; morality, purity, justice and faith in men, but none of these qualities is taught by the Brahmins. With them the fear of unseen powers and the desire to obtain their favor is the only rule of life and the only maxim taught to the people.

There are signs of a new attitude, however, an attitude in which sin will consist of something more than an intellectual delusion or a ceremonial irregularity. There are indications that moral hideousness will one day be disassociated with culture and education in India. British laws and social reforms of the West are making way and helping to rout the pantheism of Vivekanada which consists in the belief that the only sin of which man is capable is the

sin of regarding himself as a sinner. At no distant date such a condition in relation to crime is bound to arrive among educated men that a murderer will be unable to say, as one did recently in India, "It was not me but God within me which slew the man."

The idea of incarnation is a common ground, but its meaning is quite contradictory. To the Christian, the Incarnation of Jesus means perfect, moral rectitude. To the Hindu, the word conveys no particular moral meaning. The "descents" or incarnations of Vishnu are in the first place those of the fish, Sartoris, and the boar, and here morality of course is not a question of consideration. While, furthermore, the gross and sensual "Krishna," who is the popular full incarnation of Vishnu, has as little influence toward perfect morality as one could imagine. Vishnu has no definite spiritual or ethical significance. To compare his incarnation with the Christian conception is a most hopeless undertaking.

Furthermore, the Hindu idea is of a triumphant God and not of a suffering God. In this it resembles the Jewish conception. The cross is a stumbling-block. The glory of the Christian incarnation resides in Jesus' spotless character, his cross, and his suffering and death. The Indian does not thrill at any of these conceptions. His ideals or his religious heroes have always walked in the opposite direction.

The Indian student moreover, has been taught from earliest infancy that the Divine is the one and only great reality. The world is transient, passing, a shadow, a mirage, a thing to be abandoned as soon

as possible. The body is but the poor temporary casement of the soul partaking of the general unreality of the world, and must, therefore, be crucified and detested. The Indian has been taught to think of life and civilization as devices to make men comfortable until they can escape into the Nirvana of ultimate Reality.

There has been, therefore, little or no significance in history, biography, or social uplift. The man of India has cared little about political leadership or industrial progress. Even morals and ethics have been considered as expedients belonging also to an unreal and passing life, associated with things that must speedily break up and vanish.

Religion, morality, and every other aspect of ordinary life are thus hopelessly secular. Therefore, the only rational conclusion is—flee from the world, from time and matter, from man and civilization, from morality and religion; so that the soul, released from transmigration, may be united with Reality. The ascetic is the only saint.

This idea of a great Real God dwelling in lonely reality, diffused throughout the unreal world has given rise to Hindu pantheism. Each divinity of the Hindu circle has been, as it were, a rush-light in the darkness, a glass to give him back the truth. And this pantheism has been the source of Indian philosophy and some of the most notable literature of the world.

Indeed, we cannot understand the Indian unless we understand his religious consciousness, for within him and upon all sides of him we discover the subtle influences of a great religion "a deeply considered

and a large spaced system," the religion of Hinduism with its mighty ambition and its vast accomplishment.

The Indian of to-day has inherited these deep exalted and pervasive religious ideals which continue to strongly affect his whole thinking; in fact his attitude toward life in general. No knowledge of the Indian can be at all complete which does not regard carefully a faith which has not only influenced India by its rigid asceticism and lofty spiritual conceptions, but has colored the religious philosophy of every nation.

His conception of the world is that of a makeshift. According to the ancient Hindu philosophy, the world exists only to furnish an embodiment for the soul. It is simply the place for the former embodied lives to continue their evolution. The things that befall men in life, both good or bad, are to the Hindu, simply the rewards or the punishments for existence of evil conduct in a past incarnation. The chief characteristic of the world, in the mind of the orthodox Hindu, lies in its retributive function. Transmigration is the answer to all the varied fortunes of men. This world process of undergoing birth and death is eternal. There are a multitude of worlds as well as a multitude of souls, and these go through consecutive stages of life and death as souls do, and time is thus divided into ages styled "Kalpas."

However we may disagree with this conception of the world, it must be admitted that it is a lofty and comprehensive one. We here have the problem of world justice and human sorrow explained and united. The problem of good and evil which has

interested and puzzled mankind is here given at least a dignified explanation.

The influence of this Hindu idea of the world which the Indian has inherited is manifest in the nature and attitude of the educated men of India. The sense of the transitoriness, worthlessness or cheapness of world values has directly affected both their thought and action. The ambitions of youth have not until very recently been cast in the channels of worldly favor or worldly aggrandizement. His ideals have been religious, philosophical, intellectual. Poverty has been no disgrace, while the leadership of political or social world movements has held for him small recompense, since these are associated with those conditions which are part of the transient and ephemeral world.

The tourist in India is frequently shocked and disgusted with the gross sensuality and blatant mendicancy of the Yogis, or holy men, who frequent the country roads and especially the temples in the neighborhood of the sacred rivers, thriving upon the superstitions of the poor. These men are quite generally idle, lazy, hypocritical, dirty, and useless. They form a distinct clog upon the wheels of India's laboring advance.

Yet while these priests, and especially the loathsome fakirs, are met with indifference, often scorned by the students of India, these same students see behind these representatives of religion a great and mighty fact, and one which helps to shape their thought and determine their decisions. This fact of Hindu asceticism, especially in its historical exhibitions and consequences, has been breathed into the air of their earlier education. Indeed, one finds

that the two epics of the Upanishads are still commonly read by the people and children in the villages, both in the original and in the vernacular, much as the Homeric poems were read by the people of Greece.

These students as children have committed to memory and believed the wild tales of "Mahâbhârata" and the miraculous "Râmâyana" and the books of Buddhism and the Jains, which tell of the exercises of these ascetic priests and heroes, and the wonder-working of their mystical and powerful charms. The hideous depravity of some of these tales has left a mark on the minds and habits of India's young men; while the perfect sincerity and heroic achievement of certain of the ascetics whom these young men have revered, such as Gautama the Buddha and Mahavira the Jain, have deeply, even if unconsciously influenced their minds in behalf of their own brand of religion. Belief in these wonder working heroes has also prejudiced these educated Indians against the more practical and utilitarian conceptions of religious life held by Westerners.

That is to say, the men of India have been impressed with the reality of their own great visualized religions. They have felt the impulse and have been stirred to the depths in their boyhood by beholding their countrymen abandoning all that was dear, depriving themselves of all chances of self-gratification, literally dying to themselves for the sake of a spiritual ambition. While these wonder and are impressed by the self-renunciation of our missionaries from the West, they are not without similar examples of self-abnegation wrought by

honest devotees to their own nation's religious principles, in the silence of nature, far from the haunts of men. The influence of this ascetic idealism upon the minds of the youth of India is fittingly revealed in the words of one who has spent his life among India's young men:

"The ascetic ideal is that a man shall give up work, home, wife, society, civilization, property, ordinary food, and dress, ornaments, amusements, and the religion of home and the temple, shall live in the forest, dress in a skin, a coat of bark, or in rags, beg his food, and give his mind to thought on God alone. He must practise mental exercises so as to shut out, as far as possible, the outer world from his senses and thought. He must harm no living thing by speech or act. He ought, also to subject himself to torture of some kind, so as to subjugate his body the more completely, and win release more speedily."

This heroic, religious history, living in the consciousness of Indians through the influence of epic story, hymn, or idea, forms the background upon which new educational or religious impressions must be superimposed.

But the evidences found commonly among thinking men of India point toward an ever increasing belief in one God who rules all. The shadowy reasonings which satisfied the ancient centuries have lost their power to convince the modern Indian. Polytheism and idolatry are vanishing forms in the minds of educated India.

Krishna is to Hindu students the Divine Being and is considered as personal. To-day we find educated Indians saying naturally, "God is our Heav-

enly Father." A student who talked with me at Allahabad spoke of idolatry as a concession merely to ignorance and to untrained minds. The Brahma and Arya-Samaj adherents are outspoken against idol worship and often break caste. Even the audacious claims of Mrs. Besant and the followers of Sankara's Vedantism, give idolatry a place, simply because of human weakness. Students in government schools for the most part, regard the priests in the Benares temples as a joke. They look at them somewhat as tourists view them, as more or less of monstrosities, interesting as fanatics might be. I watched students in certain services, who seemed to be attending much as they would go to spectacular entertainments. The holy men, even, sit upon spike-beds for revenue only. The golden temple and the monkey temple of Benares are only partially supported by the votive offerings of the stupid, worshiping coolies. Tourists, who are met by dirty priests, furnish a goodly proportion of the revenue which keeps open these diminishing signs of Hindu polytheism. Forsooth, the failure to give large fees to these mercenaries of religion calls down upon the head of the unsuspecting traveler, blasphemy more earnest than the devotion which characterizes the exercises of the sacred shrines.

When members of the educated classes visit these temples to-day it is much like the yearly visit of the Emperor of Japan to the Temple of Heaven—to keep up appearances. The real heart and life of polytheism is already dead among Indian educated men.

The Hindu gods, Vishnu, Siva, Ganesa (elephant-

headed), and Kali, are doomed to pass, and this with rapidity, as did the like gods of Babylon and Egypt, of Greece and of Rome, for their hold upon reality is no stronger than was that of these former deities.

In India, however, polytheism is being swept away by what Goethe would call the "time spirit." Modern thought, and social activity, the interaction of industrial and world competition, the arousing of educated men to a sense of responsibility for government and for the new India, these are all potent influences in the demolition of these century old superstitions.

Does this mean that India is to accept Christianity? If by Christianity we mean the form and the method of the Christian religion, known and practised in the West, one must believe that it is very doubtful; even if ten or even if a hundred times the amount of missionary effort were put forth, India would not thus be Westernized religiously. But if we ask whether the spirit of Christianity will be absorbed and adapted eventually to Asiatic needs, temperament and character, I for one, sincerely believe that it will be. I am not sure that Christianity will be sufficiently similar in its outward expression in Asia to be recognized at first sight by the Western Christian. It will be, and it should be, an Oriental product growing out of the rich background of Oriental life and history. There will be, doubtless, many caricatures of the real spirit of the faith, as well as of its method, before anything like a perfect Christianity shall be evolved in Asia. But the true Christian who believes in his Bible and in the Christian God, and also in the Christian history, will not

be skeptical concerning the ability of his faith to adjust itself to the Asiatic.

One of the first and ever-present drawbacks in Christianizing Asia, has been our Western fear of allowing Christianity to develop Orientally rather than Occidentally. What is the quickest way to modernize India? I asked of an English Official. He answered, "To make the educated men English gentlemen." Many a missionary made the same mistake, and endeavoring to Christianize India, placed before his eyes the ideal "to make the Oriental an English or an American Christian." One is glad to see in the present-day missionary movements in the East, the growing tendency to emphasize an indigenous Christian religion. There is still much difficulty to be overcome, however, much dogmatic prejudice to be eradicated, and much training of native leaders to be accomplished before great sweeping religious changes will be brought about. There is need, for example, in nearly every Asiatic country of the establishment of native universities led and taught by native Christians, and not by Westerners, a type of Christian El Azhars devoid of the obscurantism of the Moslem University at Cairo. In the last analysis it is the Oriental and not the Occidental who must Christianize the Orient; the Westerner can bring the "Good News," but the Easterner must absorb and translate it into his own language, habits, and civilization.

Those who have not traveled among or studied the Asiatic can hardly appreciate the problems that have confronted and still are confronting the Christian missionaries from the West. I venture to say that there is no more devoted class of persons at work

anywhere in the world than are these missionaries of Asia. Those who deride or harshly criticize them, have usually not seen sufficient number of them to form a just opinion, or they have taken an exceptional poor sample of the missionary product, as a proof for former prejudice.

I met a certain American gentleman upon a steamer in the southern seas, who made bold to tell me that he had given his last contribution to Christian missions in India. I began asking him what mission stations he had really visited, and from what particular nationalities of missionary workers he had drawn his unfavorable conclusions. I soon discovered that he had not really gone out of his way to visit a single representative missionary college, hostel, or rural station, but based his inferences upon the second hand and often biased opinions of certain officials or fellow tourists as ignorant as himself regarding the eighty or more years of missionary effort and influence among India's millions. The witness of educational and medical missions throughout the Orient from Egypt to Japan, quite apart from any other vision of accomplishment, give Christian missions the divine right of existence in the Orient. Add to this the *Christian influence* upon these Asiatic civilizations, an influence impossible of calculating in any statistical table of converts, and you have three great chapters of missionary victories in Asia.

The two chief difficulties before the Christian missions reside first of all in that peculiar tendency of the Asiatic mind to be intellectually convinced without necessarily acting upon his conviction, and secondly, in the great barrier of caste influence which

still makes public confession of Christianity another word for "outcast" in Indian society. This first characteristic of the Hindu to absorb mentally Christianity without actively participating in its public expression, Mark Twain has humorously depicted in the answer of his Indian servant, concerning his religion:

> Yes, he very good. Christian god very good; Hindoo god very good, too. Two million Hindoo god, one Christian god—make two million and one. All mine; two million and one god. I got a plenty. Sometime I pray all time at those, keep it up, go all time very day; give something at shrine, all good for me, make me better man; good for me, good for my family, dam good.

But even a greater antagonist to the advance to Christianity is the iron rule of caste. For a convert to give up caste and openly profess the Westerner's faith, means that he must give up his chief authority in the home over wife and children, the majority of his daily habits, the laws and rules governing his eating, drinking, and general attitude toward men as well as women. I shall not forget a pathetic talk which I had with a Brahmin in the city of Madras. As far as his belief was concerned, he was evidently a Christian. "I read my Bible daily," said he, "and with great profit. Occasionally I attend the Christian church and in my heart I worship the Christian's God. But," said he, "should I come out and publicly profess Christianity, I could no longer abide under my own roof. I should be obliged to be untrue to my family obligations, and I should lose every bit of influence I have in the community where I have lived my entire life.

Could you advise me to accept Christianity publicly upon such terms?"

These problems are, indeed, not easily solved and Asiatic religions like Mohammedanism and Buddhism which allow all their converts to remain Asiatics, furnish a suggestive example to us as Western Christians who would give the benefits and the enlightenment of Christianity to the Oriental world. Here, as in other things Oriental, to attempt to force progress unduly, is unwise. Western millions cannot convert Asiatics at a sweep; Western buildings and Western methods and Western men may be truly effective only as they are incorporated and borne out upon a great natural tide of Oriental desire and progress. Much water must flow under the bridge before the Orient becomes truly Christian. Imperfect Christianity, as in the days of Constantine, will precede the finer product of later generations; and after all, it is not the name, but the spirit and the values thereof, which are most important. We can and we must trust the Orient to reshape its religion and to utilize the fine missionary inspiration, the wealth of experience and the devoted zeal of the Occident in finding her way to God.

In this Pilgrim's Progress of religion, may we not hope and confidently believe that the spiritual minded Easterner carrying his own burden along his own Oriental way, may find here and there a new star to guide, a new light to gladden his own as well as his Western brother's feet to the City Beautiful?

XIV

Romantic and Buddhist Burma

EAST and south from Assam, through an impassable tangle of forests, isolated by massive mountains from eastern India and geographically a patch of China, there lies a land of pagodas and golden palaces, a land whose religion is the worship of the Lord Buddha and whose national history is a pure romance.

It is a small country as Asiatic countries go, this Burman land—but from its forest-laden mountains in the north, cut by rushing streams and picturesque valleys reminding one of the "Algerian Switzerland" in Kabylia, to the rice deltas lying in the sun upon the broad, fertile bosom of the Irrawady, in the south, the Nile country of Asia—there dwells a distinct race of men. Like the Chinese and more especially like the Koreans in physiognomy, are these people—Indo-Chinese in fact, yet totally unlike the Far East in mysticism and national patriotism; East Indians in superstition, yet free as America in their treatment of women; pleasure-loving and jealous of honor as the Frenchmen, yet seriously, blindly, and religiously conservative as were the Dutch puritans.

I remember as a lad reading the life of Adoniram Judson written by his noble son, a Baptist clergyman in New York City, in which I recall what seemed to me then the most puzzling and remark-

able fact, of a great missionary spending a life-time of effort in a small country without seeing in his own life-time, scarcely a single person accept his faith. And, though this vigorous and persistent pioneer-missionary's religion, since his death, has gathered to itself many adherents in Burma, I had always been curious to know what it was in this nation that so effectually held its own against such unalloyed zeal.

If I have visited and studied this nation correctly, one characteristic predominating over many others, singles it out in startling particularity and makes it unlike any Indian province; it is the characteristic passion of patriotism, bred no doubt by Burma's geographical isolation and generously fed by a towering and racial, religious pride.

The secret of the Burmese is read in two sets of literature, one national, the other religious; the Chronicle of the Burman kings and the precepts of the Lord Buddha. The national literature is a kind of epic, the Maha Yazawin, over whose ballad pages the light of Aladdin's lamp has been thrown, turning every Burmese defeat into a Burmese victory and resolving every national reverse into a voluntary act of royal clemency. No Eric Brighteyes ever converted such impregnable tasks into a playful pastime as did the Burmese kings, according to these national, fabled Chronicles, which have influenced deeply and permanently the Burmese character.

Here we find the astonishing historical intelligence that English overlords ruled in Burma only through the gracious favor of King Bagyidaw, who, strict follower of Buddha, sheathed his sword be-

fore the rush of Western usurpers, saying in the words of the great Gautama:

All can take life but who can give it back?

As an arch example of unadulterated muzzling of the press, notice the following account of the reasons of national defeat given by the Burmese chronicler in this "national book of history":

The kalabyu, the white strangers from the west, fastened a quarrel upon the Lord of the Golden Palace. They landed at Rangoon, took that place and Prome, and were permitted to advance as far as Yandabo; for the king, from motives of piety and regard to life, made no effort whatever to oppose them. The strangers had spent vast sums of money on the enterprise; and by the time they reached Yandabo their resources were exhausted; and they were in great distress. They petitioned the king, who, of his clemency and generosity, sent them large sums of money to pay their expenses back, and ordered them out of the country.

One can hardly wonder that English directness and practicality were bewildered by the attitude of King Mindon, who after the second Burmese war in 1852–53, would not formally cede by treaty the Province of Pegu, which was annexed by the victorious British, saying loftily: "Let them (the English) stay there; I cannot turn them out, but I will not be written down as the King that gave up Rangoon."

"A treaty with a man like that," said Lord Dalhousie, "is useless."

Such striking instances of blind patriotism and such premeditated attempts to delude the people by

courtly fiction, are probably not on record elsewhere.

A popular custom of showing indignity to foreigners and elevating the glory of the Golden Feet, was in keeping the English envoys waiting for hours and sometimes for days, at the gates of the royal palace. When these representatives of other nations came into the presence of Burmese majesty, they were enjoined first to bow three times to the building when entering the outer gates, then when half way across the Esplanade, they must again bow humbly three times and when fifteen yards distant from the king, they were obliged to submit to the regulation of another set of profound bows. Sir Doughlas Forsyth in 1874, like all envoys to Burmese royalty, had to enter the royal presence in his stocking feet and was kept sitting cross-legged on the floor so long in a cramped position that he was obliged to have the court assistants assist him to his feet.

We are told by that detailed historian of Burmese customs, Shway Yoe, how King Mintayagyi, upon hearing that Colonel Symes was coming to see him, immediately started upon a long journey to Mingon whither the Colonel promptly followed him, thinking that there he would be able to secure audience with his Majesty without the complex and variegated ceremonials required at the palace.

In this idea the envoy was greatly mistaken in the Burmese character. When he arrived at Mingon, he was directed by the King's officials to take up his residence on an island in the middle of the river. Thus beleaguered in a most barren and undesirable spot, which the envoy found was shunned

by all Burmese as a place polluted, since here dead bodies were burned and sordid criminals executed, he was made to wait forty days during all of which time not the slightest attention was paid to him by either the King or his court.

When it is realized that such national Chronicles, highly colored to aggravate national pride, have been for generations, with the exception of Burmese plays, the sole literature of this people, we are not surprised that one historian has likened the old-time Burman to the Centennial Yankee:

> Breathes there a Yank, so mean, so small
> Who never says, "Wal now, by Gaul,
> I reckon since old Adam's fall
> There's never growed on this 'ere ball
> A nation so all-fired tall
> As we Centennial Yankees."

It is only through the forced necessity of Burmans to recognize Western modernization as it is now flowing into this isolated land through the new Government schools, displacing the monastery schools of the yellow-robed priests, and in the trail of Chinese, East Indians, Jews and Western oil and rubber-kings, that Burma shows signs of rising out of her historic, national delusions. Like other Oriental peoples, she is becoming startled by the spectacle of advancing trade. Business-like energy which for centuries has been lacking in Burma, the women rather than the men being the shopkeepers and workers, is seen. Even the pleasure-loving comedy and contentment of a race is now stirred by the competitive time-spirit of a twentieth century world. In this conflict between the old and

the new to which she, with other Oriental nations must address herself, Burma has the advantage over well-nigh every Eastern country in the hereditary freedom of her women, since here there are no veils and no purdahs, no forced marriages, and comparatively little of that domestic degradation which has hung like a millstone around the neck of myriads of Moslem and Hindu peoples.

Burma, furthermore, in the richness of her agricultural possibilities, in her mineral supply, as truly as in her freedom-loving atmosphere, is a land of promise. Here is a land with an area of 237,000 square miles, if one includes the Shan Provinces, holding a population of 11,000,000. In the number of her people she is almost identical with Egypt, and she is as devoted to Buddhism, as Egypt is allied with the religion of the Prophet Mahomet. Only about one-fifth of the soil of Burma is now under agricultural cultivation, and when it is realized that almost anything will grow beneath her tropical sun, the promise of her future in the land can be appreciated.

Burma is also rich in deposits of petroleum. I found that more than four hundred Americans resided in Burma working in connection with the local oil companies.

Her mineral products are rich and various; platinum, tin, gold and silver, and a considerable wealth in wolfram, that mineral which is used in the filaments of electric lights and also in the processes of hardening steel. I visited also rubber plantations which were presided over by Westerners who looked forward to a great future in rubber. One finds to-day more than 300,000 people in the

City of Rangoon, and the air of the town reminds one of beginnings and possibilities both in commercial and industrial undertakings.

The influence of Englishmen is naturally predominant in government, school, and business. The English have controlled lower Burma since 1826, and have held sway in upper Burma since the year 1880, when King Thebaw, with his atrocities and eccentricities, lost his golden throne.

An outstanding Burmese problem to-day is that of labor. Life to the Burman, as to the Indian, has been a comparatively easy one. The sea has furnished his food, and the climate has relieved him of the expense of clothing, while manual labor has been and is being accomplished for him by Chinese, Hindus, women, and elephants. The Burmese man is only just beginning to feel the thirst for gold and material acquirements. First of all he must learn to work. It will be no small task for a people who have inherited an easy-going, pleasure-loving disposition, spending their years in joyousness and a blaze of color to forget it suddenly, in order to apply themselves to the rigorous competitive demand of economic modernization. Burma for a long time will be

> "On the road to Mandalay
> Where the flying fishes play"

and only in the alembic of time and forced necessity can she be expected to change her traditional inertia into constructive and selective action.

On the other hand, Burma must carry in her march toward progress a heritage of superstition great enough to make a nation of animists if they

were not nominally Buddhists. It is, indeed, with Burma as with other Oriental populations, a question of religious reform which is bound to determine the future social, industrial, and political status of the nation. Burma shares with Ceylon, Thibet and with large sections of China and Japan, the distinction of the followers of Buddhism whose literature and practise quite as strongly as her national history and pride grip the consciousness of her people.

As in every other faith, there is a wide chasm of difference between its books of theory and its practical exemplification in life. One who would secure enlightenment as to present and future possibilities, must engage in two kinds of study. He must first discover how a religion becomes a reality in the every day life of a people, and secondly, he must try through the help of a larger world-knowledge to see how this consistency between principle and practise compares with that of other nations. It is not difficult for a Westerner to write books upon the weakness and even upon the wreckage of Oriental faiths from the Western point of view, and especially if he loses sight of the comparative relations of his own faith to his own works. Such treatises, however, are no more valuable as contributions to correct perspective than many of the vitriolic tirades of the Moslem press against the Copts in Cairo, or the one-sided apologetics of Bengali Hindus who still hold it anathema to cross "the dark water" separating them from a visible knowledge of the success or failure of Western civilization. To modernize the Orient or to Orientalize the Occident is not, after all, the great question. It is rather to find out through sympathy, and if pos-

sible through unbiased comparison, the really beautiful and the really workable tenets of faith as these are capable of interpreting the soul in great modern action.

I have tried in visiting Burma, as in studies in other Eastern countries, to find out what religion really meant to the native rather than what *his* type of religion might mean to me. The difficulty of such a task is ostensible, but its attempt and its fascination are obviously worth while.

In Burma as in the East generally, religion is not a matter for the side shows, it is the chief performance in the main tent. As in Germany, every man must prove his loyalty to the national Fatherland by at least one year's service in the army, similarly in Burma, every youth, for a certain time, must don the yellow robe of priesthood as an acceptance of loyalty to the religious Lord Buddha. To the Burman, the monastery school, guided by the Buddhist priest, has for generations been the means of education, the young Buddhist boy entering these schools at the age of eight or nine years. One of the most picturesque and impressive first sights of the traveler who is wise enough to rise early, is the spectacle of the yellow-robed priests attended by their chelas or pupils, going from house to house with their begging bowls seeking their daily rice. The priests, or Pongyis, as they are generally spoken of, are forbidden by their religion to receive money, not even are they allowed to touch it with their hands, lest something of their religious retiracy from the material world should be polluted.

While at Mandalay, the city of 700 temples, I made a special point of visiting a large number of mon-

astery schools and was particularly impressed with the complaining attitude of the priests regarding the decreasing support afforded them by the people. The environment of many of these schools was touching in its abject poverty and belated methods. While I fully realized that these pedagogues were, as a rule, ignorant men and were the teachers of comparatively ignorant people, the sordidness of it all, not unlike the Moslem Kuttabs in the rural section of the Nile country, was depressing. Through my interpreter I asked one of these priests who was busy over his rice-pot, if he would be willing to part with one of the implements, a large sized knife somewhat in the form of a hatchet, which is supposed to be one of the special sacred prerogatives of his priestly function. He greeted this suggestion with a mild look of shocked contempt, but when I left his rickety thatched house, one of his attendants came running after me with the aforesaid implement saying to my interpreter, that while the priest was not allowed to part with this sacred badge of his calling, and of course could not accept or touch money, he, his attending chela, would give me the knife in payment of a rupee. This Buddhist acolyte received my money in a large red handkerchief which he had spread over his hand in order that he might not receive the ceremonial contamination of the foreigner's silver. What he did with this money as he returned to his chief of priests, might be a matter of natural conjecture. The incident, however, furnishes a sign, not simply of the decaying standards of Buddhist ethics and faith on the part of the priests of this order, but it also demonstrates the dying confidence of a people in a reli-

gious expression and a clergy which they are more and more loath to adequately support.

I was impressed by the statement of a far-sighted Orientalist who said: "Unless her priests reform, Buddhism is doomed."

In other cities and towns, however, I met and talked with many Buddhists both men and women whose intelligent devotion to their faith lifted them as high above these mendicant orders of the yellow robe, as the educated Brahman Inspector of Education, who was my host in Benares rises above the superstitious worshiper in the monkey temple on the Ganges.

One highly educated woman of the Buddhist persuasion in Rangoon especially, impressed me with her serious manner of piercing through a thousand superstitious ceremonials to that, which was to her a real incentive to holy living.

"We must get back to the great Buddha," said she; "it is the teachings of our great religious leader which we follow. The people who bow down to the dirty priests on the roadside are simply paying homage to the yellow robe. The priest himself is a negligible quantity, merely an objective reminder of the precepts and the surrendered life of the great Gautama. Ignorance is our fatal weakness in Burma and knowledge is the hand by which Buddhism reaches out to universal being."

I was also struck in Burma as in Japan with the humanizing influence of Buddhism in its relation to the laws of kindness, the care and the sacredness of all life, and the Buddhist high devotion to Beauty. A convert to Christianity from Buddhism thus de-

scribes the attitude and the effect of these early teachings in Buddha-land:

My parents were prominent Buddhists, my father being one of the trustees of the temples—that is to say, a manager and controller of finances, for the priests touch no money themselves. Every full-moon day I used to go with my parents to the temple, and I loved to go because my mind was filled with the charm of Buddha's teaching. I thought there could be nothing sweeter in all the ideas of men than Buddha's noble teaching about Kindness. "There is great virtue in Kindness." "The greatest power is Kindness." "Kindness to man and animal." I worshiped in common with all Buddhists, but very devotedly because my heart was so deeply touched by this doctrine of Kindness, the Trinity of my religion—Buddha, his Teaching, and his Disciples. I thoroughly, almost passionately, believed the beautiful doctrines, and like other Buddhists would worship even an immoral priest because he wore the robe that Buddha wore.

We are told by Buddhist scholars that many of the incomprehensible problems of their faith are intentionally surrounded with the utmost possible uncertainty of expression, since it is through knowledge and thought as well as by means of the sum of a man's actions that the soul is free through its endless transmigrations from all contagion with ambition, passion, incontinence and the desire for wealth in the world. It is not difficult for a Westerner, wallowing in the books of Buddhist philosophy, to accept this statement as veritable fact. After one has read and studied for a certain length of time the multifold Buddhist ideas regarding the thirty-one seats of the world, the twenty superior

heavens, the twenty-seven Buddhas before Lord Gautama, the five great precepts, the eight great chambers of Hell, each surrounded by sixteen little hells, the grades in the state of animals, the worship at the Pagodas, the six blissful seats of heaven filled with the tinkling of gold and silver bells and intoxicating music, together with a thousand injunctions concerning transientness, incarnation, perfect fixity, the extinction of Kan, the gradations of merits and demerits and the entire hundred and twenty volitions and desires, one and all leading up through the millions of years of extinctions and existences to the blissful, unending joys of Neban or Nirvana, where the great silence lives and "where seeking nothing they gained all"; when one has added to these complexities the interminable subjects of study relative to monasteries and

> That noble order of the yellow robe
> Which to this day standeth to help the world,

and when with the genuine order of Buddhists he includes the investigation of the schismatics, which is a subject almost as impregnable as the castes of India, one may well settle back upon the thought expressed by the devoted Buddhist in Rangoon that ignorance is always the chief hinderance in the attempt of the individual to rise out of pain, vanity and temporalities into that far-distant and sacred calm of lifeless, timeless bliss.

> "The books say well, my Brothers! each man's life
> The outcome of his former living is,
> The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
> The bygone right breeds bliss."

It is indeed difficult to transport oneself out of the air of the vulgar, sight-seeing day, crowded with aimless tourists and distracted by the inconveniences of strange customs, to rightly conceive of our own religious conditions, not to speak of the attempt to catch the spirit of Asiatic Buddhism in its endless interweavings of thought and practise. Even the broadest minded student needs frequently to think of Mark Twain's proverb that the only irreverence is irreverence to another man's gods. For after all, we are in Burma in the midst of a great spirit of religion, degraded and caricatured often, but to the Easterner a religion that must have some meaning and which must not be judged by isolated instances but by great general visions upon its effects among Asiatic people. It often helps to study another nation's religion in contrast to one's own. "Knowing is distinguishing," said one philosopher. The contrast between Buddhism and Christianity, for example, are both profitable to study and thought provoking.

As Christians we often say, with a conclusive air, that Buddhism is the religion of annihilation as contrasted with Christianity, the religion of Life, that the worship of Gautama is for the sake of merit, not for the sake of communion with God; that men and women visit the shrines and Pagodas superstitiously to seek for favors rather than to search after holiness or a release from the fetters of sin.

One is struck, however, with the resemblance of certain Buddhist temple worship with that of Continental peasants worshiping before the figure of the Mother of Jesus, where prayers seem to be in

Europe, as do certain prayers in Asia, synonyms for a kind of fortune-seeking and a search for good luck.

In Hare's "Walks in Rome," we find a description of a scene which calls forth similar occasions witnessed by many a traveler in Latin countries:

> It is not long since the report was spread, that one day when a poor woman called upon this image of the Madonna for help, it began to speak, and replied, "If I had only something, then I could help thee, but I myself am so poor!" This story was circulated, and very soon throngs of credulous people hastened hither to kiss the foot of the Madonna, and to present her with all kinds of gifts. The image . . . now sits shining with ornaments of gold and precious stones. Candles and lamps burn around, and people pour in, rich and poor, great and small, to kiss—some of them two or three times—the Madonna's foot. . . . Below the altar it is inscribed in golden letters that Pius VII promised two hundred days' absolution to all such as should kiss the Madonna's foot and pray with the whole heart *Ave Maria.*

Without attempting to judge concerning the reality and religious devotion of his fellow men, one cannot but note a similarity between these bare-headed, closely shaven, yellow-robed and sandaled priests, followed by their awe-struck acolytes in the streets of Mandalay or Kandy and the holy men at Benares, the dignified Moslem shiekh at El Azhar and also the pride-filled countenances of the priests of European Christianity and not altogether absent from the clerical demeanor of our English and American ritualism. There is the appearance at least of finality of revelation and religion, the air of tyranny of a settled and ultimate creed, the

definite reminder of a religion based solely on authority. Is it in the East only that we find in laity and in clergy the look of I-thank-God-I-am-not-as-other-men? Is it in Burma only that we find men and women holding on like grim death to a set of formulas out of which the vitality of experience and the meanings of religious thought have long since passed? Is it at a great Mala at Allahabad that we find the only religious convention on earth in which men march to the music of traditions of the past which have never been expanded and adapted to the growing hungering humanity of a new century?

Is it not true that in Western as in Eastern lands to-day, the sheep look up and are not fed?

One sometimes wonders whether hidden beneath freer customs and breathing a liberty-loving air, we, the professional representatives of North-American religion, are not more or less Buddhists and Brahmans and Catholics and Moslems. Is it Eastern only to regard credulity as a virtue and deceiving one's good sense as an act of faith? Is the spirit of inquisition which is the spirit of religious tyranny, entirely dead amongst us, or is that same sure intuitive sense of right versus sham that makes the Asiatic priest at times repugnant to us, also a characteristic in our own churchly leadership and authority which separates the professional Christian from the people whom we cannot get to church?

Have we not noticed the face of conservative Christianity in America harden before the exhibition or narration of theories and practises alien to its little round of education and environment?

I recall seeing one of our own priests of Protes-

tantism stand in a prayer-meeting and make the motion to exclude his own son from the church which was founded by the Christ of loving kindness and forgiveness, because that son had made his first misstep. I have never seen greater pharisaism depicted upon the drawn face of any Buddhist or Hindu holy man than the unloving face this father revealed that day. "How dwelleth the love of God in him?" a friend whispered in my ear.

Some of us are not so old but that we recall the doubt with which one sect in our country towns looked upon the other with *anathema* in its eyes, and even heresy trials and self-appointed regulators of morals frequently remind the world traveler of the caste exclusions of India. What is this loftiness of look, this arrogance and bigotry of demeanor, written upon the countenance of the high caste Brahmin or the wearer of the yellow robe stalking in his petty dignity and officialdom through the streets and pagodas of Bombay and Rangoon, but a sign language of contempt for and outcasting of heretics—the children of earth who do not and cannot think as they do?

East or West, regardless of color or race, the forces that make in greater or less degree, according to civilization, the apostles of religious authority are the same. In each case it is really a lack of entering in to the deeper consciousness and life and motives of one's fellows. It is the failure to hear the still, sad music of humanity; it is the building and supporting of that middle wall of partition which divides rather than unites the common brotherhood of man. Religion, when perverted, can harden hearts as no other force can do. I have seen

Western travelers look with awful disgust and pity upon the arrogance and idolatry of the Asiatic, and it is the same spirit which at home passes by on the other side of the Samaritan because he is not one of us.

It is not geography, it is not always the name of a doctrine that determines our religion. Far deeper, said Jesus, is the principle of true religion —even "that which cometh out of the heart of the man." Religious restoration whether in Mandalay or in New York waits not upon doctrine but upon love; without it a golden pagoda is a tawdry shrine and a gothic cathedral is a cavern of gloom.

A little word of four letters has wandered out of theology into the market-place of life because of our present day need of it; that word is Love. That word is the sign of the *man* of true religion, be he Asiatic, European or American, the man who can by sympathetic imagination put himself in his brother's place, who cares for the individual more than for the badge he wears, who has broken out of his heart that larger chamber where love is, who has not only read but has learned in the school of life Paul's great definition of a religious man, possessed of the greatest thing in the world, "the love that suffers long and is kind."

An old missionary in India whose shadow like that of St. Peter seemed to heal, said when I asked him the secret of missionary success in Asia:

"I have none, I just love these people!"

Is it heresy to say that we shall not modernize the Orient religiously until we have Orientalized ourselves religiously, that we shall not convert the East to Christianity until we have converted our-

selves to the "new commandment" of love given by the Great Easterner who said: "By *this* shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have *love one to another.*"

XV

China in the Crucible

AS I leave China, after weeks of travel and investigation and interviews with her leading men, the retrospect is neither roseate nor reassuring.

The clouds of uncertainty and danger hover thickly upon the political horizon of this old nation. Yuan Shi Kai, who by common consent is conceded to be the only man in China possessing the ability or the political force to lead strongly his country, is implicated by the Kno Mingtang party and the partisans of the southern provinces with the assassination of the nationalist, political leader, Sung Chiao-yen, while his acceptance of the five-power loan without the approval of the new parliament has brought down upon his head a storm of abuse and protest. One evening a mass meeting was held in Shanghai with 3,000 Chinese present, when resolutions were adopted calling upon Yuan to resign and asking the provinces to stop paying tribute to the present government. The latter request was hardly necessary to urge, since from time immemorial, revolutionary conditions have meant to the provinces "no taxation."

In an interview with Dr. Sun Yat Sen just as I left China, I found him predicting with gloomy brows, "War, civil war." "I have held back my friends," said he, "as long as I can. This alliance

of the president and his prime minister with assassins is too much to endure. Southern provinces are certain to rise up in revolt, and there is much trouble ahead for us all."

Yuan, nothing daunted, has issued a decree to the governor general of the provinces to arrest all suspicious characters; it was even reported that the president had sent hired assassins to the vicinity of Shanghai, where it was said that tens of thousands of desperate characters had fled to the Foreign Concessions for shelter; meanwhile, thirty thousand troops are said to be marching southward from Peking to Hankow. A Peking paper, organ of the government, declared that Yuan must resign or resort to a coup d'état. Another asserted that Yuan wishes to establish an imperial government with himself on the throne; that he had spent 4,000,000 taels in buying up the Nationalists. So runs the tide of changing criticism about the new republican president.

It looks much as though China was following France in her method of establishing a republic. As Louis Napoleon once said to Richard Cobden, "France makes her changes not by reformation, but by revolution."

Through all these changes, the former Chinese political leaders are cautiously assuring themselves of safety. In Hongkong I found that one of the prominent Chinese who had assisted in drawing up the new constitution had moved his family into the precincts of the English protectorate for fear of having his children kidnaped. Wu Ting Fang, after his diplomatic years, is sitting tight in Shanghai, as he expressed it to me, "playing a watching,

a waiting game." But one notices that he is observing these diplomatic tactics in his fine home in the midst of European neighbors under the protection of the foreign settlements.

The powers, five of them, America having withdrawn, have nominally accepted the 25,000,000-pound loan agreement, upon which the tardy Chinese parliament has not acted, but which agreement has been signed by the president upon his own responsibility.

As I took my steamer for Japan, I saw officials with tall hats about the jetty, which meant that the government had just been receiving official news from the office of the consulate general that the United States had recognized the Chinese republic. Exactly what that means would be difficult for a practical onlooker to define. The real republic seems to be a different entity from that known in America. In fact, only a comparative few at the political top are interested in the least in government affairs beyond the payment of taxes and the preserving of peaceable conditions. The great deeps of the still and "brooding soul of China" are quite oblivious to this whirlwind of social and political change. The assembly at Peking, which should know what this republic means, have taken eighteen months to wrangle among themselves over petty matters and have only recently succeeded in sufficient union to elect a speaker of the house.

The foreign officials exhibit a tendency, prevalent among the majority of the sober men of all races and classes, to stand by Yuan as the only possible strong leader capable of bringing order and progress out of the present chaos. The northern army

is with the president as it would not be with another Chinese, Yuan being the only member of this race who has had the honor of organizing and conducting a modern army. Some of the strong governors also are in his confidence and are loyal to him, and if the foreign loan falls into his hands there would seem to be little difficulty in his subduing the present unrest, though this unrest might easily spread to the formation of new confederacies in this vast nation.

One European Consul expressed the attitude taken generally by foreign officials. "It is a practical matter—a Chinese matter, and we must look to the necessity for practical results and peace rather than enquire too intimately into conditions that are as yet only partly Western, indeed mostly Oriental, in character and in treatment."

One Sunday I attended a great mass meeting of Chinese in the Martyr's Memorial Hall of the Shanghai Young Men's Christian Association building. It was one of several large meetings held in the city that day to celebrate a day of Christian prayer for China in response to the unusual appeal made by Yuan Shi Kai and the Peking government for prayers for the new Republic. Chinese Christians were addressing the meeting of several thousand crowded into the hall and standing in the aisles. The Chinese Minister of Finance, Wu Ting Fang, and other notable Chinese public men, with the leading missionaries, occupied the platform. It was a solemn, impressive meeting, an overflow gathering of many hundreds being held simultaneously in another hall of the same building.

Although cynical and political interpretations are usually attached to this call for a day of prayer,

among the business residents of Shanghai—a member of Sun Yat Sen's railway firm saying to me significantly, "Assassins need prayer if any do"—the call has made an impression upon Christian and non-Christian China and should mark a distinct point of progress in the prestige of Christian missions.

To endeavor to prophesy concerning the future through all these baffling tendencies, even to attempt to depict the forces which are now working in these kaleidoscopic changes surging about the empty Dragon Throne, is certainly difficult. I have asked scores of prominent Chinese the question, "Just what is happening at present in China?" In most cases they answer truthfully, "We do not know." One is at least convinced that it is not a new order so much as it is *no* order. If it is a democracy, it is a democracy tempered with despotism. The true meaning of the word Republic has hardly dawned upon the minds even of New China's political leadership. The whole nation is a melting pot of disjointed ideas and ideals; the old and the new, the Confucian and the Christian, the governors and the governed have been cast suddenly and promiscuously into a great seething caldron of change and forces only partially understood by the participants themselves. Who can tell which or what will finally struggle to the surface and survive? It is certain that something of China's repressive conservatism, her huge inertia, has been stirred. But to call this half-formed, incoherent uproar of clashing official interests a Republic, or as one of the new leaders of China has expressed it, "the declaration of the will of the Chinese people" is to be blest with a

higher degree of imagination than is vouchsafed to the common man.

Meanwhile the revolution is still on. The latest telegrams reveal that the prediction of Sun Yat Sen concerning civil war is not the dream of a dreamer. The results are on the knees of the gods, the end is not yet. China is only now discovering that to change the name of a political government does not necessarily solve her political problems. She may well consider the words of James Russell Lowell, who gave advice to America that is peculiarly suitable to present day China:

"We have been compelled to see what was weak in democracy as well as what was strong. We have begun to recognize that things do not grow of themselves, and that popular government is not in itself a panacea, is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so, and that when men undertake to do their own kingship, they enter upon the dangers and responsibilities as well as the privileges of the function. Above all, it looks as if we were on the way to be persuaded that no government can be carried on by declaration."

Whether the result will be that Yuan shall be made supreme as the head of a Republic or become a monarch as some predict; whether the Manchu government will return as others maintain it must do; or whether China's disunion will mean her eventual dismemberment, those who know the Chinese best believe that they will bring victory out of defeat in accordance with their immemorial habit of stumbling along through chaos to order, accomplishing often the seemingly impossible. It is al-

ways to be remembered that Chinese merchants do not want war; that the people are tired of revolution; that national patriotism does not run in the Chinese veins as it does in Japan, but that China craves, beyond all else, peace and with it prosperity. If the present political leaders, sinking selfish and partisan interests, can convince the people that the new government will bring about such essential conditions for the happiness of these slow moving and conservative people, the Republic may be assured.

XVI

Along the Canals in China

IF you would see and know the real China, you must follow the canals that make of central China especially, a net work of waterways, a kind of Oriental, rural Venice.

These canals are to the country folk in China, what the Nile is to the Egyptian fellaheen. They are the sole means of communication; the carriers of both population and produce. They link together the country and the city, the farmer and the sea.

Everything depends upon the canal in inland China. Out of its depths the Chinese peasant dredges the rich, fertilizing mud for his land. Along its banks in the deserted sections, grow the reeds with which the Chinese make their sleeping mats and boat covers. Into these canals the people place their great water wheels which are turned by the village water buffalos and the canal water becomes the system of irrigation for the fields. The boat of the farmer takes his rice to the market and the same boat takes his family for an outing. In these crafts one finds beggars and itinerants taking refuge on the canals from the famines as well as from war and flood.

On the Canal boat occur all the tragedies and joys of life. Here the Chinese are born and marry and die. In some boats you can easily pick out father, mother, and grandmother. brothers, and

numberless children; then extra places are rented to lodgers.

These water habitations are freezing cold in winter and scorching hot in summer. Their inhabitants observe no sanitary laws and some of the boats look that dirty that one concludes that no microbe or self-respecting germ would condescend to live in them.

In some parts of China, Foochow for example, I found literally hundreds of people who lived on their boats and had never slept upon the shore. It is a life apart and among the most fascinating experiences of the Oriental traveler come back in memory the days when he floated along leisurely on the Grand Canal between Hanchow and Peking or followed some of the numberless branches of this main water way, which winds like country roads in the West, throughout the rural parts of central China.

The villages and often the separate houses, indeed, have smaller private canals to their doors. One seldom sees roads in these sections, only the towpath or footpaths winding from village to village. The villagers place their farmhouses at some distance from the large Canal because of their fear of canal pirates and thieves. It is, moreover, a just fear.

We were told of an incident concerning the son of a missionary who had married and had just started upon his honeymoon taking a boat trip along one of the large canals. Upon rising in the morning he found that thieves had been aboard his houseboat and had taken literally everything in sight, not excepting all of his clothing. He was

obliged to continue his journey clad in pajamas.

To those who really go to China to capture something of the spirit of this old and wonderful land, a houseboat trip upon the canals is a necessity. One often wonders why the tourists are satisfied with taking the round of sight-seeing trips in the big port cities like Shanghai, Hongkong and Peking where the Orient is so largely Occidentalized, hardly discovering the China of a thousand years ago, as it can be seen so easily by boat trips into the interior.

Around Shanghai, the country is traversed by canals which are often only wide enough to permit the passing of two boats. You will secure a houseboat, a craft sixty feet long, comfortably fitted with cabin, drawing room, dining room and one or more bedrooms. At the back of the boat is a small kitchen and behind the kitchen an after-deck upon which are the two big sculls and beneath which the boat crew is quartered.

The houseboat has a captain or laudah, who lives on the boat and receives a salary of six dollars a month upon which he himself lives and quite likely supports a numerous family. In addition to the captain one usually engages five or six coolies whose total wages are certainly not exorbitant, usually not exceeding a dollar a day for the entire six. Each one of these coolies boards with the laudah paying six cents a day for his rice, vegetables, and some cheap fish.

The boats are moved by various means, sometimes by sailing, at other times by sculling or by

A water-gate entrance to the city of Foochow, China

The steam river-boats at Hongkong contrast pleasantly with the jinrickishas on the quay

being towed by launches which leave Shanghai for the interior of China each day. All this at $5, or one English pound per day.

It is difficult to say which one finds most interesting on these canal trips, the inland cities and villages or the strange, droll sights and noises greeting one in the rural districts.

Soochoo, one of the large inland cities, which one first reaches on such canal voyages, gave us a different impression than anything we had seen even in the native parts of Shanghai or Nanking. There are water gates for the entrance of the boats into the city and these as well as the seven gates to this walled town are closed at night. The keys to these gates, in an official city at least, that is in a city where there resides a governor or viceroy, are taken to the official residence for safe keeping at night and one needs only to attempt to trespass upon these gate laws to realize with what strictness the Chinese hold to some of their old conservative customs.

With the morning, however, you leave your houseboat and pass into a veritable hive of Orientalism. You are plunged at once into a great sea of shops, for the Chinese are the shopkeepers of the world. Indeed, China may share with all Oriental races, certain traits and tendencies, but in her shopkeeping instinct, she is unique among nations. India may surpass her in imagination and speculative religious genius. Japan is clearly her superior in military alertness and efficiency, but in the unadulterated genius of buying and selling small wares, the Chinese are supreme among Orientals. In the words of Archibald R. Colquhoun:

They are the original, true and only real shop-keepers, and in every position of life, even the farthest removed from the atmosphere of commerce may be said to think in money. As with the Jew, their instinctive habit is one of perpetual appraisement.

It has been this commercial instinct, inborn in the Chinese race and cultivated beyond all other faculties that has lost for China her territory and has made the present political revolution most difficult for the leaders. The Chinese do not care for war, they have always studiously avoided it. They have made few demands upon their conquerors, the Manchus, for the past eight hundred years, save that they be allowed to go on unmolested with their shopkeeping and money-getting enterprises.

The leaders of the new republican régime tell me that in these days of revolution and unrest in China, this hereditary bias towards business, this persistent determination to amass a fortune by trade, is the chief drawback to a speedy and firm establishment of government. When trouble or disaffection arises in a certain section or Province, the Chinese merchant inhabitating the turbulent district, gathers up his household gods with haste, and flies with his portable business to some protected quarter like Hongkong or the foreign district of Shanghai, there beginning again his shopkeeping life under the protecting aegis of a foreign flag. "If these shopkeepers," said Mr. C. H. Lee of South China, in speaking to me of the difficulties of the new Republican officials, "would only stay by their business and their homes and be willing to do a little fighting for the new principle of government and future political

quiet, we would very soon be able to establish a republic."

This allegiance to the dollar, however, is even stronger in China than in Egypt, where the piastre and "the pound" are the constant accompaniments of every conversation one may overhear in any circle whatsoever. Chinese upon the street, in their homes, or in their times of relaxation, coolies, laborers, shopkeepers, boatmen, it matters not what may be the calling, will be talking of the cost of things.

Abbe Huc says:

> The Chinese has a passionate love of lucre; he is fond of all kinds of speculation and stock-jobbing, and his mind, full of finesse and cunning, takes delight in combining and calculating the chances of a commercial operation.
>
> The Chinese, par excellence, is a man installed behind the counter of a shop, waiting for his customers with patience and resignation, and in the intervals of their arrival pondering in his head and casting up on his little arithmetical machine, the means for increasing his fortune. Whatever may be the nature and importance of his business, he neglects not the smallest profit; the least gain is always welcome and he accepts it eagerly; the greatest of all is his enjoyment when in the evening, having well closed and barricaded his shop, he can retire into some corner and there count up religiously the number of his sapeks, and reckon the earnings of the day.
>
> The Chinese is born with this taste for traffic which grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength. The first thing a child longs for is a sapek; the first use that he makes of his speech and intelligence is to learn to articulate the names of coins; when his little fingers are strong enough to hold the pencil it is with making figures

that he amuses himself, and as soon as the tiny creature can walk and speak he is capable of buying and selling.

One of the first impressions of the traveler as he arrives in China from the Malay States and India is along the line of this industry in trade. No one has been carried through the streets of Canton but has noticed the difference between the comparative slackness of industry and attention to trade, both wholesale and retail, among the Indians, and that which meets his eye in the well ordered stores whose name is legion in this Chinese city, or in the great hongs and warehouses where the Chinese rather than Europeans are the successful heads of large industries.

Nor is it entirely greed that actuates the Chinese merchant. He loves to bargain. It is to him his play as well as his toil. It was said that Li Hung Chang used to derive more pleasure from "doing" an employee out of half a month's pay, even if it took him an entire afternoon to accomplish this, than if he had saved a Province to the Empire. We are told that the Chinese student who wishes to ingratiate himself with a rich uncle is usually wise enough to play a losing game at chess.

One need only spend a day in the tortuous streets of a native Chinese city to realize that nothing in the way of shopkeeping is foreign to the citizen of the Middle Kingdom. In fact, one remembers China in the term of shop-hemmed streets. The Westerner would scarcely call them streets, these winding paths less than eight feet in width—lined with cubby-hole stores from which the scent of silk-stuffs, fish, and bamboo comes forth to greet one,

mingled with many other street odors that are not perfumes.

With the possible exception of the Souks of Tunis, there is nothing more curious in the Orient, nothing more diverting than are these native Chinese streets. Some of them are arched over with carved roofs, hung thick with signs of black lacquer and others are gay with flamboyant banners crying forth in startling colored characters the nature of a multifold merchandise. You are hurtled along in a sedan chair carried by two or three stout coolies whose "hi! hoi!" bearer's song, in rhythm with their swift pattering feet, adds to the pleasing and strange sensations of that Orientalism belonging to the Chinese bazaars.

Your chair is swept by great gilded fans that float above a shop window and lure you toward a fan shop. Gay silken hangings brush your side as you are borne swiftly along, reminding you that silk stores are at hand.

The street crowds are as fascinating as an Arabian Night's dream. Here you see in miniature the Chinese world. A coolie darts along carrying on either end of a long bamboo pole, balanced on his sturdy shoulders, great wooden buckets containing hot water or refuse or perhaps great bowls brimming over with rice. A gong sounds and your bearers crowd your chair into one of the small shops where you watch some old Manchu pass, seated calmly in his green chair, spirited along upon the shoulders of four chanting bearers. He is heralded by an advance guard of boys carrying the axes, banners and umbrellas which are the insignia of the

great man, while behind his Chinese Lordship, trail a picturesque bodyguard of dignified looking secretaries, and guards on horseback.

There are funeral processions, too, attended by chanting priests and wailing mourners clad in white —the sign of Chinese grief; old women pass with shining coats and sleekly combed hair, carrying incense to the temple and paper, counterfeit money— for the gods, who do not know the difference. Twenty coolies claim the entire street through respect for their burden as they swing along to a sharp, lyric, warning cry, bearing between them a monstrous mast of pine.

As background and color for these scenes so strange to Western eyes, there are sudden kaleidoscopic effects made by sweetmeat sellers piping their plaintive invitation on painted bamboo flutes; old men on donkeys, glimpses of the mask-like faces of the Chinese ladies peeping out from behind elaborate curtained chairs as they are whisked along by liveried servants. Your dreams at night are a kind of potpourri à la Chinese, as you sleep a tired, wondering sleep, filled with beggars, jade, toy shops, and porcelain, teak wood, fortune tellers, rikshaws, and the click of the habacus; yellow-robed priests, curving roofs, half-shaven heads, the smell of leather and tea chests and the sound of beating brass commingle in your dream; weavers, dyers, clattering tinsmiths, fearsome smells of fish, varnished pigs, Chinese humor and Chinese fatalism, with all the indescribable impressions in the realm of Oriental bargaining, make your houseboat slumbers memorable, and when with the morning light your boat moves you along toward the inland life

of peasantry, you feel that you have lived many years in one brief day in a native city.

I had expected the canals of China to remind me somewhat of the poppy and hyacinth fields of Holland, with possibly a pagoda for a wind mill and a blue-gowned peasant in the place of the neat, white-hooded Dutchwomen. But I found a far different world, far more quaint and strange than the life along the canals in the land that Hollanders have redeemed from the sea. It is different in so many ways. Surely it is older, older than Europe and older than Nineveh and Babylon. You somehow feel as never before "that a thousand years of Europe is but a cycle of Cathay." It is a relief, indeed, after the surfeit of new scenes and towns to lie stretched out in the sunshine in your long cane chair on the deck of the moving house, snatching first glimpses of that remote and unfamiliar land so far removed from the pride and progress and "base conquest" of the West. We now begin to move amid the vast reaches of rural life which is conducive to thoughtfulness—the farming men and women toiling upon well-tilled fields and terraces, or wading in the rice bearing valleys or bargaining in the populous villages filled with dogs and children: they are following the avocations of their fathers of primordial centuries. We are coming close to the real people of China. This mysterious, patient, resisting, peace-loving, industrious, and unfathomable blue-clad people, are our antipodes in their almost every thought and custom, these unnumbered folk who compose one-third of the earth's population:

"Who can see the green earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time?
Who imagines her fields as they lay
In the sunshine, unworn by the plow?
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then roamed on her breast,
Her vigorous primitive sons?"

It is well worth a trip to the Orient to experience the indelible and subtle reality of those forces that make up our fundamental humanity, as one sees them plainly in this unhurried planting and reaping, breeding and dying life of the simple, laborious, but on the whole, happy Chinese toilers. This genuine detachment from our world conquering organizations and labor saving devices, this relief for a time from all the bonds of scientific modernity has brought many an Occidental back to himself, converting a leisurely trip along the canals of China into an unforgetable life epoch. To this plain and independent, agricultural people, whose hopes and fears are bounded by their rice fields and numerous households, our Western advances and armaments are as unknown as they were to their celestial sires; or if they have heard of them they are still, to the Chinese, the "unaccountable, uncomfortable works of God." To be sure their little round of work is encompassed and shot through by the great and compelling economic necessity, by ancestor worship and by fighting off disease, poverty and famine, but *au fond* it is the life story of the sons of men, more clearly seen here in this unframed picture of land and sky and humble farmers, where simple things stand out like solitary trees against the sky line.

One does not easily forget those curved blue-tiled

roofs, glimpses of which can be seen from your houseboat among the groves of bamboo and camphor trees. Sometimes there are tiny hamlets composed of less than a dozen houses constructed of loose stone and covered with ivy. Frequently an entire village is made up of the members of one family. It began with one man in a past generation with his wife and his sons. The sons married and brought their wives to the parental roof tree. New generations rose and new wives and an ever increasing horde of children necessitated new houses and then you have the considerable village, and round about the fields of tea and millet and rice where the various branches of the family, men, women, children and babies, all take part in planting or harvest.

Especially in harvest time it is no uncommon thing to be able to pick out three or four generations, grinding the millet seed, or stripping the cotton fiber, which is shipped off to the larger towns by boat.

The usual Chinese village houses in the country (and the farmers live in villages as a guard against pirates and thieves) are one story mud dwellings with thatched roofs, or, when the people rise in grade, the homes are of blue-gray brick without mortar, built with roofs tiled in the same color. In front of the house is a hard, beaten ground upon which the thrashing is done. Two rooms usually make up the home of the prosperous family, the front being the storage room for the few farming utensils, while the room in the rear is kitchen, dining room, drawing room and sleeping room for a considerable household. Light and ventilation are con-

spicuous by their absence. There is no way of heating the houses and therefore windows which admit the cold are not popular.

The banks of the canals are the popular rendezvous both for work and play. You often pass a sociable family group sitting by the water side; one woman is washing the rice in the stream, another is attending to the family laundry while a third is washing the common utensils of their household, the entire group occupying a space within a radius of ten feet. It is fortunate that these rural folk have learned to boil or to cook everything that they eat. Raw vegetables and cold water are taboo. You will see these peasant folk drinking hot tea or hot wine, for tea is the national drink and every peasant who has a few feet of land, cultivates a small tea patch and prepares his drink by the simple process of pouring hot water on the green leaves. To harvest these leaves for trade, he dries them with a charcoal fire and tramps them for hours with his naked feet to get rid of the remaining moisture. He afterwards steams the lowest class of dust, presses it and makes it into solid blocks called "bricks"; this is the "brick tea," the poorest and cheapest article.

Not far from the women chattering at their work along the bank, one discovers the dyer washing the superfluous dye from the blue cotton cloth which clothes the hordes of Chinese millions; or a farmer is preparing the carcass of a goat or sheep for the market. We can see the children leaning over railings in the private homes in the distance and you are sometimes fortunate enough to catch the glimpse of a higher class Chinese woman with an unnaturally red and white face, laboriously dressing her

dark oiled hair in front of an odd shaped mirror. The mirror looks Chinese but if you examine it closely you will doubtless find that it was made in Germany.

Clam shell windows or windows of paper are customary when the family have any windows at all. Once in a great while you will see in better class houses, a pane of glass as the center of the window with the inside of clam shells set about it.

Even in these out-of-the-way places, foreign inventions and conveniences are slowly but surely making their way. The common dip in a basin of bean oil or the native candle is being replaced in the prosperous homes by lamps and kerosene. These lamps are invariably smoky and add one more odor to the variegated smells of the Chinese village.

But it is in China as in other places in the Orient at nightfall that many of the impressions of the day become fixed and vivid. There are some things so sharply indented in consciousness as to be unforgetable; certain things Oriental, are indelibly fixed in memory. The first night on the Nile and the song of the shadoof men with the warm air of the desert on your face; the moist hot and still air of a first night with its blazing stars on an Indian sea as you sleep upon the deck; the patter of the Nasan's sandals and the sliding of the rice paper doors in a little Japanese country inn; these will be remembered after one forgets his foreign souvenirs and the society of shipboard and the European hotels.

Likewise a houseboat night on the canals in China leaves a print on the brain.

As twilight approaches the singing and laughing

at the great water wheels, which lift tons of water daily to irrigate the precious land, has ceased. The tired farmers are coming back from the fields to their villages, following in groups of twos or threes the devious, well-trodden paths. The boats are now being tied up along the canals and the quarreling cries of the boatmen are hushed. Soon the village farmers can be seen in shadow outline gathering with their households about the evening rice beneath the sheltering arms of some great memorial tree; there are sounds of jests and pleasant story-telling; the tapping of pipes and the laughter of children float to our ears. As the night comes on, the mist is rising ghost like and lying in great patches over the paddy fields. There comes the clanking sound of closing cottage doors, for rural China lies down with the sun. A belated farmer hurries along with small lighted lantern for the streets are lampless; he stumbles over what you surmise is the body of a sleeping beggar curled up for the night by the side of a winding footpath. The shrill cry of dogs is heard in a distant hamlet; one by one the little bean oil lights go out in the villages, and now only the heavy breathing of your boat's crew is heard or the evening breeze stirring in the reeds or the soft ripple of the waves that break from beneath the broad bows. You are alone with the stars and the sleeping Chinese sons of toil—and you know that China, timeless, faithful, hard-working China, is dreaming of ancestral palaces and tea fields where her children are free from back-breaking monotonous toil. We have watched the night gods put rural China to sleep, and we cannot forget.

XVII

Young China and Education

CHINA furnishes to-day the unique example of a nation which in five years has completely revolutionized its educational system. Five years ago I stood in the old pagoda tower overlooking the examination halls in Nanking, where 13,000 Chinese students had just completed their last examination under the old Literati system of ancient Chinese classics. To-day I have been marching through modern University buildings that might exist in Germany, England, or America. These Universities have eliminated much of the memorizing of old Confucian studies. They have copied Western scientific and mechanical methods. They are preeminently practical. During these five years the growth in the number of institutions and the quality of instruction has been phenomenal. Educational missions have furnished the background for a large part of this advance. To-day the entire Chinese nation seems to be awake to the truth that education is the hope of China. This hope is expressed in three Chinese universities, nine universities so-called, and fifteen to twenty colleges maintained by foreign missions; in a military college in Peking; a medical college also founded in Peking in 1906 quite largely through Missionary influence; engineering colleges, Peyang University, Tientsin; a school at Tang Shau with three foreign professors, together with engineering

departments at Peking, the Polytechnic, and the University of Shansi; also seven industrial colleges, and a large number of private institutions of secondary grade in various parts of China.

In 1905 when five Chinese Commissioners visited the United States, scholarships were offered for competitive examination among Chinese students by Harvard and Yale Universities and Wellesley College. The results of these scholarships have been a growing number of students both men and women who have been sent out into modern China equipped with Western learning. In July 1907, 600 candidates came up to Nanking to take examinations in connection with these scholarships. Thirteen students of this six hundred were chosen, of which three were women. Twelve women are now studying in Great Britain; two women physicians trained in the United States are in charge of a hospital in Kiukiang; another Chinese woman is the head of a hospital in Foochow, and still another is editor of a paper in Peking. In China, as in India and Egypt, the educated Oriental young man is looking for an educated woman for a wife. There is no hope for the social order otherwise. The student who returns to the old environment in China after years of study in the broadening and enlightening atmosphere of Western learning, must either find there a woman helpmate and sympathizer, one whose point of view is harmonious with his own, or, as the only other alternative, if he succeeds in remaining in his home environment, he must put off his robes of Western culture and become as he was before, a mere cog in the wheel of century old custom and conservative routine.

One of the amazing surprises comes from the observation that the experience of Britain in India has not affrighted China. In fact she seems to be following in the steps, mistaken as they are, of India, gaging education in accordance with its meretricious value as a means to official appointment. This founding of education and the offices of government on a competitive examination may work in China. It has never worked elsewhere. To be sure the new products are very different from the old, and the man who has gone through the more practical Western training, which China is preparing herself to give, is much more capable of administering a set of new and modern laws and guiding the world's business of the twentieth century than were the literati, schooled exclusively in Chinese classics. There is, however, a feeling of uncertainty already evident in China that these young Western trained students in European clothes with their glib English and their revolutionary ideas, lack something that the old Chinese, with his experience and his hard-headed training in business, could afford.

Japan for example, has not thus built her new and modern civilization. She has sent to America and to Europe not merely her youngsters, but her ruling classes, and as these men returned they found their old places waiting for them, to which they have brought both the old and the new in a more truly intelligent amalgam.

I find some of the older Chinese already beginning to fear for this new, secular, Western-trained product. Sir Kai Ho Kai said to me in Hongkong that they had placed two Chinese professors in the

new Hongkong University with the particular object of training the students in the ancient Chinese classics for education in ethics and moral restraint, lest the tremendous sweep of the new utilitarian studies should carry them too far away from the age long traditions of China. The educators of this country may well study the results of this machine examination method for making men of affairs, which are now being reaped in India. Not all the problems of an Oriental country are to be solved by turning out as many civil servants as possible from what has been aptly styled "The Western education sausage machine." Western learning is going to be good for China but it must be made good *in* China and its representatives need to be reminded frequently that it is in China and not in Germany nor the United States that they are to work out their salvation with these new ideas. One cannot but feel that at present Western education is coming a bit too rapidly to be permanently efficient.

From 1895 to 1908 it seemed that Japan was to be the chief influence in Chinese education. As many as 15,000 students were at one time studying in the Japanese Empire and returning to bring Japanese learning, even to the most remote Provinces of China. It seemed to be very much easier and much less expensive to get education from a nation that had signally proved its military strength over a European Power. Then, too, the Chinese remembered how in 1880 the Viceroy of Nanking sent forty students to the United States promising them employment and offices upon their return, and how these students returning to China had brought back merely the veneer of habits and dress of the West

The wife of a Chinese farmer on wash-day

A Chinese farmer plowing with the rude implement of his forefathers drawn by a water buffalo

and how these youth in that disillusionment and disappointment which is the seed of discontent, for the most part had been obliged to return to their old ways of living and became strongly anti-foreign. The government was not ready for these young reformers. China still was clinging to her conservatism. Imperial officers had not then been sent throughout the world to study modern schemes of commerce and soldiery. To be sure a more successful experiment was tried when in 1876 forty-six students were sent out by the Foochow Arsenal to study ship building and navigation. These men on their return were successful in finding places in the diplomatic service, and helped in the awakening desire of China for a place in a world wide military policy. On the whole, however, the Western trained students of the eighties found the atmosphere of China hardly congenial for the exercise of their newly trained powers.

Japan, herself, assisted in wrecking her prospects of becoming a permanent tutor of China. Self-confident in her own recent successes, she began to present to young China a superficial and secular type of education, and the students who studied under her discipline often returned to be disturbing factors and revolutionary in tendency, much to the consternation of quiet, peace-loving China.

It was about this time that America, by a wise foresight, returned the indemnity fund required of China in view of the Boxer outrages, with a suggestion that the money be spent upon education. This turned the tide of students toward the United States, until at present there are 717 Chinese students in American universities of whom 443 are in

private and the remainder in Government institutions. Yale University has founded a college at Changsha, with fourteen American professors and a large number of Chinese instructors, where she hopes to reproduce the same kind of training as is carried on in America at New Haven. Various recently founded American college missions, such as the University of Pennsylvania's medical school in Canton, are also adding to the American influence in Chinese education.

There is to be sure, that ambitious plan of Rev. Lord W. Gascoyne Cecil who has asked the British public for 125,000 pounds for the endowment of an Oxford and Cambridge University in China, together with a request for a like sum from America. This institution aims to counteract if possible, the ultra materialistic and practical education which the Chinese have copied so largely from the United States. The result of this plan is still doubtful. Important as it is to stem the tide of the education which seems to be riveting its eyes entirely upon dollars, getting the husk rather than the kernel of Western learning, the tide of the times is apparently too strong for this type of cultural institution in China. A. R. Colquhoun in speaking of this plan of Lord Cecil says:

> Whether any transplantation of University customs or even personalities can supply the atmosphere of Oxford or Cambridge, remains to be seen, and it is more likely that the frank materialism and the more democratic methods of American Universities (in which a large proportion of Western trained students graduate) will flavor the new China too strongly to allow of a more subtle and delicate aroma.

And in our opinion this inability of the West to transplant Western culture in old China may not be entirely unfortunate, especially at this time. For while China must needs receive her practical methods of scientific education from the West, she may not need to a like extent to import her culture or her ethics. In fact it is largely in accordance with the way in which she maintains the body of her own moral and spiritual civilization that her Western science and mechanical arts will flourish. You can give a people methods of doing things, but you cannot make her men.

She must do that for herself, and one who is at all acquainted with China must feel that the inherent capacity of this old nation which, for two or three thousand years, has been capable of holding to a social and ethical ideal, may also be trusted in this grave crisis of her modernity, to find the way to inspire her sons and quicken their spirit.

XVIII

Modernizing the Filipinos

FOR reasons adequately obvious to me at the time, during the entire three days of the six hundred and twenty-eight miles of rolling sea from Hongkong to Manila, in one of the smallest and most sinfully unsteady steamers allowed to keep afloat, I recalled frequently a remark of Oliver Wendell Holmes upon his first crossing to Europe. It was to the effect that, previous to that time, he had contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* but never before that trip had he contributed to the Atlantic daily.

Perhaps it was because of this disturbed introduction, or possibly due to the fact that the Western mind and constitution get jaded even unto cynicism by a year or more of travel and investigation in Oriental lands; anyhow, my anticipated interest and enthusiasm in the Islands, over which, through the fortunes of war, the Stars and Stripes of my country float, were not immediately forthcoming.

Apart from the superior, industrial training and governmental reforms enacted by my countrymen there, also excepting the presence of the biggest and best conducted jail (with I might add, the largest number of inmates, I have ever seen any where on earth), I found comparatively little to inspire one with the presence or with the hope even of a great people in the Philippines. The East In-

dians, despite their many weaknesses, impress one as an intelligent and spiritual race, capable also of slow but decided advance through training. The Chinese lead the world in industry, and they have a great saving common sense; while any extended study of the Sons of Nippon, brings the realization of an alert population, racially rich in patriotism and possessed with a distinct individuality. The Filipinos, however, give one the impression of a race still in the shadows of barbarism, shifty when educated, opportunists as politicians, without deep attachment to any historical background, and, seemingly more unreliable and trivial in serious purpose and religion than any other considerable section of humanity in the Far East.

The conception may be false and too common of looking for people of insight and imagination beneath the southern cross. We somehow expect romance, intense individuality and tradition among islands that "lift their fronded palms in air," and amongst people secluded from the modern world's unceasing noise and strife, where only soft winds blow across sunlit seas upon lands where it is always afternoon.

Be that as it may, when the Western traveler is fairly torn asunder, as to both body and temper, by obstreperous and almost carnivorous rikshaw coolies and carriage drivers before he reaches his hotel; and when he arrives thereunto (in this case a newly erected structure, resembling The Potter at Santa Barbara, upon the miasmic marshes that now form the Manila waterfront), to find the prices soaring at the only decent hotel in town to four and six American dollars a day; where carriage

hire is doubled for the hotel guests and where breakfast foods and pork chops cost more than they do at the Waldorf or the London Carlton, he begins, as an American, to feel much at home. He certainly has no reason to dream that he is visiting the Orient. But for the color of the servants, he might imagine himself more readily at some Marlborough-Blenheim at Atlantic City or at Brighton at the summit of the high-cost-of-living season.

The Filipinos seemed to have copied most of our American vices, and as yet to be quite unconscious of any American virtues. Not having any hereditary body of convictions and customs of their own, they have not seemed to think of searching for such foundation in the civilization of their new rulers. The most easily adaptable people imaginable, they have copied the last fashion in hats and shoes from "Frisco" and Chicago, and, unlike the Japanese who are also arch imitators, have not thought of wearing their modern habiliments as Easterners, but are quite willing to give their souls as well as their chapeaux in exchange for something Occidental. If readiness to ape others, and susceptibility to change are marks of self-governing capacity, the Jones bill should have been passed for the Filipino part of these islands some years ago. In almost every other characteristic demanded by a sturdy and independent selfhood, individual or national, the inhabitants of these Islands give the impression of conspicuous singularity among Far Eastern peoples.

To be sure it is a comparatively small population —eight million souls—but the territory, comprising some three thousand, one hundred and forty-one

islands of all sizes and conditions of civilization and barbarity, contains 115,026 square miles, a larger arable area than that supporting 50,000,000 Japanese. The country, moreover, has had a chance for development that is measured by centuries, Manila being founded in 1571, shortly after the islands were discovered by Ferdinand Magellan.

There is a kind of lives-there-a-man-with-soul-so-dead sensation, trickling up and down the spinal column of most Americans as, after months of Asiatic wanderings, they look out of their cabin windows on a tropical morning upon the headlands of Luzon, and sailing calmly into Manila Bay, pass the rocky island of Corregdor, and get a glimpse of the floating colors at Cavite.

The American is more or less mindful of that May day in 1898 when, by one tragic stroke, Admiral Dewey and his fleet ended Castilian supremacy in the East and involved the non-colonizing American in that which has been for this Occidental of the Occident, one of the most incongruous and unsatisfactory enterprises of his history.

When one sallies forth to get his bearings and Orientation—traveler-like—after his first dinner in a new land, there are signs enough of Yankeedom to make the native of the United States quite comfortable.

It is something to be able to wander through streets whose signs talk to you of Pear's soap, and Boston garters, and to feel again real ice-cold, chocolate soda water percolating into your anatomy through a regulation, dust-specked straw in an all-American drug store, while your listless eyes gloat upon advertisements of Bull Durham and fall per-

chance upon the serene undying face of Mrs. Lydia Pinkham. There are, indeed, certain parts of Manila, this metropolis of our American far flung battle line, 11,600 miles from New York via Suez, with its nearly one-half million of people, where, but for the Spanish padres, two-wheeled sulkies and an occasional touch of medievalism in an old cathedral, you might easily feel that you had dropped by mistake into a city of Texas near the Mexican border. The Filipinos however, in their latest style straw hats and turned up trousers, have out-Americanized the Mexican quite as truly as they have forgotten many of the habits and customs of their former European masters.

I found the "Government" was in its summer home at Banio when we arrived, and after presenting my letters of introduction, and making my plans for the investigation of schools and the various institutions of the Islands, we started properly guided by a Filipino teacher from the University of the Philippines, to see a bit of the real country life of the islands; for one soon finds that it is not in the changing Westernizing hybridism of Asiatic cities, but in the children of the land that one reads most quickly and surely the spirit and the character of a people.

It was on this journey, at stations and at small villages where the lodgings are huts of bamboo and straw lifted high on poles, where cock fighting rather than agriculture, seems to consume the chief time and thought of many of the inhabitants, and where the beauty of flowers and the cultured palms of the Buddhist's Ceylon and Burma were absent, and the banana tree is the only resource standing between

the Filipino and starvation, that we caught the depression of this passive, pulseless land.

I talked en route with one of the one thousand or more Americans who have married Filipino wives. His status (or was it the influence and the ambitionless air of his misalliance?) was indicated by the following narration, which I give as nearly as possible in his own words, in answer to my question regarding his family life:

> You know these Filipino women gamble too much, but I fixed my wife all right. I told her that if I found her gambling my money away again, I would lick —— out of her! You know I'm the only one in the bunch up our way who makes steady money; the rest are all loafers and they think I'm an easy mark.

My Filipino teacher guide took me to the country village where he was born. It consisted of perhaps two score of dilapidated straw roofed houses, with two or three old Castilian-like homes, filled with the same kind of half-Occidentalized furniture and ornaments that I found in the home of my Bedouin Chief in the Egyptian Fayoum. The streets were deserted. There was no hum of pastoral industry, nothing resembling the laborious Nilot farmers, no busy shops like the Indian and Chinese villages, no lines of fellaheen women with pitcher clothed heads, singing as they wind their graceful way homeward from the Nile, happy in the simple rural happiness of activity and home-making.

Here, it was the burden of the tropics. The air was drowsy with sleepy indolence that seemed to be a contagion. My professor, who was educated in America and had a teaching position in Manila,

was evidently infected by it, for he said, "You know, I am tempted to come back here to my old Filipino home and *settle down.*"

The only real life apparent in this town consisted of a crowd of nondescript young men whom we discovered in a backyard pruning their roosters for a cock-fight. This was something doing at least, and I eagerly took their pictures in various stages of the national sport. To the Westerner, the game is weak and cruel and "not worth the candle." Sharp knives are attached to the feet of the cocks, which soon tear the throats of their opponents. In a circle round about, an indolent crowd squat and put up their few pesos on the event.

The Moslem Morro and the fighting tribes of Mindano, with their barbarism and their bolos, impressed me as being far more vigorous at least than the degenerating and stagnating inhabitants of certain Filipino rural villages. Not even the energetic Americanism, which has for more than a decade been poured into these islands, seems capable for Filipino regeneration. But it is for such a vast mission of civilization, that we have sent twenty thousand American sons to the Philippine Islands, charging them in the words of Kipling:

> Go bind your sons to exile
> To serve your captives' need:
> To wait in heavy harness
> On fluttered folk and wild,—
> Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
> Half-devil and half-child.

And these Americans, military or official, have not been recreant to their new and gigantic tasks. In

less than fifteen years, they have brought to a decadent, belated land, the rejuvenation of a scientific and industrial new birth. They have taken this monsoon, semi-tropical land for which the United States paid $20,000,000 indemnity to Spain, and have touched it with the magic wand of modernity. New and broad highways—sanitary improvements—city buildings of Western pattern—trolley cars and ice plants—pure water—and a system of industrial and primary education hardly surpassed in Asia; all these things have sprung up, as in the night, before the inexperienced but ever-efficient genius of the American, arch-apostle of utilitarian progress.

Five hundred miles of steam railways now carry the population and the products of the soil which are mainly sugar, hemp, rice, cocoa-nut, coffee, and lumber. These same colonists have converted the city of Manila, which, only a few years ago, served as a dumping ground and sanctuary for grafters and criminals and the expatriated men and women of Eastern Asia, worse even than any Levantine Port Said, into a city of order and cleanliness. They have carried out the idea of the early governors, and have placed Filipinos upon the Governing Commission, teaching them the fundamental principles of self-government by participation in local authority—a thing which England did not learn to do until she had been fifty years in India, and then not entirely at her own unaided volition.

The American in the Philippines also has not feared to tackle that most difficult of all difficult questions in the Orient involving religion, and the settlement of the issues relative to the Friars' lands,

seems to meet with general satisfaction among people of various classes.

There has also been founded and equipped the University of the Philippines, favorably comparing with institutions of this order in the Orient. There have been gathered nearly one-half million children into schools that are under supervision. One finds a first-class Young Men's Christian Association system, together with a brace of missionary activities including hostels and schools for both boys and girls. The Americans have also begun and have accomplished much in the standardization of English as a medium in education, one of the first necessities in producing a unified, educational policy in the Orient.

Through the able leadership of the late Director of Education, Mr. Frank R. White, to whose courtesy and kindness visitors and investigators feel deeply indebted, one sees here advances in craftsmanship and trades-schools that may be studied with profit by both Americans and Europeans, being examples of enterprising genius, unique in this branch of educational training.

For days, under the conduct of trained experts having in charge the manual training and trades-schools, I visited the institutions which are laying the permanent foundations for future success in the Philippines. Designing, carpentry, machine shops, basket-making and domestic science are carried on under the most modern circumstances of machinery and method. One sees almost every practical art from the dexterous stripping of the Tipon-tipon palm to be converted into the weaving of a lunch basket, to the manufacture of an automobile in which the

A native Filipino porter

A Filipino woman going to market

A woman selling bread in a Bombay street

educational officials ride in their tours of inspection.

The educational creed of the islands is epitomized in the words of Lowell, which the educational director has placed as a foreword in his Philippine Craftsman and incarnated in his working policy:

> No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the horny hands of toil!

Although the American occupation of the Philippines has brought about advances that are revolutionary in their beneficial influence and sweep, the problems of the islands are ever present in the minds of the foreigners who are either temporarily or permanently finding here their homes.

One of these problems arises from the fact that the islands are rich in timber lands, and also contain fine possibilities for the growing of such products as rice, cocoanuts, tobacco and other tropical crops, but that, as yet, American capital has found investment in these lines to be attended with considerable risk.

Some friends of mine not long ago sent a representative to the Philippines to look up the feasibility of lumber investments. The firm was a wealthy one and capable of putting in large sums of money if a report from their agent was favorable. He returned to say that although he found sections rich in timber land, the inaccessibility of these sections and the difficulties of securing labor of the right sort, together with many problems connected with transportation, made such investment most uncertain and problematical.

I talked with a group of Americans who had made a trip to the Philippines especially for the purpose of investing in cocoanut plantations, but upon hearing of the impediments attendant upon this tropical industry, the discovery and preparation of the soil, the securing of the right exposure, the labor of preparing copra and many other difficulties connected therewith, abandoned the idea as impracticable.

A further large problem facing prospective investors is the problem of labor. If the Chinese could be employed in the islands, many of the doubtful questions of tropical cultivation undoubtedly would be solved. Filipino labor has not proved especially profitable though modern machinery is slowly being utilized to advantage. The Chinese, however, are to the manner born upon Eastern land, and have already turned the tide of industry in the Malay Peninsula and Java. On the other hand it is thought, and probably it is true, that the introduction of Chinese labor in the Philippines would work to the decided disadvantage of the Filipino, if it did not entirely deprive him of a place in the smaller industries of the islands.

An ever-present difficulty is that of legislating at home for a people who live nearly 12,000 miles away. There is in America, and naturally enough, no such general knowledge and no such settled administrative policy governing colonies as that which is found connecting the British Parliament with its Asiatic dependencies. The policy of governing India, for example, is in the main, a generally conceded and settled one, going on steadily like the English Constitution, more or less regardless of Viceroys and changing home ministries.

In the Philippines, contrariwise, the shifting of party administrations at home are inclined to be followed by disturbed and uncertain conditions.

My visit to these islands occurred at a time of such unrest, due not only to unknown or undetermined plans as regards the best things for these islands, but also, one is bound to believe, to the ignorance of legislators concerning Asiatic situations and peoples. One of the first pieces of news that greeted me upon arrival at Manila, was the dubious intelligence that the Government revenues had been falling off five hundred thousand pesos a month for several months, and the reason given by the officials was that a new political administration at home, with a somewhat different attitude toward the self-government of the islands, was throwing out of balance the whole system of trade and business conditions. Without going into the merits or demerits of the case, one could easily see that all departments were being affected by the change.

The educational officials and directors were feeling the insecurity of trying to work out advance policies that had been made to cover a period of years. I talked with many Filipino politicians also, whose views varied to be sure, as widely as most politicians' views vary in both the East and the West, but regarding one question all were more or less agreed. That question was "the Philippines for the Filipinos." The attitude was not unlike that which one finds to-day in the new nationalism of Egypt, India and in fact, in the political attitude of every subject race in the Orient.

One prominent native official declared: "It—self-government—may come to our islands in eight

months; it may linger for a year or more, but our people about Manila at least are thrilled with the expectation of some form of independent self-control of the country on the part of the native inhabitants."

One who has not been "on the ground," can not possibly conceive of the changes in sentiment that can be brought about amongst an Oriental people by that which may seem to be, at the base of home government, a mere reiteration of policy. No one, I am sure, if he had not seen it with his own eyes, could appreciate the precarious unsettledness into which the discussions in Congress regarding the Jones bill have thrown the foreign as well as the native population in the Philippines.

There are many misunderstandings growing out of distance and the contrasts between the mental point of view of America and Asia, but the problem which is always uppermost both in the United States and in these islands, is associated with the self-independence of these people, whether or when it should come and by what means it should be brought about. We are told that a certain diplomat who was closely associated with President McKinley in 1898, stated that the Philippines were annexed because no one could suggest any other feasible way of dealing with them.

As far as one can learn from association with those who have reason to know most accurately the temper and the life of these people, there is but one opinion at present amongst officials and American colonists in the islands. This opinion is to the effect that for the present and for a long time to come, the United States must remain at the helm of gov-

ernment in order to save the islanders from themselves or to obviate an exchange in the islands of government by the United States, to government by another European nation or by Japan. There is little doubt that the wilder tribes, which are by no means civilized, as frequent outbreaks prove, because of their powerful fighting qualities, at present would overthrow any Filipino government that might be left unprotected by Uncle Sam's troops, making necessary intervention by some stronger power a veritable necessity.

Those who have contrasted the character and ability of the East Indians, for example, and their ability to rule themselves, with the heterogeneous views and capabilities of these island children, are generally united in the opinion that the intelligent Indian should be given self-government generations ahead of the Filipino. On the contrary, the American Government is based upon the conception of freedom in a way that British government and colonization cannot fully understand or sympathetically appreciate. The United States, to be consistent therefore, must take the position that the general principles which control at home must be given, sooner or later, the opportunity to express themselves in each of its tributary states or dependencies. In other words, the Philippines furnish the somewhat unique meeting-ground between ideal theories and practical politics. Here we have a melting-pot in which are seething the diverse problems known in a half-dozen of Asiatic areas, combined with the multitude of Western administrative Republican ideas and forces which have not yet been brought to full fruition in America.

The Federal official finds himself more or less distracted between his practical desire to follow England with an iron hand of authoritative rulership, and his own inherent temperament and training which would give the "square deal" of statehood to these people. Add to these conflicting sentiments a constant stirring of the caldron by the ever-changing partisan politics at home, and you have the political dilemma of the Philippine Islands. The end is not yet, and in fact the end cannot be prophesied with any accuracy. In the way of the Englishmen, the best we seem to be able to do at present is to play the game of civilizing and modernizing in accordance with the plan already so wisely and successfully inaugurated, and trust in the "muddling through" idea, assisted by developments which at present can only be guessed. Of one thing we are sure, the United States has put its hand to the plow and it cannot look back. In all probability there are more problems ahead than those which have already been encountered. It is a great job and a fine one, but when it is eventually accomplished, one can have little doubt but that the islander of these southern tropical seas will have grown to somewhat of the stature and the independent individuality of the free-born American.

XIX

In the Real Japan

UNTIL you have slept for weeks beneath a padded foutan on the floor of a Japanese house; until you have boiled your flesh in a hot bath-tub in a rural Japanese inn, so that your skin resembles in color the lobsters served in the night restaurants of Broadway, you have still to discover the reality of the Flowery Kingdom. Unless you have drunk "O-cha" at every hour of the day or night, until you are ashamed to look a tea chest in the face; until you have been lulled to sleep by the watchman's clap-clap of brass, as he passes by your rice paper doors at night, or have been awakened by the patter of the Nasan's feet, as she comes to light your brazier in the early light, you have yet something to learn of the life of Japan as it is to-day. Until, furthermore, you have learned how to be happy though sitting shoeless and cross-legged on your mats in a chairless room, and have learned to love the sound of waterfalls and the tinkling of temple bells; until these with a hundred other local sights, sounds, smells, and physical sensations have mixed with the currents of your Western blood, I venture to say you will not love nor truly sympathize with one of the most fascinating and romantic set of folks in all God's wonderful creation.

You have your choice in a visit to Japan. You can go to a European, accoutered hotel and eat in

different imitations of your continental table d'hôte meals at seven dollars per diem and at night be guided by a professional half-thief through the streets of Tokyo's Yoshiwara, accumulating Japanese bric-a-brac, kimonos, and lacquer ash-trays en route, and you will go home to call the Japanese tricky and arrogant and every woman a daughter of shame. On the other hand you can assert your independence of the whole crew of globe-trotters, personal conductors and guide books, and make straightway for some little, rural hamlet deeply secluded from all the signs of Westernization. As you approach, the tilted picturesque roofs of the village on the well tilled hillside, look from a distance like a flock of gray winged birds just settling for the night.

Here with the smells of the rice-fields and cherry blossoms for your nostrils, with glancing cascades and bird song and the rattle of wooden clogs for your music, with soft hills, wisteria and verdant valleys for your eyes, with pearly rice grains for your diet, with the smiling humor of rural faces for your ever-changing amusement, and—if you are wise—with the white crown of Fuji Yama at sunset for your reverence, you will find the real charm and beauty of these island children, and Japan will live with you ever afterward like the memory of a summer dream.

If one really believed that modernization, as we think of it here in the Occident, with all its straining progress, its steam plows and its ten-room flats, was more competent in making people happy or useful, we would easily cease to pray for the contented continuance of these pastoral conditions.

But when we place these Far Eastern people with their industry and cleanliness of life and motive, over against the rural conditions of our own population in Maine or Pennsylvania, or compare them with our outposts of village life on the Western table lands, composed of a few stray board huts, a church and a dozen saloons; or when we compare the poverty of rural Japan, for it is real poverty, with the grinding, despairful country struggles for bread of many an English or Irish Riding, one cannot be blamed if he hesitates to inflict upon these sons of Nippon, our entire present status of modernization.

My former experiences in the Orient led me to spend considerable time in the Japanese inns, both in the country and the city, for if one can put up with certain inconveniences, you will get more of the real country in this way than by many trips in the modern Westernized centers. It is first necessary to have a letter of introduction, since Americans and Europeans are not welcome guests in many native inns. The proprietors claim that Westerners are untidy and soil the *tatami,* the immaculate matting with which the floors are covered.

Our credentials being forthcoming from a Japanese friend, we first sought out the proprietor of a small hotel which catered chiefly to the residents of a certain northern Province of the empire. After considerable searching, we found our hostelry in a tiny crooked street that seemed to wander off at random. Its roof covered entrance gate carried a long lantern, swinging in the breeze and upon which were written, in Chinese ideographs, the name of the inn.

Entering a tiny yard we came to what takes the

place of the entrance hall in our homes, where we were met by the maids of the hotel all kneeling on the veranda touching their heads to the floor and murmuring "Welcome, Welcome!" in musical Japanese. We presented our letter to the proprietor and after a few moments' hesitation he asked us to remove our shoes and follow the maid. She took us to what is called "an eight mat room," which means that it takes eight mats to cover the room. These mats are three feet by six, consequently this room was four yards square. The room looked bare enough to us at first and appeared much larger than it really was, because of the absence of all furniture. On one side was an alcove six feet long and three feet deep with a polished wooden floor raised about six inches. On this floor was a vase with some branches of flowers arranged most artistically, and hanging above them was a kakemono, picturing the jolly god of Happiness, in soft tints of brown. The partitions separating us from the other rooms of the house were made of thick ornamental paper pasted over sliding screens. Opening upon the tiny veranda were sliding doors covered with thin rice paper which admitted light but which were not transparent. From this veranda we looked out upon a typical Japanese courtyard in which was a miniature pond, surrounded with rocks of various shapes, a diminutive mountain covered with dwarf pines and maple trees, a stone lantern, a torii and a large bronze Buddha.

Our luggage was placed in one corner and we made arrangements in regard to our food. It took time and many bowings and drawings in of the breath on the part of our host, who tried his best

to understand our guide-book Japanese. When this was satisfactorily arranged they all touched their heads again to the mat and left us.

Soon our little maid returned with a square box filled with ashes on which was built a charcoal fire. On this fire an iron kettle is kept day and night in order that hot water for tea making will be always ready. As the maid prepared the tea, pouring it out into the miniature cups, and slid it across the matting to us, we felt very big and awkward and out of place. For some reason one's dignity goes away with one's shoes and we looked most woefully tall when we stood up, and most miserably uncomfortable when we tried to sit on the matting. When we sat on our feet, they pained us and when we stuck them straight out in front of us, they took up all the vacant space in the room.

Then there are the wonderful street scenes of the real Japan. It does not seem to matter much whether you are in the city or the country, wherever found, the Japanese stores are the shoppers' paradise.

There is also in some districts of Tokyo a Fair going on each week, and upon these occasions, the sidewalks are converted into shops; tiny stalls are erected along the curb, decorated with lanterns and flags, and everything that one can imagine is temptingly offered for sale.

It seems as though every alternate shop and the majority of the Japanese retailers are interested in the manufacture and sale of toys for children. Japan impressed me more than any other Eastern land, save possibly Burma, as being a children's country. The most self-contained Japanese counte-

nance breaks into a smile at the approach of these tiny sons or daughters of the Flowery Kingdom, who often resemble nothing so much, in their bright colored kimonos, as animated dolls.

There is, indeed, what is called the "Feast of Dolls" on the third day of the third month, and in each family, the doll store house is opened on this day and all these playthings, big and little, that have been accumulating in the family for many generations, are brought out with great care, and placed upon red covered shelves in the best room in the house. Here they rule the household for three days.

In many of the better or wealthier homes these dolls are very wonderful with their representatives of the Emperor and Empress and their court, all dressed in embroidered silks and satins, and seated in dignified calm upon a lacquered dais. On lower shelves are more plebeian dolls, and arranged to suit their needs are the furnishings and utensils of the toilet ranging from those made of silver and beautiful lacquer for the use of Their Majesties, to the common tubs and ladles for the maids of the kitchen. In the poorer homes there are no grand court ladies nor lacquer furniture, nor silver toilet articles, but there is no straw thatched roof within the Empire but on the Feast of Dolls has a few poor toys to place upon the shelves to make this day the great event in the lives of the Japanese children. There are dolls too that are not relegated to the storehouse, but are kept close to their little mothers night and day, and these are the ones we see in the booths of the night salesman, who shares his popularity with the man who has the puzzles and pictures to be cut out and glued together, or with the man whose

table is covered with the little mud images that children use in their sand gardens. There are tiny gateways, straw thatched houses, trees, bridges, pagodas, a snake, a frog, a god, all the things with which the babies of Japan are familiar.

Walking down a native street it would seem that all Japan must occupy itself in making, selling, or buying toys for their little folk. Once when in Japan, I lived at the foot of a mountain, never dreaming that half way up its summit was a village of workmen, who gave all their time to fashioning the bright colored wooden toys that are seen in the hands of virtually every Japanese child. We wandered up there one day and under each thatched roof was a little army of workmen, either at the turning-lathe or painting queer figures in bright reds and blues upon the toys. These gaily colored rattles and intricate boxes and funny looking wooden dolls looked most attractive, but I thought that if babies in Japan were like babies in America there would be many wails when baby licked off the paint.

Intermingled with the toy booths we found great stands of goldfish, birds in cages, chirping insects in little baskets, pretty ornaments for the hair, fans, sweets, and cakes of all sorts and description. Japan never seems to grow tired of these shopping fairs and if the night is clear, the streets are crowded with fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, all gazing in fascination at the pretty things exposed for sale.

Every night during fair weeks, itinerant curio dealers line the sidewalks with their second-hand gods, their fifth-hand pipes, their old sword shields, their lacquer trays, embroidered pocketbooks and

tobacco pouches, old pieces of blue porcelain and all the junk they have accumulated from visits to the pawnshop or from those who have come to them with their treasures in time of need. We could not withstand the gods and fell a victim to a big terra cotta god of Happiness, with his laughing face, a huge full stomach, his rice bag slung over his rounded shoulder, and entered into an amicable quarrel with the owner for his possession. At last he was mine, and it did not mar my happiness to find that he weighed fully twenty pounds with the problem of his transportation as an item. He seemed lonely in the jinrikisha and I gave him for company a god of Wisdom made from a huge piece of bamboo, because the great round forehead, long beard and staff of knowledge in his hand, seemed just the ornaments for a study table.

It is a case of bargaining to buy these wares, but it is very good-natured bargaining. They do not frown or look at you angrily if you do not buy, but bow pleasantly and hope you will come again. We are told that the Japanese have only a surface politeness, that underneath they are really as hard as their lacquer, but whatever it is, sincere or not, it makes life in Japan most pleasant.

We return to our inn laden with picturesque spoil to be met at the entrance by a row of smiling, bowing maids, who take our shoes and place them in a box marked with our names, then one runs ahead and pushing back the paper shoji, welcomes us to our room. She returns in a moment with tea, which is drunk at all times of day and night, and brings us kimonos belonging to the house. These kimonos are made of pale, blue cotton crêpe and are always

A woodland scene in rural Japan

Miyajima Island, which was originally a shrine and where at one time births and deaths were forbidden

fresh from the laundry. In fact a Japanese hotel is scrupulously clean. It makes one instinctively neat and careful not to sully the spotless matting, the dainty white paper windows, and the polished woodwork which has never a spot or stain upon it. Things are not laid down carelessly, giving an appearance of disorder to a room, as all clothing is folded and placed in a cupboard whose decorated sliding doors cover its utilitarian purpose.

By signs we made it understood that we would like to go to sleep, and as soon as our complicated motions and the one word we knew for bed had penetrated to the intellect of our maiden, she touched her head upon the floor and saying "Hai," left us, pattering back in a moment with her arms full of what looked like the old fashioned "comfortables" my grandmother used to make. These were put upon the floor, a heavy wadded sleeping quilt laid over them for coverlid. An addition had to be made to the bed for me as I am somewhat long, and after much giggling and measuring, it was decided that folded quilts should be put at the head and the foot of the mattress so that I need not hang over at each end. My pillow was a small bolster filled with bran, while my wife drew a narrow piece of wood with a rounded pin-cushion-looking effect at the top, on which she was supposed to rest her neck in order not to disarrange her hair. The pillows proved most uncomfortable, but we improvised head rests from the silken mats used for cushions in the day time. This bed is not uncomfortable, as the matting is heavily wadded underneath, and one may have as many mattresses as he wishes.

You may travel with a limited amount of luggage

in Japan, as the hotels furnish such necessities as slippers, brushes and a kimono which can be used as sleeping or dressing gown. In summer this kimono is of cotton crêpe, and often has the name of the hotel written in great characters across the back. At a summer resort you frequently see thirty or forty men walking on the seashore, all advertising the hostelries where they stop. In the winter the hotel kimono is an immense wadded affair, with a cotton kimono inside to preserve its cleanliness. This loose, easy-fitting dress is extremely comfortable, but it is made for short people and, when arrayed in one of them, a tall man looks decidedly like a stork.

After the bed is arranged, a night-light is placed at the head, together with a tobacco box containing a few glowing charcoals. The tea service is placed within easy reach, and kneeling to the floor our little maid says "O Yasumai Nasai!" which means, "Honorable Ones, Good night!"

In the morning after clapping the hands to call the maid and hearing the answer "Hai" from some distant part of the house, we are greeted by the salutation "Ohayo" and the quaint bowing begins all over again. We are conducted to the washroom where, being a modern hotel, running water is to be found and a coolie is there to fill the brass wash dishes and to assist the guests in their toilet. A smaller brass basin, polished until one's face is reflected in it, is placed near the tiny sealed packet of tooth powder and the tooth brush made from soft wood. These tooth brushes, to be used only once and then thrown away, are being superseded by those of foreign make, as are so many of the

purely native articles for the toilet and the household.

The Japanese do not bathe in the morning, as in most hotels the bath water is not heated until noon. But bathing is universal in Japan and it is a kind of national institution. Practically all, rich and poor, princes and peasants, have a daily bath. There is a saying to the effect that "The Japanese wash their bodies, the Chinese their clothes, while the Coreans wash neither."

The bathroom in our hotel was about twelve feet square. In one corner was the large tub filled with water heated by some invisible charcoal stove. It was large enough to hold two persons and the water is deep enough to cover a crouching body. It is an impractical luxury for Western women, because of the Japanese custom of mixed bathing, which is still in vogue in the country and in fact in most city inns which natives frequent. All of the guests of the hotel go to the bath together or singly, whenever they have the leisure to indulge in this most enjoyable means of relaxation. Mr. and Mrs. Okura may be there, the door will open and Mr. Oshima will enter and perhaps soon Miss Fijiyoma and Mrs. Tuckori will come for their daily ablution. They have all left their clothing in the dressing room and they salute each other respectfully and proceed with their bathing. The attendant brings the hot water in little wooden tubs, gives each bather a vegetable sponge and will assist him or her to bathe the back or pour water over the body in order that it may be thoroughly cleansed of soap before entering the tub. It would not be polite for Mr. Okura to enter the tub if a lady was seated in it, but if she knew the

ordinary rules of politeness, she would not linger longer than five minutes in its warm embrace. After a turn in the hot water each guest again is washed carefully and again sits in the water, which is extremely hot, for a few minutes, and then is cooled off by having the attendant pour cooler water over him. There are no towels, each person bringing his own small cloth which is used for both towel and wash cloth. After the bather feels that he is thoroughly clean he politely bids the other guests good-day and leaves the room to don his kimono. It is all accomplished most naturally with no thought of immodesty on the part of either men or women. The same lady who would join the guests of the hotel in the bathroom in a state of complete nudity, would be very much shocked if one of the guests saw her dressed without her obi, the great sash which disguises the lines of her figure from the back.

Japan is trying to abandon some of those customs that have caused her to be criticized by visitors from lands who have a different standard of modesty. In one of the inland cities a law was passed that a division should be made between the men and women's quarters in the public baths. The Japanese, most obediently, stretched a rope partition. In another town when this same order was given, a three quarter partition was erected to comply with the law, but in the large room outside the men and women congregated around their baskets of clothing, smoked little pipes, drank cups of tea, and fanned themselves to get the proper degree of coolness before dressing and exposing themselves to the frosty air of the northern country. I was at one

time at a famous seaside resort where men, women and children came from all parts of Japan to indulge in sea bathing. An order came that all bathers should wear at least one article of clothing. They were perfectly willing to comply with the law—they wrapped a towel around their heads.

The lack of modesty, from a Westerner's point of view, often leads to most embarrassing complications. On one of our many peregrinations around one city, we made the acquaintance of a famous English traveler, a most dignified man, who had been honored by many countries and could write a various assortment of letters after his name. He was interested in our life in the Japanese hotel, and we asked him to dinner à la Japonaise. He came very early and as it was rather hard to entertain him, the luxury of the Japanese bath was offered as a means of amusement. He was delighted and I conducted him to the bathroom which happened to be empty. He was enjoying the rubbing and massaging of the attendant when the door opened and two Japanese ladies entered. They bowed to him politely but he became panic stricken and looked around madly for a place in which to hide his six feet two of body. The nearest place was the big tub filled with hot water into which he plunged not realizing its heat, which made him gasp. He did not dare to leave the tub although he felt he was slowly being cooked, but the ladies only looked at him wonderingly when he made gestures indicative of his desire that they should leave the room before he expired. At last he fainted. The water was too hot for one not used to the Japanese bath, and the world nearly lost a famous traveler, who decided after he had

been revived, that he would stick to beaten tracks, and not experiment in native ways unknown to him.

Breakfast in a Japanese inn could not be distinguished from dinner except that more courses are served at the latter meal, which is the principal meal of the day for the Japanese. Rice is the main article of food and fish is used almost exclusively. It is said that there are six hundred kinds of fish in the waters around Japan, and it is served in many ways. The food to foreign taste is rather insipid and must be dipped into a dish of brown sauce that acts as salt and flavoring. Beef and pork and fowl are eaten but their consumption is insignificant compared with the part fish and vegetables play in a Japanese menu.

Dinner is served in a most dainty manner. Each guest is brought a small tray with tiny legs about three inches high and on this tray for an ordinary meal would be a bowl for the rice, a covered wooden bowl containing soup made of fish and vegetables, a small dish of pickled turnips or cabbage sliced very fine, a dish of fish or prawns or eels, or whatever happens to be the piece de resistance of the day. Raw fish is eaten and it is not so shocking as it sounds when it has been well soaked in the sauce to give it flavor. There are no desserts with a Japanese meal. Fruits and cakes are eaten at all times. They have an enormous variety of sweetmeats and confectionary. One of the reasons for the enormous number of sweet and cake shops that flourish to such a great extent in Japan, is to be found in the fact that the Japanese are always sending presents of cakes to one another, at births, deaths, birthdays, and at any event of importance

that occurs in the family. The second reason for the variety of confectionary shops lies in the custom of setting cakes before a visitor when tea is served. The tea is drunk, but frequently the cakes are left untouched, when the host, if loyal to the customs of Old Japan, wraps the cakes in paper and gives them to the guest.

Such a great quantity of cakes are sent to friends at New Years and on occasions of special festivities, that the receiver often sends the gifts to another friend, who in turn passes them on to another, often their journey ending at the home of the original donor. This custom being well known in Tokyo, many of the best confectioners now put on the box of cake the date of sale that their reputation may not suffer if, at the end of its travels, the cake is in bad condition. Children are a great asset to the merchants of Japan, as no one thinks of making a call at a house where there are children without taking either sweets or toys. The sale of candies is not confined to shops, for one sees in all the side streets little barrows around which the children cluster, watching the man make with quick, nimble fingers, dolls and horses and tiny gods from the colored sugar. These cakes and tidbits so loved by the Japanese babies, are not very palatable to foreign taste as they are very insipid, neither sweet nor sour. In fact all food seems to lack something, seems to just miss the right flavoring, as if the cook had forgotten the salt or mislaid the red pepper.

There are gardens filled with azaleas and wisteria and cherry trees which so delight the eyes of the beauty-loving Japanese in their springtime, and groves of maple trees whose leaves turn a deep, dark

crimson in the fall. In a few minutes from your rural inn, one can wander over tiny bridges, past great stone lanterns, look into the depths of a grotto into which falls a miniature waterfall, then, by winding paths climb the little hillocks past a torii, to a tea house where one may sit on the mat and drink his tea and watch the happy people on their holiday. There are women in gray silken kimonos with obis of mauve and gold, chatting with their mothers who are modestly dressed in black. The young girls pass, clothed in reds and yellows, leading tiny children that rival the birds in the colors of their plumage. They look like butterflies with their long-sleeved bright colored kimonos, their black hair cut straight across the neck, their pretty sashes and their faces alight with laughter as they skip along in their lacquered clogs.

When we tire of gardens and scenery, we go to the Japanese theater to see some famous actor. We leave our shoes outside in charge of the doorman, and go into a great room filled with people who have been there since five o'clock in the afternoon and who will, quite likely, sit patiently until ten-thirty when the play will be finished. We sit in the enclosed square on the floor and watch the actors upon the stage who enter from the back of the audience hall upon a raised wooden walk which is on a level with our heads. In many of the theaters there is a revolving stage. A scene is set upon the front half of a turntable, and while that scene is being acted, the carpenters are putting up the next scene in the rear half. When the first act is over, the table revolves and brings the second to view, allowing the play to be continued without interruption.

Another peculiarity is the presence on the stage of black dressed men who are supposed to be invisible. They prompt the actors, remove from the stage any articles that cease to be of use, push a cushion to an actor when he is about to sit down, and remove the dead. There is no orchestra, but on either side of the stage in a kind of balcony is the chorus, which, as in the old Greek theater, makes a kind of running accompaniment, instrumental and vocal, to the play being enacted, serving to point the moral and to adorn the tale. In the old classical dramas, which are still the most popular, all the parts are taken by men, and a matinée hero in America is never more of a demagogue than are the great actors of Japan. We never hear, in Japan of a scion of a noble house eloping with the lady of the chorus, but we often hear of a Japanese lady sighing out her heart for a popular actor.

Between acts the actor has several curtains bearing his name and crest drawn across the stage showing the esteem in which he is held by the friends who gave him the curtains. I have seen as many as a dozen of these, beautifully embroidered, expensive, advertising mediums slowly shown to the admiring audience. In the lobbies the photographs of the famous one are sold, and here young girls shyly admire their favorite hero, photographed either in his ordinary dress, or picturesquely garbed in the costume of some part in which he had made a success. One can also buy in gold, silver or lacquer, tiny pins carrying the actor's picture or his crest.

At the Imperial theater in Tokyo one sees nothing but modern Japan, and on the stage, women actresses have their place and play important parts.

The playhouse is almost exactly what one might expect to see in any great city of Europe. The roomy, comfortable seats are covered with satin, and there are boxes, stalls, first and second balconies and a gallery. The plays given are generally three in number, the first a Japanese play of the olden time, the second a modern farce where the actors are dressed in European clothing, and the last is often a spectacular drama. The staging is most exquisite, done almost as well as a Belasco or a Beerbohm Tree would do it. The dresses of the actors are magnificent gold and brocades, with their gorgeous colorings beautifully blended by the hands of an artist.

There is a restaurant in the theater where dinner may be obtained, and where afternoon tea is served. In this twentieth century playhouse one sees new Japan taking tea with milk and sugar instead of drinking clear tea, as I am sure he does at home, and eats the European food sitting at a table as if he had been accustomed to it all his life. In fact judging by the foreign restaurants that are springing up everywhere in Tokyo, the Japanese are beginning to care for the food of other lands. A teacher in a girl's school told me that she found it necessary to add the cooking of foreign food to her curriculum in the domestic science department. She added that many married women applied for this course in order to entertain the progressive friends of their husbands, who preferred the European dishes to those of the Japanese.

A great many entertainments are given now in the city in European restaurants because it is much cheaper than dining friends at a tea house or at

home, because of the Japanese custom of sending the remaining food to the homes of the guest. Even when Japanese have grown away from the customs of their fathers in so far as not to give the food, it is hard for them to leave old traditions so far behind them that the guests on returning home will not find enclosed within a fancy box a beautifully decorated fish, a cake, or some such practical memento of the evening's entertainment.

It is all a strange world, and in a sense an intricate one, this rural, real Japan which one finds beneath the sun and the rain, among the country folk of the island Empire. Indeed, you cannot help feeling how truly these people's characteristics fit the natural scenery of picturesque, verdant hill, of flowering valley and the ever-present sea.

There are some things, however, of which we become more or less sure; among these are the simplicity of life, contentment, neatness, comfort and order, which one finds as common in the city as in the country. In the smallest, obscure, thatched cottage, the artistic connoisseur sits cross-legged and content, producing handiwork that will adorn the palaces of kings, satisfied and happy with his modest rice bowl and his raw fish. For three yen, or $1.50 a day for *two,* we live here in this Japanese inn, losing the terror of the American or European hotel bill which casts its dubious shadow across so many pleasures. For a single yen, a Japanese or even an American can enjoy a wonderful holiday, and eat of the fat of the land. A Japanese coolie who could receive $1.50 a day in Tokyo, a modest wage for our Western workingman, could live here like a king.

In a certain Shinto shrine in Japan, I saw one day a plain mirror, which according to these people's ideas, represents the human heart which when perfectly placid and clear reflects the very image of deity. The real Japanese whom we find outside of the tides and change of the big cities, like the rural Easterner everywhere, is perhaps more nearly satisfied and contented than any other national personage with whom I am familiar. As one of the Eastern proverbs goes; they, "wet their sleeves with the tears of glad content." It is a smiling race that greets you in the moist lanes of their trim villages and in the even rice furrows of their prosperous looking fields, a race taught from childhood to smile regardless of whether they feel like doing it or not. Their joys are simple joys, and their prayers are simple prayers.

Industry and the sound of the soroban, their counting machine, are everywhere present. Filial devotion is almost as much a religion as it is in China, from which country its influence came to these islands.

But with all their simplicity, one feels, even in the remote sections of the Empire, that he is dealing with a gifted and resolute people, who have never "undone their helmet strings." Their loyalty to the Emperor and things Japanese is as beautiful as it is thought-provoking. It is like our devotion to the Stars and Stripes, but in a way more intangibly sentimental. The Divine Right of Kings, new constitutionalism, the Imperial diet, the ever-present tendency to bureaucracy and the sword which was the soul of the Samurai, are all mingled inextricably in the race nationality of every son of the soil.

This national life, so truly one of inveterate toil, and of innocent joys, is also one of irresistible pride and patriotism; it is on occasion "built of tears and sacred flames." The Japanese can be as terrible when aroused as they are attractive in peace. The tale of the Forty-seven Ronins, with its hara-kiri, tragic accompaniments, has been listened to with rapt attention since early in the eighteenth century, and it is still the most popular story told to Japanese children. It is significant that the graves of Japan's martial heroes are always thick with flowers.

Japan has never known the yoke of a conqueror. This may account in part for her self-confident progressiveness. Yet she has the patience of the East, and she is acquiring the discipline of the West. It is also to be noted that she is not adopting, but adapting her modernization.

Her government is not yet settled, but her national and racial loyalties, the forces out of which modern states draw their impulse and power, have always been found adequate for emergencies. She is still worshiping personalities rather than principles. She is learning slowly the way out of her hereditary, commercial dishonesties, and is gradually discovering that her ethical code, which has always been that of a soldier, partaking of his virtues as well as of his vices, must be exchanged or modified by the ethical code of honest business method, man to man. A nation whose laws for generations were "silent amid arms," accounting that loyalty excused a multitude of sins, does not come, all at once, into the atmosphere of modern commercial methods and principles. Japan is also struggling

under an enormous burden of debt, though rarely do you hear complaints regarding a weight of taxation that would stir a Western nation to anarchy. Like China, she has been a nation of small shopkeepers, but now the air of her cities is becoming black with the coal smoke of a new industrial day.

The end of the great Japanese task of modernization and renewal is not yet in sight. All the fierce struggles of labor and capital, the problems of child labor, monopoly, sexual ethics, and the shifty officialdom of the nations of the West, are waiting in advance of her present regeneration. Her education and her ethics are still in the half-light of the older Asiatic day. She has not yet exchanged her worship of the wonderful and the beautiful for the veneration of the God of Righteousness and personal soul satisfactions.

But I, for one, am confident, that as Japan took her early civilization from China and made it Japanese, she will also find the way of taking modernization from the West, and without destroying her own individualism, weave it into the stronger strands of her expanding present and her mighty future.

. . . . . .

But these complexities and problems are not for the scenes and the thoughts of the sturdy peasants, and the rosy women who, as I write these words from a Japanese hilltop, are trudging homeward singing and laughing away their weariness like real children of nature, which they are.

And now, as the sun on Fuji brightens and glows with the parting day, the winding streets of the little town begin to darken. We climb into our rick-

shaws, and with no sound save the patter of the kurama's feet, swing down the tiny passageways, passing the rows of silent gateways where only a lighted lantern, and the sound within of merry voices, tells that life with all it has of weal and woe, lives behind the enclosing wall, until we are halted before our temporary home, the inn of a rural village. We are met at the entrance by the little maids who never seem to sleep, and who always greet us with a smile, no matter how late we return. Our room with its softly shaded light, the mattresses lying side by side upon the floor, the neatly folded kimonos, the smell of the tea on the cozy brazier; it is all free and innocent and wholesome as the round fair faces of the Nasans, speaking to us of peace and quiet rest. The little garden with its pine tree, its torii, its great stone lantern and its figure of the calm Buddha, dimly outlined in the moonlight, seem to say with the little maid: "O Yasumai Nasai!" "Honorable Ones, Sleep well!"

XX

The Spirit of Education in the Sunrise Kingdom

THIRTY years ago a Japanese student applying for admission at the Imperial University at Tokyo selected as his major study a course in economics, and as his minor study, English literature. The Dean of the department of literature questioned him as to his motive for combining these two somewhat unrelated branches of learning. The student replied, "I wish, sir, to be a bridge across the Pacific."

This same student grown to manhood and occupying the Presidency of the first National College in Tokyo, as well as a professorship in the Imperial University, has recently returned to Japan after spending a year in America, lecturing at six American Universities under the auspices of the Carnegie Peace Endowment, contributing in no small way to his boyhood dream of interpreting the East to the West, and being as he expressed it, a "convoy of warm human feeling" between the lands of the rising and setting sun.

No one could be long resident in present day Japan, especially during the discussions international that are now rife, relative to the status of Japanese in America, without appreciating the value and the necessity of such broad minded and sympathetic educated ambassadorship. In speak-

ing with the men of education who have been trained in America or Europe, I have continually heard the remark, "*We* of course understand this California matter, for we have learned to know Americans and have become acquainted with American ideals of government and society, but the *people* of Japan, these are the factors of alarm. The people do not know and cannot comprehend the spirit of American institutions."

If this is true on this side of the Pacific, I believe it is more or less true in America that sympathy is limited by comprehension. Even as tourists, we are usually so engrossed with the strangeness and the scenic beauty of this wonderful picture-land that we find ourselves facing homeward without having grasped in any real way the nature and the spirit actuating fifty-two millions of Oriental peoples, who during the past half century have exhibited before the eyes of the world the most incredible spectacle of transitional progress ever witnessed in the rise of nations. Although the present spirit, controlling the impulses and actions of Japan, defies accurate analysis even by the Japanese themselves, it is doubtless true that one comes nearer to discovering it through the medium of Japan's educated sons than in any other way, and I have chosen these men of education as a glass through which to look in order to see reflected the life and thought of the Japan of to-day.

The thinking men of Japan have passed through a three-fold evolution in their school life during the last forty years of educational modernization.

A teacher who has been training Japanese youth for twenty-five years has described the change as

something revolutionary, as contrasted with the time when he first faced a class of undergraduates, "a motley crowd of young ruffians, unkempt, unshaven, with bare legs and short gowns," reading in loud and harsh voices a part of Guizot's "History of Civilization," tearing without ceremony their note paper from the paper doors which gave light to the room, and expressing the vulgar curiosity of common street boys with their questions regarding the foreigner's age, clothes, birthplace, and personal habits. Although it is true that the Japanese are said to have inaugurated an early system of education in the eighth century, antedating the founding of Oxford by two hundred years, these early educational foundations of the Nara period were often entirely lost sight of in their checkered career, existing at times only in the monasteries of Japan's late medievalism. The contrast between this rude condition of education of a quarter of a century ago and that of the present is striking; even more striking than to try to imagine what it would mean for the students of El Azhar, for example, the great Mohammedan University of Cairo, 12,000 strong, now bending superstitiously over the Koran and its interpretations through twelve precious years, to suddenly depart from the method and the material of thirteenth century education and in a few short years to take on both the form and the reality of virtually every branch of modern learning!

At the restoration of Peace under the Tokogawas, education came to the front with the patronage of the old Daimyos. It consisted of Chinese literature and history, its aim was cultural and literary,

its method was memorizing and by "disputations," being confined largely to the higher classes, its object to train men to the service of the State. The old Samurai became teachers and opened schools, proving in many cases that the pen in their hands was mightier than the sword. A prominent Japanese professor has given the following account of his attendance at one of these early educational centers:

It consisted of a couple of rooms where some twenty or thirty boys (and a very few girls) ranging in age from seven to fourteen, spent the forenoon, each reading in turn with the teacher for half an hour, some paragraphs from Confucius and Mencius, and devoting the rest of the time to caligraphy. Of the three R's 'Riting demanded most time and reading but little, 'Rithmetic scarcely any, except in a school attended by children of the common people as distinct from those of the Samurai. Sons of the Samurai began fencing, jiu jitsu, and spear lessons in the early morning. As a child of seven, I remember being roused by my mother before dawn in the winter, and reluctantly, often in positively bad humor, picking my way barefooted through the snow. The idea was to accustom children to hardihood and endurance. There was little fun in the school-room, except as our ingenious minds devised it behind our teacher's back. With Puritanic austerity we were treated—not like children but like men. How could they be expected to grasp the Confucian category of virtues? They just read and recited by rote—with less comprehension than boys and girls who learn Biblical texts in America. We grew up with no idea of physical or natural science, no idea of mathematics except the first few rules, no idea of Geography. If I were to go on enumerating what nowadays in elementary schools we did not learn, I would have to give the entire list.

The second stage of modern Japanese education came with the introduction of Western science in which the "Dutch students" as the young Japanese were called, labored at the peril of their lives to obtain the language of the traders from Holland that they might, through these Dutch books, discover the wonderful secrets of Western civilization. These students, who at that time were thought of as Revolutionists, united with the Imperialists to inaugurate the great educational revolution which has brought about the new system of Japanese learning. As Count Okuma said to me in regard to this period, "It is usually true that in revolutions men go to extremes." This was chauvinism truly of the young Japanese who looked upon everything at home as barbarian during these days, and everything Western as civilized and to be absorbed unthinkingly at whatever price. The teachers from the West were continually bored by questions about their "civilization." Everything Western was imitated. The fever was severe.

To counteract this tendency, wiser minds began to emphasize the spirit of Old Japan and to suggest that "Bushido" should be revived and expanded to become the dominant principle of the Nation's morals. It is out of this combination of extreme radicalism and the ancient Bushido that there has been evolved the third phase of Japanese education, the phase in which German and American models have been adapted to Japanese life and requirements and a distinctly Japanese brand of training evolved. This is so truly the case that at present, I am told, it is very difficult for other than home trained students, at least as far as the body of

training is concerned, to readily obtain recognition. While ten or fifteen years ago students were sent abroad for a long period of study, it is now customary to send students only for one or two years after graduation from the Japanese Universities, and that for specialized training in Europe or America. The characteristics of this new, indigenous educational régime are evinced in a thorough going system of education, which takes the Japanese boy from the elementary school of eight years' duration through the secondary school which he accomplishes in four years, thence to the National colleges which demand another three years of his life before he is ready for the altitude of his educational career, the Imperial University, where he remains from three to four years longer, according to his course, graduating at the average age of twenty-five.

In going through the various grades of Japanese schools with the present day school boy, one is filled with wonder at the marvelous educational accomplishment of this nation. The elementary schools with their 144,000 teachers (40,000 being women) and six million pupils, where all the instruction is in Japanese, and where attendance is compulsory and as a rule, with no fees, are undoubtedly among the best institutions for early training to be found anywhere in the world. The proportion of children in these schools in contrast to the children of school going age in the Empire, is 98.8 per cent. for boys and 97.2 per cent. for girls. These schools are organized largely upon American and Belgian patterns. The teachers get a pittance of 16 yen ($8.00) a month and yet they find opportunity to

invigorate their minds by attendance upon summer schools which are held widely through the country as well as by membership in various educational societies. The chief weakness discovered in these institutions lies in the fact that the youngsters are expected to learn some 2,000 Chinese characters, the majority of which are never used. The baneful disadvantages are not simply in the subject matter but consist in the fact that the young Japanese in these susceptible years acquires the memory habit which is the arch enemy of independent thoughtfulness in every Oriental nation.

The secondary or middle schools of which there are 300 for boys with 118,000 students and 180 for girls with 52,000 students, cannot be so highly commended as the remarkably efficient elementary institutions. This type of education is especially inadequate for the higher education of Japanese women. Coeducation has no place in Japan and there seems to be a wide spread reluctance in enlarging the higher educational facilities for women, which seems ingratitude in a nation industrially dependent upon its women and where there are twice as many women as men in the employ of the government. Yet one finds normal schools and certain private institutions and seminaries for women usually under missionary management, which can be highly commended.

The fees in the secondary schools are three yen a month and six to eight yen include rooms and board. The curriculum in these schools gives special emphasis to Chinese and Yamato, or old Japanese, which languages take the place of Latin and Greek of our Western high school. Leibnitz di-

vided the world into two parts—those who could read Latin and those who could not. Substitute "English" for Latin and you will have the standard of division in Japan to-day according to students. English is the study of first importance, six hours a week being given to this study for five years. At the end of the middle school period the student should have a reading knowledge of English, having read such books as Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," "The Christmas Carol," Irving's "Sketch Book" and Franklin's "Autobiography." This English is for reading purposes rather than for colloquial uses and the pride of the young Japanese student in his English acquirements is intense.

The National colleges, "Koto Gakko," are the goal of the middle school student. There are eight of these, supported by the Government and they comprise the sole avenues of entrance to the four Imperial Universities. These collegiate institutions compare in training with the usual American college or a first-class English public school or a German gymnasium. The ages of the students range from eighteen to twenty, and a rigorous entrance examination is held, since there is room in these high-class government institutions for only a small percentage of the applicants. The government college in Tokyo which is the oldest and the most popular, with an enrolment of 1,000 students, is able to admit each year but three hundred freshmen though its applications exceed this number seven or eight times. I shall never forget the look of anxiety upon the faces of these candidates who come up to the Government colleges for their examinations. One can well imagine the reasons for the student-

suicide which a few years ago alarmed Japan when one hears the pitiful tales that are told regarding the result of failure on the part of the Japanese student to secure a coveted place in the national colleges.

> It is a very touching sight to watch some 2,000 boys," said a college President, "the pick of our youth from all parts of the Empire, flocking to the college for examination —to watch them at their heavy task, all the time knowing that seven out of every eight will be disappointed. Those who fail one year can try again; and a great many do try three or four times, and in exceptional cases, seven or eight times, one instance of perseverance being on record where success crowned the fourteenth attempt.

Examination times are tragic and pathologically pitiful periods in educational circles in this country. Out of 2,000 students, perhaps sixty succeed, leaving many disappointed, discouraged ones for a year. Three doctors are constantly in attendance to minister to students. Deaf students come at 6 A. M. for front seats in the examination hall. The wife of a Professor in speaking of the matter said that her husband was a complete wreck after the days of examination.

"What is the remedy for this tragic condition?" I asked. The teacher answered, "Convince Japan to build fewer warships that she may have sufficient money to educate her Nation's youth!" A significant answer when it is realized that army and navy expenditure now absorbs one-half of the national revenue.

At the apex of the Japanese educational system are the four Imperial Universities, a diploma from one of which is considered the highest honor for Japa-

nese youth. The Imperial University at Tokyo with its six faculties and its 6,000 students is the oldest, the most complete and the most honorary of these institutions of higher learning. The lectures are given in Japanese though there are about one-half dozen foreign professors who lecture in English, French and German. The curriculum compares favorably with that of other first-class Universities and its high quality has been the means of attracting to Tokyo probably the largest number of students at present to be found in any city of the world. The expenses of student life in this University are approximately 400 yen ($200) for the whole year, which amount includes tuition, board, room, and books. I was especially struck with the comradeship amongst the members of the faculty who take their lunches in a kind of faculty club, as I was also impressed with the lack of exhibition of student life and student organization. I do not recall visiting any institution of such size and importance where so little evidence of social and fraternal life is to be found. No clubs, no literary societies, no student journalism to speak of, few dramatics, and very little of that esprit de corps which is so commonly found in Europe and America about athletic and purely college activities.

In addition to this line of Government institutions, there are also to be found in Tokyo several other centers of learning, also supported by the State for specialistic study. The Higher Normal College where so many teachers are trained for secondary educational work, the Higher Commercial College with several thousand students, the naval and military school and the college for Law. While

outside of these institutions and not supported by Government, there are to be found some excellent private institutions of which are to be noted Keio University founded by Fukazawa, one of the makers of new Japan, Doshisha University which is connected with the name of the renowned Christian, Joseph Neeshima, Waseda University founded and guided by the revered statesman, Count Okuma, together with a considerable number of Christian schools not far from the college grade of which Aoyama Gakuin of Tokyo is a fitting example.

With such a variety and grade of higher education it is not strange that Tokyo has become the student Mecca of Oriental learning. Here are to be found the speculative students from India, and the practical Chinese, looking for Western scientific education, and also a goodly number of Corean students, the Cecil Rhodes scholars of the East. The Chinese students assume the regulation dress of the various colleges, and, but for their walk and the peculiar bland smile of the celestial, one would hardly distinguish them from the native born Japanese. The Chinese revolution, however, called home thousands of these students and while ten years ago there were at least twelve thousand students of the Middle Kingdom in Tokyo, it would be difficult at present to find three thousand Chinese students in the Japanese capital. The widespread and deep influence which the presence of the Chinese students in Tokyo has exerted upon the recent changes in China is immeasurable. These young men coming frequently from the best Chinese families, for the last ten or twelve years have been streaming back into the remote parts of China to

carry the leaven of Western ideas and becoming the real forerunners of the new Chinese order. Although the tide of Chinese student emigration is at present strongly toward America, due largely to the use of the returned indemnity fund, now being used to support students in the States, there are recent signs of Chinese youth coming in increasing numbers to avail themselves of the excellent University privileges found here in Tokyo, nearer home and at much less expense.

XXI

Characteristics of Young Japan

NO account of systems of education adequately expresses what is happening in the present-day Japan relative to the training of the Nation's youth. It is needful to come into intimate contact with the student himself in his lecture room, in his home, in his *Jeudo* halls and upon his long walks, to study something of the ideals of the teachers, to ask what all of this education is about, to try to discover the real spirit of Japan which is breathed through these new and rapidly expanding institutions, to seek to know in what manner all this activity engaging thousands of the most talented youth, is brought to bear upon the politics, commerce, the social, and the intellectual life of the Empire. Some years ago I was told that upon a bulletin board at the Imperial University in Tokyo some one wrote the phrase "Japan Leading the Orient." Later a thoughtful student passing, added to the phrase the significant word, "Whither?" It is this query which has been constantly in my mind as I have tried to study the characteristics of the Japanese undergraduate, what are his hopes, his ambitions, and his fears? Of what stuff is he made and how is he differentiated from his Western student brother?

An early impression reached by the foreigner as he mixes with various kinds of students from the Sunrise Kingdom is to the effect that the Japanese

collegian is a far more teachable and more easily ruled creature than the University student of the West. He has far more respect for his professors, especially in the Government institutions where the professor is a regularly appointed officer of the Empire and holds a position of official honor not unlike that of a justice of the Supreme Court in America. In short no student of any land surpasses him in courtesy and deference. A young man who had been studying abroad and had returned to Japan with high honors and a foreign degree, visited his college town, and meeting the professor who trained him, gave to those who were looking on the evidence of the finest reverence one could imagine passing between men; his bows were profound and almost unceasing; there was none of the self-sufficient arrogance which is too often evidenced among Western students who return to their native environment after successful contact with the outside world. The inherent respect for the teacher is connected in Japan with the old Samurai, who themselves were closely associated with the learned professions. I heard of only two instances in all Japan of insubordination among students, one, against a cook in a college boarding house,—a strike among students over bad cooking in a secondary school and, as the narrator said to me, "The cook who was carried bodily to a small lake nearby, and forcibly submerged, deserved his punishment." In what nation under the sun have students been brought together in boarding houses and failed to make regular and constant complaint concerning "prunes"? The other was a somewhat more serious protest from faculty authority which ended in

a kind of love feast between students and professors—a real educational *cordiale.*

The Japanese student, however, has learned before college days the ways of discipline and strict obedience. His attitude is one of true and national discipleship. While here, as in all countries, the teacher is inclined to be interested in his subject rather than his student, and while the official character of the instructor forms an added barrier to intimate relationship between the professor and his pupil, I have discovered instances of devotion and friendship which are convincing proofs of the deep seated heart quality of the student of Japan.

No more significant student incident has been brought to my notice during the entire tour than that which recently occurred in Tokyo when Professor Inazo Nitobé, the former head of the first National College, found it necessary to resign his post. Prof. Nitobé had been for years one of the few men to whom students voluntarily come with their problems and perplexities, much as they would come to an intimate confident and friend. His home had been open to them at all hours and nothing has been too trivial or unimportant for this real lover of students to take up with the boys of his large college. The news of his resignation came to the students as a personal and calamitous shock. They besieged the offices of the Government, demanding that he should be retained. Student meetings were held and there was so much excitement and feeling concerning the matter, that the Government officials asked Dr. Nitobé to maintain silence in relation to the matter until proper announcements could be made or until the student excitement subsided.

When the news of his retiring from the college was made publicly in the newspapers, I am told that the sorrow of the students was extraordinary. Four hundred gathered one night at the Professor's home standing outside the house in reverent silence with bared heads. Almost as far as one could see, there were crowds of students. One of the spectators said to me that he feared that when certain words of appreciation were being given the noise in the street would interrupt the speaker who was reading an appreciation of this beloved teacher, but upon inquiry he found that the streets for blocks were filled with people of the city who had been affected by the unusualness of the scene and who, also with sober faces, were joining in the common sentiment of the students. In spite of the traditional training of the young men never to show emotion in public, sobs were heard coming from this closely packed band of youth, and after Dr. Nitobé had appeared and spoken a few simple and loving words to his boys, silently, without cheers or any demonstration whatever, the great crowd moved away to their homes. Upon many a student's wet face there was pictured the sentiment which, on occasion, has always been called forth from the Japanese heart for the ideal or the person of their devotion. It was not unlike the kind of patriotism which the Scotch students used to evince towards Henry Drummond, who as George Adam Smith, his biographer, expressed it, furnished to students a "healing confessional" into which many a tired and disappointed boy had crept to speak out the great and almost inexpressibly difficult things of his spirit, then to go quietly away, but not to forget.

The value of that kind of education which forms through friendship the character, quite as truly as books and thoughts form the intellect, is as necessary as it is opportune at present in Japan. The strenuousness of his studies has left the student little opportunity for the cementing of friendships in college associations. There is much need of a provision well considered, by which the young collegians shall be able to express themselves in some kind of friendly relation to their teachers and to their classmates; especially since the student of the higher education finds no such confident or opportunity of friendship in his home. In most cases, he has entered through University doors into a world unknown to his parents.

In a certain lecture room in Japan I was asked to speak to the students and I took occasion to ask a few questions. I could hardly understand the hesitation with which the questions were answered until the professor explained by saying, "Japanese students are never asked questions in lectures. They are only required to take notes of the teacher, therefore, their lack of readiness in reply."

This baneful absence of student co-operation runs through the whole instructional life of Japan, and has eventuated from the endless overload of lectures given by professors whose chief object seems to be to take the whole time themselves, in presenting endless evidences of their erudition. The Japanese student is not only beset by examinations, but these examinations have made necessary an abject slavery to the note book. "What do your students read?" I asked a company of Imperial University students. "Our note books," answered

a son of one of Japan's leading barons. He spoke the truth. Only two books were mentioned, one was Kipling's "Jungle Book," the other "John Halifax, Gentleman." Knowledge may come but wisdom will linger in every such process of training. Bacon sagely remarks, "Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men; wisdom in minds attentive to their own." Emerson said that great genial power consists in not being confined at all but rather in things receptive.

Much of the subject matter of higher instruction does not appear in text books but must be copied from the professors' lectures. As a result, you will see crowds of students remaining after the lectures correcting their notes from each other, while in public conveyances, in the homes and even in the streets you will find boys with their bags of note books to which they cling as to their most precious possession. I should say that the student in Japan comes nearer being lectured to death than any other student with whom I am acquainted. He usually is obliged to spend from twenty-eight to thirty-four hours a week in the lecture room, all this time receiving, rarely being called upon for any thoughtful or active co-operative response to this great mass of dictated knowledge, which the professors are pouring into his already crowded mind. He is made a veritable cistern for the deposit of undigested information. He gives no evidence of a "stream of consciousness," such as Professor James talked about. It is no wonder he is suffering from mental dyspepsia. He does not *love* his note books and his examinations as perhaps the Indian student does, but there is no recourse. The Japanese

method of education has insisted upon giving the student youth quite twice as much work in the higher grades as he can or ought to master, and still have time for exercising his own mental independence, not to speak of having an opportunity for proper recreation, exercise and social development. As I was coming out of the higher Normal College with Baron Kanda, I said to him, "What proportion of time is given to lectures by these students who are rushing in to answer the stroke of the bell, in contrast to the number of hours you gave as a student at Amherst?" He answered, "I gave eighteen hours a week to lectures, and these students are giving thirty-four."

To be sure, it may be said in compensation, that the Japanese student is saved from the dangers of ultra-athleticism, as well as from certain immoral tendencies which tempt the leisure hours of Western collegians. He is excluded from such temptations by sheer lack of time and opportunity. His college days are not a wild joy of living. You feel nothing of the rollicking, easy-going air of the American college here in Japan. There are no college celebrities and no great athletic heroes to distract the attention of the Japanese youth. It is a period of severe and anxious servitude. Many a student goes down before the end through over work. Not a few of the suicides of recent years in Japan are due to this execrable system. It is a survival of the fittest, and health, culture, and social enlargement are placed in the scale against an education. The teachers are usually conscious of the iniquity of this system and would change it, but they, with the students, are swept into a national

system of cramming, which not only stultifies the mind, but cramps the character of the nation's youth. It is imitation, receptiveness, and responsiveness running riot and taken advantage of. It leaves no free period when the imaginative faculty can rise to the surface. This double bane of examination and lecture plan takes children at twelve years old on examination and from that point onward until the youth is twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, there swings above his head, like a Damoclean sword, the ominous necessity of note taking, marks, and examination machinery.

While there is nothing like the opportunities for self-support among Japanese students as is to be found in America or Europe, one finds, nevertheless, that many young men "work their way" through college. The old time custom of a patron or teacher or some person of rank and prominence assisting students through school is yet prevalent. There is also the custom which is generally known in Japan as *jiuku* whereby two or more students are invited to be the guests of a professor during their college course. They become regular members of the household. These students often help the professor in various ways, giving him clerical assistance, tutoring his children or assisting by certain manual work or errands in the home. They are closely allied to the professor and the relationships are often exceedingly valuable and intimate. I was the guest in one home where three such students were receiving their board and room for four years at nominal cost.

In addition to such benevolences given to students, there is, especially in larger cities, varying kinds of

self-supporting labor on the part of young men seeking an education. In Tokyo there is an organization of students whose purpose it is to assist one another in securing positions. One will find here young men engaging in all kinds of self-supporting labor, ranging from the teaching of English to the selling of papers and the cleaning of boots. If a young man can secure 15 *yen* ($7.50) per month, he will have a sufficiency to supply his bodily wants. In a country where the average wage is $.50 a day without food, when a family of four persons can live on $12 a month, rice, a sleeping mat, and a hot bath compensate him for a thousand Western accessories to comfort. One teacher told me that among his University students one boy supports himself by working for an American insurance company, another adapts plays for a theater; a number are editors and sub-editors of magazines and periodicals; while still others teach English in night schools.

I have been told of students who even drew jinrikishas at night, hard and humiliating as the work may be, while others sweep gardens, do copying and run errands for offices as well as picking up a few *yen* by washing, mending and darning. Much of the same independence and power of self-support found among certain students of the Western states, is evident among the industrious youth of Japan. I know of a young man who was obliged to borrow his passage money to get to America and who expected to land in Seattle, virtually without money and without friends, to work his way across the continent to a technical school in the East, where he had determined to finish his scientific education. When I expressed my surprise that he should at-

tempt, particularly in a foreign land, so difficult an undertaking of mingled self-support and study, the student said: "Oh, I can do anything, you know. I shall surely get on."

The brand of Japanese athleticism is a twofold composite of old Samurai and American. Jiu-jitsu and fencing are taken for granted as the hereditary accomplishments of a thoroughly educated gentleman, while baseball and lawn tennis represent the "modern side" in the physical education of the youth of Nippon.

The foreigner visits the large, finely appointed *Jeudo* halls of the government institutions with the keenest interest. There is nothing like them in the world outside of Japan. The floors are thickly covered with fine straw matting, with springs underneath to ease the fall. The contestants for *Jeudo*, as it is popularly called in modern parlance, are dressed in a special costume of thick, white material that furnishes a firm handhold without tearing. Over many of the halls I found the motto, which translated, signifies "freedom of movement"; the idea of the sport being the power to fall in such an easy and relaxed way as to be immune to injury. Virtually all Japanese students take part in *Jeudo*. It is a sight of rare uniqueness to see a hundred or more youth, first bumping their heads upon the matting to each other in sportsmanlike introduction to their contest, and then starting in like mad upon the national Japanese exercise. It is a veritable panorama of flying schoolboys, of brown heels in the air, heads and legs banging on the matting, rolling bodies and smiling faces. It is all carried on in comparative silence save for the resounding thuds made

by the bodies of the students alighting upon the floor space, and curling up very much in the shape of round balls. I am told that one needs to begin very young in order to become at all expert in this vigorous sport. It is so universal, however, that one sees commonly the Japanese student carrying in one hand his bag of books and in the other his little kit of clothing and sticks used for *Jeudo* and fencing.

Student fencing is quite another thing than the word connotes in the West. There is no slashing of faces as at Heidelberg, none of the "touché" atmosphere of the French fencing-master. The "foil" here is a formidable thick club, something like a single stick only longer and much larger in circumference and made of bamboo rods bound closely together to prevent breaking. The contestants are clothed in heavy canvas suits, their sides protected by thick leather paddings. They wear large wire protected helmets, resembling somewhat the American baseball-catcher's mask. The signal is given and the combatants fall lengthwise upon the mattings facing each other upon their stomachs, this is for courtesy sake (and the Japanese are equaled by no people in courtesy), and this is their manner of exchanging compliments previous to the battle. They then rise and with a savage yell which might come out of any jungle, begin to brandish their clubs, beating each other in the side, over the head or thrusting for the throat. A strike upon the wrist is considered the blow par excellence. It is truly the din of battle. No "fighting-knight-wise" of old Bushido days could give the impression of greater rudeness, wildness, and barbarity in both sound and strength expended. Exchange the bam-

boo clubs for the short swords and you have a well preserved relic of the days of feudal chivalry. There is probably no more exhausting sport extant, for the contestant puts out his entire strength, the result being an exercise well intended to strike terror to the heart of the uninitiated. Mass football in America is a parlor pastime in impression as compared with this fencing. The whole Japanese power of alertness and agility, rapidity, and watchfulness is at its maximum. While witnessing some of the larger student clubs of fencing in the Imperial Universities, where the resounding knocks upon the heads of the students seemed to me to be a sure means of annihilation, my feelings were much like those expressed by a Chinese Minister to Washington, Mr. Wu Ting Fang, who witnessed his first football game at Harvard. After noticing a dozen or more men piled seemingly with deadly purpose upon one poor student at the bottom of the heap, he inquired solicitously, "Is he dead yet?"

But the students of this land, which has borrowed Buddhism from India, Confucianism from China, military methods from Germany, naval arrangement from England, and modern educational procedure from the entire world, find no difficulty in revealing further their selective proclivity by choosing American baseball and making it the most popular present-day Japanese sport. Lawn tennis has also a considerable vogue, but cricket has failed to find a congenial soil among the athletes of the Island Empire. Americans have already had an opportunity to see the readiness with which the Japanese students have adjusted themselves to the American national sport in several baseball teams sent

to the States, teams that have acquitted themselves with no little favor. In this, as in so many cases in other departments of life, Japanese intelligence has proved its elasticity, its quick discernment, its rapid accomplishment. Japan's motto, made evident in many ways, is "To polish our gems with stones quarried in other lands."

While I was in Japan a baseball team from Stanford University visited Tokyo, and found the Japanese students opponents worthy of their best skill. One of the games which created considerable notice brought out the fact that it is possible to copy a method without reproducing the spirit thereof; that it takes generations to make good sportsmen, as it does to bring breadth and perspective in other realms of activity. In a closely contested game the decision of the umpire was manifestly unjust and decidedly in favor of the Japanese team. The foreigners, with many of the Japanese spectators, revealed their disapprobation, as did several of the newspapers the following day. The Stanford boys, however, uttered no protest, and, which is the disappointing part, the Japanese students did not accept their opportunity to refuse in a high-minded fashion, a victory gained by manifestly unjust decisions: the result being that in an eleven inning game the students from Keio University won, according to the umpire, but the defeat of the Stanford men, in the minds of the majority of the spectators, counted for more than their victory might have done.

Another feature of the game which revealed in an amusing way the devoted loyalty of the Japanese for the Japanese, was evident when, in order to even up the cheering, some of the younger Japanese stu-

dents were placed with the Stanford sympathizers with American flags in their hands, and instructed to cheer for the visitors. This they did, somewhat reluctantly, before the game began, but as soon as the contest became exciting, the youngsters quite forgot their instruction to be courteous to the foreigners, and joined lustily in cheers and yells, not for Stanford, but for their Japanese college mates.

American and European students must needs have advanced farther than at present in clear-eyed unprofessional impartiality in games before they can become too harsh censors of these learners of modern sports, who have had two dozen years to rise to the high level of fair play in college athleticism. In one respect too, Japan may well point a lesson to Western, and especially American college men, for in spite of their great love for baseball and out-of-door sports, they have not allowed these exercises to encroach upon their serious intellectual interests. There is no sense in which the athletic side-shows "have swallowed up the circus" in Japan. The great distinction and in fact the only distinction to be gained in a Japanese University is the distinction of brains and mental accomplishment. Japanese students undoubtedly are the losers in certain lines of all-round development, in personal responsibility, and in leadership training, because of the absence of almost every kind of student organization known in the West; but they recognize certain compensations in the reduction of excesses, moral and physical, which surround too many of our own college holiday bacchanalian orgies. If Japan preserves her present balance of mind and the habit of "proving all things and holding to that

which is good," profiting by her close scrutiny of student values and student failures in her world-wide commissions of critical investigation, she will doubtless suffer no loss in not being counted first in international athletics. In the last analysis a nation is not judged by the strength of its body so much as by the sovereignty of its ideas.

But the secret of Japanese education is not fully solved through the study of either educational methods or athletic exercises, neither does it exist in the material display of military or commercial power, but, for Japan at least, it lies in larger measure than outsiders sometimes suppose, in what Lafcadio Hearn styles, her "Race Ghost"—in the genius and spirit of "Bushido," a word bearing a national timbre, the Soul of her hereditary Past.

It must be with a feeling of trepidation that a foreigner makes any attempt at analysis of that peculiar and well-nigh indefinable force which the most discerning Japanese will tell you, they themselves cannot accurately define. One can at best only discern flashes and stray glimpses of this spirit by way of incidents or expressions caught in unconscious moments from this highly sensitive and composite people.

To be sure the days of chain armor and catapults are past—Feudalism and the old Samurai with his two swords, one for defense, the other for himself if honor demand, are no more. But in the trail of these far-reaching ancient forces, there is to be found a peculiar spirit, a kind of deep-seated sentimentalism, which at times seems definable as sacrifice, self-abnegation or a sort of semi-religious patriotism, making it possible for the Japanese, on occasion, to

rise to the very summit of a wave of mighty emotion and self-sacrificing activity. It was something of this mingled reserve and inertia that caused four hundred Samurai, whose swords were their souls, to carry their daggers sheathed for 250 years while Japan went to school to Chinese history and Chinese ethics. And then, as occasion offered, to draw these blades with all the nervous excitability of an impassioned and sentimental people, counting not their lives dear in their relentless and irresistible struggles with their neighbors, China and Russia. One finds this peculiar force on many a Japanese occasion. In the war with Russia, Admiral Togo called his officers to his cabin and said simply, "We sail to-night and our enemy flies the Russian flag." On a tray before him lay a short dagger used to commit "Sappuka" (self-despatch). The officers understood his meaning.

The students of Japan have not only inherited this genius of their Samurai ancestors (men are but children of larger growth), but this peculiar quality is always to be reckoned upon in dealing with the tens of thousands of young men who, with high ambitions are spending laborious days and nights in fitting themselves for Japan's new reforms. When one least expects sentiment and the breaking out of this slumbering race spirit, a trivial incident brings it to attention.

On Degree Day, the scene is one of high color and charm; the Great Red Gate of the Imperial University, famous in Japanese story, is to-day virtually covered by flags and streamers. Within the gates, in long orderly rows, stand officials high in rank, members of cabinets, professors who are also Gov-

ernment officials, honorable personages, barons, counts, and students. Presently an outrider appears announcing the approach of His Majesty. Expectancy is in the air. As the Emperor arrives he is greeted with august silence. All heads are bowed, there is no beat of drums, no guns, no acclamations, no wild huzzas, no motion of the vast assemblage. The Emperor of Japan by Divine right, drives slowly along in the dead silence of a worshipful populace. Of what are these people thinking as this personification of Nippon's ancient line of Sovereigns passes? It is a strange scene, an unintelligible sentiment to Westerners who demand action for the expression of their innermost feelings.

After the Emperor has passed, the long line forms and marches into the Great Hall where the speeches are made and the diplomas and prizes are handed in silence to the winners, the whole audience standing meanwhile. Here also there is no applause, no music, no sound save the voices of the Deans calling the students' names. It resembles more a great memorial meeting than anything to which the Westerner can liken it. There is no touch of our European or American joy or joke making, no class spirit evincing itself, no cheering of successful competitors. All is order and a reverent air pervades the entire ceremony. In the midst of this unique occasion, one has pictured a thoughtful student. He is clad in the uniform of the University, and suddenly while the diplomas are in process of distribution he rises abruptly and walks out of the building with a dejected and melancholy air, striding out towards the Red Gate as one who has fought and lost. But it is not because he has failed.

This student is a *Yutosei,* graduate of law, who has also won the Emperor's prize. He has obtained the highest degree the University of Tokyo can bestow.

His dejection has arisen from another cause, even from that which the narrator describes as the *Japanese idealism,* the sentiment of unfulfilled longings which must break through at times the repressive reserve of hereditary restraint. The student as he reveals himself to us feels crowding upon him the responsibilities of the future, he is filled with emotion as he thinks of the ending of these twenty years or more of student associations. The ambition to accomplish a destiny worthy of his ancestors, the burden of tasks just ahead of him in the world which will be difficult of performance. He rushes away to his lodgings and will not be comforted. He is struck with that strange melancholy that lies imbedded in the heart of the nation, the melancholy whose seeds when brought to fruition often eventuate incongruously in despair or suicide; it is the quality of a high-spirited ancestry, hard and stern as steel, while the task is on, but repressed and subdued, and often poignantly self-conscious in its reactions and relaxations.

It is this sentimental side of the Japanese nature that so perplexes the foreigner. Repeatedly I have been told in Japan by Japanese as well as foreigners, that the cause for protest in the California misunderstanding is a matter of hurt feelings, a wounded racial pride rather than any economic or political disadvantage. The Japanese youth has inherited a twofold and incongruous past, part sternness, part sentiment; Spartan disregard of danger

and pain goes hand in hand with true Eastern devotion to feeling and duty. It is like the ocean stream that washes the shore of these islands—one part is cold, and the other warm. The Japanese has fitly been called the child of his mother, trained in the school of his father. He thinks like a man, but he feels like a woman. He possesses what Lötze calls "the sentimental temperament." He has, with all his firmness and strict discipline, a feminine trait. Certain fathers recognize this and they send their boys to special boarding houses where they live during their college course with a certain austerity far from the caressing care of their mothers and grandmothers. But this high feeling, this spirit of honor as difficult to understand as is the caste of India or the "face" of China, is always present, ready to rise to the surface as a kind of perennial touchiness, a high honor-sense, looking, at times, for offense in trivial matters, and, as the teachers of Japan will tell you, is evident in the film that passes over the eyes of the students in the classroom when incidents of deep significance or feeling are read or narrated. It is akin to religion.

What is to be the future religion of Japan? I asked of statesmen, business and professional men and Government officials. The answers were somewhat diverse. Among the replies are the following:

"There is no religion in Japan among educated men," said a Professor of the Imperial University.

"The future religion will be Christianity with modifications," said a Christian missionary.

"It is a big question," answered Count Okuma, who is supposed to be a kind of Japanese Unitarian,

"but it will not be Christianity as the West now knows it, not the Christianity of theology and creed."

"Pantheism," said a Japanese Buddhist, "with a decided tendency toward Buddhism, providing our priests reform."

"The religion of the future," said a keen foreign observer, a lawyer who had lived in Japan for a quarter of a century, "will be an amalgam of ancestor worship, Buddhism, Shinto as applied to Imperial loyalty, and Christian social service."

After making two visits to Japan and conversing with a very large number of educated men, I am inclined to think that the opinion expressed by the foreign lawyer, represents the future development of Japanese religion. The tendency is toward a composite of East and West rather than in the direction of a clear-cut Western faith, and such a religion will not be the work of a day or a generation, for great religions amongst a great people are products of growth and are not cataclysmic. "Seek knowledge throughout the world," was the Imperial Edict, which made religious faith free in Japan. A state religion like that of Germany or England is scarcely a future possibility.

Confucian influences which were introduced into Japan 1,500 years ago became the foundation of Japanese education and ethics, much as Greek and Roman culture formed the background of European learning. Confucianism, which gave Japan three hundred rules for courtesy and three thousand rules for conduct, has done too much for the Sunrise Kingdom, and is too firmly woven into the warp and woof of her life and thought, to cease to form a strong strand in the texture of her future

faith. Indeed, had this old ethical culture been emphasized more strongly, and Confucian history and politics less, it would have been better for the modern nation.

Visitors to Tokyo journey over the Kudan Hill to see a shrine dedicated to those "immortal dead" who have given themselves freely on the fields of war and whose names now appear in living characters and are read by the Nation's youth with a veneration not known to the Western boys and girls, to whom a monument is a dismal and minatory spectacle. To the tourist, indeed, such shrines are like a hundred other "sights" meaningless and commonplace; one American tourist was heard to remark at Ise; "There is nothing to see in Yamada, and what there is to see is not to be seen."

But many thousand students of the new Japan have been brought in boyhood to these places as to the places of the canonized and deified dead, and told in the hush of religious feeling, that their father's spirit lingers invisibly about this spot; they may not talk of religion, but these things they remember and understand. The head of a large college said that he had seen a widow leading her child to the Shrine at Kudan Hill, and had heard her saying, "Look well! He is there, do you not see him?"

An Imperial decree was sent abroad in 1881 stating that to bow or not to bow before a Shrine is a matter of indifference as regards religious faith; it does not commit one to any religion—but out of the mingled idea of ancestor worship and Shinto devotion instilled in childhood there comes a voice to the modern Japanese undergraduate that rings

A room in an inn at Nara, showing the scroll of Good Luck, the charcoal brazier, and of course, the ubiquitous *nasan* or serving-maid

(C) Stereo-Travel Co.

Tea can be had at any time and at any place in Japan, although the ancient ceremony which once accompanied the drinking of tea is now obsolete

through the corridors of his man's memory, careless and agnostic as he may claim to be, regarding things spiritual.

This mosaic of religion seems to be based upon nature rather than upon revelation. I said to a thoughtful University boy whose father had lived for years in England and who was quite accustomed to Westernized homes and modern scientific invention, "What is your chief pleasure during your vacation hours?" I expected he would answer as the Egyptian schoolboys answered the question, "Automobiles, aëroplanes, out-of-door athletics," but he answered thoughtfully, "to take long walks with my college friend in the woods and by the little inland waterfalls, where we talk and think of what we will do worthy of our country." I remembered the Shinto oracle that the Japanese are fond of repeating. "When the sky is clear and the wind hums in the fir trees, 'tis the heart of a god who thus reveals himself." This may be Shinto, that ethnological religious patriotism, which at present supports 16,000 Shrines and 15,000 ministrants in Japan—it may be pantheism more or less prevalent in the mental make-up of every Oriental—it may be sentiment, Japanese sentiment, which is half mysticism and half will; it is, however, not the sentiment that looks dream-like and sighs for the moon (this boy was headed for military service), it is a sentiment that lives near those mighty impulses that teach the Japanese how to die for a principle, and James Russell Lowell once said that such death was the chief test of religious sincerity.

An educated Japanese will quote to you Schiller's monistic idea of the Universe:

> There are moments in life when we feel like pressing to our bosom every stone, every far off distant star, every worm and every conceivable higher spirit—to embrace the entire Universe like our loved one. . . . Then does the whole creation melt into a personality.

and he will add that in such high spiritual mood, Schiller is a Shintoist at his best.

Such combination of religions is constantly being exhibited in present day Japan. I was told by Baron Sakatani, Mayor of Tokyo, of a "Concordia" recently formed in that city composed of Shintoists, Confucianists, Buddhists and Christians, a meeting-place of religions, a center for discussion, for mutual planning regarding the best things, moral, and religious for the country; but when I asked him which men were Shintoists, which Confucianists, etc., I found that he hesitated and had considerable difficulty in separating the men according to religions, so interwoven had the ideas of the four religious doctrines become in the consciousness of the educated man. I lived in many Japanese homes and hotels during my visits to this country and found frequently, near by the Buddhist Shrines, a shelf which contained the objects of the Shinto cult.

Into all this mingled religious current, Christianity is free as never before to pour its life giving forces. Since the important religious conference called by Government a few years ago, when, by Imperial order, Buddhists, Shintoists and Christians were brought together to discuss the moral and religious needs of the nation, Christianity has been on a different basis, as far as the attitude of many Japanese is concerned. The Western faith has been

dignified, imperialized so to speak, and in a country where the sanction of the Emperor reaches so far and is so compelling, this has meant much for the Christian workers. I find a far more cordial attitude toward Christianity at present than existed in Japan five years ago. There is, to be sure, just as strong insistence that Christianity or any other religion here must be *Japanized,* if it is to take root. "We are against your organized Christianity, your doctrinal and dogmatic theology about which you yourselves are unable to agree," is the common remark of thoughtful Japanese. I found the Japanese students spending very little time in speculative religious discussion in which the Indian undergraduate so greatly delights. But these men do want (and I believe the men of mind are most solicitous over this point) the vital conviction, the impelling impulsive enthusiasm, the 'morality touched with emotion' that Western religion evinces, despite all of its weaknesses and dismal failures. "We want," said Count Okuma, "a life force, we have not yet found it religiously."

Strong bodies, Christian and religious, are working toward this end for Japan. The Christian missionaries are laboring with extraordinary wisdom and intelligence, with a breadth of mind and humility not excelled elsewhere in the East. The Japan Peace Society, embracing some of the best Christian Japanese as well as many of the leading statesmen, now numbers one thousand members and its societies are rapidly increasing. The Christians, foreign and native, are planning the foundation of a great Christian University for the country which will in-

terpret modern Christianity in the terms of the needs of modern Japan. The student Christian Associations are justly gaining in influence and prestige through the personnel of their workers and the practical unsectarian character of their activities.

Largely through the influence of the efficient secretaries and the fine building equipment of this order, I am told that at least 2,500 Japanese student youth are studying the Bible in English. A significant event occurred recently upon the campus of Waseda University, when 1,200 English Bibles were purchased by the students.

It is strategic statesmanship to thus study and to serve with religious zeal the student life of Japan, for in this country, forces and authority begin at the top and filter down to the people, and not as in the West, working as leaven in the masses. To say that this Christian "life force" in some properly and sensibly adapted form is needed by the Japanese students, especially needed by those thirty thousand undergraduates, scattered without surveillance among the cheap boarding houses of Tokyo, is a truism; a fact that I have not yet found Japanese of any or no faith denying. A body of youth, impressionable to a marvelous degree, who have not been taught the sense of sin, or that the sharing of the multitudinous vice of the Yoshiwara was inconsistent with uprightness of character; whose teachers, and even indeed whose fathers have frequently opened the doors to practises that Christian principles forbid its adherents; a body of young men endowed with such magnificent promise, laden with such inevitable future responsibilities for national leadership, and environed by such subtle moral dis-

tractions, require indeed, a life force, a something "eternally worth while," stronger to guide and to hold than the combined Eastern religions have as yet shown themselves capable of furnishing.

XXII

Can the Orient Be Modernized

THE majority of the human race dwells in Asia, the largest of the continents. Asia is numerically tremendous with her nine hundred millions of population, four times the population of Europe, forty-one times the size of France and the sphere of activity of more than half the population of the globe. Although Asia has never been known as containing warrior races, it is conservatively estimated that she can muster one hundred millions of fighting men, while the warrior nations of India alone outnumber those of the combined nations who speak English.

The strategic significance in the history and trade of nations of the Asiatic races, is not generally realized. Asia's struggle with Europe has lasted two thousand years and has been the binding thread of history; her trade with Europe has been the foundation of commerce; her philosophic thought has been the basis of all Western religion, and the charm and the spell of her antipodal customs have been the wonder of every Occidental student or traveler.

In spite of these facts, it is notable that the fusion of races, Asiatic and European, has never occurred; the great continent of Asia has never vitally associated its creeds and customs with those of the West; its currents of thought, like its streams of blood, have not flowed together to any considerable extent

in a common consanguinity with those of the Occident, and many of the most profound students of the Orient believe, that in the deepest sense, there never will exist absolute comity between the Asiatic and the European or American. Meredith Townsend in presenting conclusions derived from a long life devoted to the study of relationships between Asia and Europe says:

> Asia, though it yields from time to time to the sudden impact from Europe as water yields to a ship, always flows back after a ripple more or less drawn out, without having been apparently affected.

As one travels from country to country among those people who profess as religions the creed of Islam, of Buddha, Brahma, Confucius, Zoroaster or Shinto, realizing meanwhile the seemingly inexhaustible force of these faiths to grip and control Orientals, he also realizes how little these vast religions appeal to the Western mind, and how they seem to be at home in the tropical rather than in the temperate zones.

Let the foreigner come into contact with the Eastern mind in matters of trade, let him try to match his intuitive processes in diplomacy or politics with those of the sons of the Orient, and he very soon becomes conscious of certain inherent and incurable differences, inevitably separating him mentally from his Eastern neighbor. During my first tour in the Orient seven years ago, I met Occidentals who seemed to be well-nigh certain that they had reached the solution of certain racial and international problems vexing the best minds of Western aliens in Oriental lands. During my recent tour through

Asia, I have met again some of these same persons who tell me that their former certainty has been dissipated and destroyed with further years of contact with Asiatics. As one of these persons suggested, a Westerner can only be sure of the conclusions of to-day; to-morrow is likely to bring him a new set of strange and contradictory experiences throwing all of yesterday's conclusions out of balance.

It is not merely a kindergarten fancy to state that Oriental populations, from the point of view of the Occidental at least, are walking on their heads. In almost everything, Asiatics are our opposites. Whatever you say about anything Eastern, remember that from some other angle of vision the contrary could be truthfully stated.

A former British Ambassador to Constantinople wrote:

> When you wish to know what a Turkish official is likely to do, first consider what it would be to his interest to do, next what any other man would do under similar circumstances, and thirdly, what every one expects him to do. When you have ascertained these, you are so far advanced in your road that you may be perfectly certain that he will not adopt any of these courses.

One soon discovers that his Asiatic impressions depend largely upon the people whom he meets. I made one trip around the world in which I met largely Protestant and Catholic missionaries, European and American, and talked and lived with European officials and Western men of business. As my conclusions, drawn from this experience, coincided in general with many books which I had read

upon travel and official history written by Europeans, and the treatises and reports of missionaries, I somewhat naturally decided that my point of view was in general a correct one, relative to the character and progress of Asiatic peoples.

As a balance to these impressions during the last year and a half, I have traveled and lived almost exclusively with the native peoples of North Africa, Egypt (and Egypt is peculiarly Oriental), India, Burma, the Malay States, China, Japan, and have had also some intimate associations with the inhabitants of the Philippines and the islands of the southern seas. To my surprise and often to my puzzled bewilderment, I found myself inevitably drawn to conclusions quite different from those I had previously formed.

While I have never met with more lavish hospitality or more intelligent penetration or more decided tendencies of social, religious, and political convictions than those encountered among these Asiatic folk, I have been repeatedly and constantly aware of something radically distinct, something intangibly and irremediably different from that which my Western birth, education, and environment have given me. I have felt that, even if I had accepted the creed of the Moslem or the Hindu or the Confucianist, this barrier would not have been removed.

The sense has not always been present, to be sure. At times one seems to forget entirely his geographical and racial partitions in converse with men of light and leading who are as fully acquainted with the history and movements of nations, as those of the highly educated classes of the West. But when one follows these same congenial and seemingly

modern Asiatics into their homes or to their places of worship, or comes upon them suddenly when they are off guard, surrounded by their own people or friends, this mysterious lack of comity again arises.

One finds himself asking: Can Asia ever become really modernized? Is there not some inherent dissimilarity between the West and the East which forever forbids the one permanently to mix with or to conquer the other? Can the training in the arts and the sciences of the West cure these prejudices of color and creed, these natural and temperamental incongruities; or has Providence rooted deeply and inextricably distinct laws of the mind and the spirit in these truly distinct continents, so deeply, so inextricably that all human effort will appeal in vain for their real union?

National and racial contrasts are among the most real things one feels as he delves into the life and history of the Asiatics.

The artistic ability of the Oriental is unquestioned. Asiatics have built the Taj and the Alhambra, they have constructed the marvelous temples of Buddhism, and they have built the graceful towers and the temples and mosques of Cairo and Benares; they are responsible for the towers of Nanking and the palaces of the Shoguns. Chinese porcelain is the best of its kind in the world, and the literary and the artistic ability of the Tagores of India can be duplicated in many a circle of India and Japan. One will not find in Western lands the equal of such work as the Damascus blade, the gold chains of Trichinopoly, or the black-wood carving of the Middle Kingdom.

Yet in the conquest of nature, Asia is behind Eu-

rope and Western nations. Living for centuries above great mines of iron, coal, tin, and platinum, she has been content to shiver about her tiny braziers or her fires of cowdung, to plow with crooked sticks, to use gourds for carrying receptacles and to make her homes in temporary dwellings of mud and straw. In the science of medicine, in machinery, in scientific discovery, and in the conquering of natural resources generally, Asia for generations has been tried in the balance and has been found wanting.

From the point of view of morals also, the Asiatic is different from the European and, from the latter's point of view, is unadvanced. He is a creature of superstition. The "evil eye" of Egypt has a thousand counterparts in a thousand Asiatic communities. The Oriental is not moral in the sense known in the West. He practises falsehood, and often sees no evil in so doing, save as falsehood is objectless or unsuccessful.

He is more truly a hero worshiper than the Westerner. Confucius, who did not claim to be a prophet, has molded the thought of vaster populations than any other, save that of the Oriental, Jesus of Nazareth, while the name of Mahomet is a compelling idea to two hundred and twenty millions of the earth's inhabitants.

Asia, moreover, differs from Europe in being a land of contented acquiescence rather than one of aggressive acquisition. Despite hunger and famine and pestilence and sword, Asia has pursued her way unchangingly until the present, indifferent alike to misfortune, wars, and death.

Save in astronomy, the East has made small con-

tribution to science. She has produced no great historians, and she has few great travelers and investigators, and is accustomed to give small credence to the accounts of tourists relative to conditions in foreign lands.

But as the originators of philosophy regarding relations between the seen and the unseen world, the whole earth has gone to school to Asia. Whence? Whither? Why? These are the questions which have been the subject matter of Asia's deepest thought. She has rested her great religions like Hinduism and Buddhism upon the deep philosophies of the mind and spirit.

In the doctrine of reincarnation, Asiatic religion has attacked and solved for itself, at least, the most vexing problem of the world, the problem of the origin and reason of evil, and the apparent uneven justice in the world presided over by a just God, the problem that no Western race has satisfactorily settled for the majority of its adherents.

To the Westerner, this doctrine is faulty in many of its phases; it is difficult to secure adequate evidence and the man of the West demands objective as well as subjective evidence for his truth. Nevertheless, the faith has been the means of saving millions of Asiatics from irreligion and the atheism which at various times has spread over Europe. Who can, with honesty, utterly deride a creed that acts as a bridge from doubt to faith for millions, even though the creed may seem at times a tissue of superstitions and far from perfect in its working?

The Moslem, while he does not accept the theory of incarnation, finds for himself an adequate explanation of the evil of the universe in the idea that

"Allah wills." Fatalistic it may seem, but it has held the faithful with a mighty grip, defying all attempts at conversion, and has made Islam the "missionaries' despair."

The weakness of the Asiatic's religion, lies in his lack of emphasis upon ethics and social responsibility. He cares little, in fact, for the great thought of the brotherhood of man. He is strictly a religious individualist. Outside of his family or clan or caste into which he is religiously bound, he has little appreciation of an obligation to his neighbor. It is the absence of good Samaritanism that has caused Asia untold conflicts, murders, wars, and turmoil. Although we may say that the West has not lived up to the second great commandment, we must also add that the West believes that it *ought* to live up to it, while the East disregards it or treats it with contempt.

The fifth commandment, however, is obeyed in Asia as in no other part of the earth, the devotion of son to father being a kind of unwritten law instinctive in the Oriental's thought and heredity. Polygamy, on the other hand, is not considered adultery, the Moslem sanctioning it and the Hindu allowing it in cases when the first wife is childless. Asiatics are also free from that gnawing and baneful covetousness of the West through their beliefs in the adjustments of society by a wise Providence.

Although the Asiatic is accustomed to absolute authority and bows to the will of a sovereign, as to a divine mandate, who may with impunity inflict death upon him, he has resisted for centuries the encroachments of the West. Without being renowned as a marshaler of armies, Asia drove Rome

from her Persian borders, and Alexander with his matchless political insight, coveting the disintegration of the Asiatic peoples, only succeeded in founding a few Greek dynasties within Asiatic limits, and one will search in vain in Asia to-day for any considerable Greek influence.

England has made deeper impress in Oriental Egypt and in India, the flower of the British Empire, than has any other European nation. But if England should leave the East to-morrow, her impression of twenty-five colonizing years would hardly be deeper than the externals of modern civilization. In that part of Oriental thought and life, which to the Easterner is really *the* life—Religion—England has said: "Hands off!" and in this real life of Asia, she has attempted and has accomplished little or no change. Asia is not an aggressive conqueror, but by her power of passive resistance, springing out of her conviction of the difference of permanent ideals between herself and the West, she has proved a tremendous ability to reject her conquerors and to survive them. Her spirit has been not unlike that of Socrates who could drink the hemlock which would destroy his body and murmur triumphantly: "You can have my soul if you can catch me." The West has never captured the soul of the East, and one doubts that she ever will.

From 700 to 1757, a thousand years and more, Asia was supremely Asiatic save for a small raid upon her borders by the Crusaders. Although it would seem that Great Britain and Russia are forming new precedents of control in Asia, a close scrutiny of the facts reveal with what difficulty this control is being preserved. Lord Kitchener was rushed to

Egypt to prevent imminent disaffection and disaster, and it is generally believed that only the presence of this modern Pharaoh with his soldier's hand of iron, is to-day preserving anything like quiet in the land of the Nile. The frequent recurrence of bomb throwing and assassinations in India, give an inkling of what is seething below the surface where people are being ruled by an alien race. I was repeatedly told by English officials that a more extensive and careful secret service was now in vogue than ever before had been known in this land.

"You never know what is going to happen here," said a keen Deputy Commissioner in the Central Provinces, a man who mixed with thousands of natives every month.

The Sepoy Rebellion of 1857 is always a shadow in the back of the Tommy Atkins' mind, and its renewal is by no means a fanciful possibility. "All is quiet," says the home Government—but let a disinterested investigator travel and live in the native states of India, which compose such an influential part of India, that in the Sepoy Rebellion the loyalty of one State alone, Hyderabad, saved India for Britain, and what does he find? To be sure, outwardly all is calm and you will frequently find all kinds of meetings of memorial and appreciation to His Excellency, the Viceroy, and in public a marked reverence on the part of the Indian towards his British Raj. But when you meet the native in the privacy of his own home, if you are fortunate enough to induce him to break through the barrier of language and nationality, you will find, almost invariably, something more akin to hate than to love for his British overlords. "Do you know, I can hardly buy

a pen or a sword for myself," said a vexed native Prince, "without asking the Resident for permission."

The attitude of mind is not unlike that of Tewfik Pasha, who, in the early days of the English occupation of Egypt, while watching a review of British troops said to one of his ministers: "Do you suppose I like this? I tell you I never see an English sentinel in my streets without longing to jump out of my carriage and strangle him with my own hands."

England has indeed been engaged in a great undertaking, and the result is becoming evident in a new material India and Egypt. But a people is not changed at heart by means of mechanical devices, whether they are railroads or irrigation or Western buildings. As a nation thinketh in its heart, so is that nation. As Matthew Arnold accurately has said:

> By the soul only
> The nation shall be great and free.

For the last year or two, we have been optimistically stating our beliefs in a new China. Behold a new Republic in an old Empire! Sweeping changes in every department of her life, young men in European bowlers and frock coats, Chinese women with unbound feet becoming interested in Western dressmaking and society, a new constitution and a new set of politicians, closely resembling those made in America! In place of the old Literati examination stalls, modern school buildings, like those found in Europe and the United States, and the new President of the Republic himself, although a Con-

fucianist, appointing a day of prayer for China, asking especially the supplications of the Christians for the new Republic. We read articles and hear speeches in adoration of H. E. Sun Yat Sen, the Cantonese Doctor and provisional President and arch-theorist. We hear him called a voice in the heathen wilderness and heralded, especially in the West, as a kind of John the Baptist in the new China. I was in China shortly after Doctor Sun stated, "that the new Republic is the formal declaration of the will of the Chinese people." He told me of his plans for trunk line railroads, bringing together the vast areas of this old awakened land. The dragon throne seemed rocking to its fall, the collapse of Manchu and Literati, the dissolving of Confucianism and the customs of centuries all passing as in the twinkling of an eye.

Yet those who knew China and who were acquainted with the treachery, the rapine, the piracy on the Kwang Tung coast, the assassinations and ineffectual delays of the new Parliament, those who came in daily contact with these half Occidentalized young politicians, realized the artificiality of such conquests of the East by the West. They knew that China had been accustomed to upheavals, political as well as social, and that China regarded not the change of clothes nor the vicissitudes of rulers, as she went on unheedingly throughout her vast secluded provinces, engrossed with the all-important and eternal question of daily rice. He who knows China appreciates that a nation, which has seen, unmoved, a Taiping Rebellion, devastating nine provinces and destroying forty millions of lives, a country which underwent four famines in the first

half of the nineteenth century, costing the life of forty-five millions of Chinese, is not easily and rapidly to be stirred out of its age-long placidity of habit and temper.

One keen discerner of Chinese life has said that "the problem of China is one of economics, incurable either by religious teaching or by legislative formula." In the shadow of all this uprising and seeming renaissance, the ground-work of rural, ancestor-worshiping Chinese millions is inherently the same, as it would seem, yesterday, to-day and forever. The fact is becoming more and more evident now that Yuan Shi Kai has dismissed many of his self-governing Republicans, ignored his foreign Advisors and is rapidly becoming everything, save in name, that age-long China has expected of her rulers. In the very midst of the most optimistic signs of modernization, I attended reactionary meetings of the Confucianist societies in which far-reaching plans were being made for the rehabilitation of the national faith.

Here, as in India and Egypt, one finds increasingly encouraging signs of new and better conditions wrought by modern processes of thought and scientific and social machinery. But new constitutions and new buildings crumble beneath the steady and regular motions of centuries of habits and hereditary thought. China may take on the glad garments of the West, she may assume the language of the present, but her thought and her motives rise out of a vast repressive past. The *real* change is amazingly slow.

One then is driven repeatedly to the query, what

does it mean to modernize Asia and who is capable for so gigantic a task?

Is America with our halting attempts at representative government, with our pipings of peace advocates, drowned by the roar of guns and armed conflicts with our neighbors? Torn by civil strife between employers and employed, our municipal governments distracted between the crimes of officials and the threats of anarchism, can *we* consistently elevate the Republican idea in behalf of the Oriental? While over all our life in the West is the trail of luxury, of pleasure-seeking and utilitarian self-hood, shall we go to China or to India and have compelling power with a new social gospel?

Shall Europe bathed in the blood of her brother nations, with her continental agnosticism and socialism, or England with her civil strifes and wars with her own women, teach the Asiatic peace and the secrets of higher powers, individual or national?

We cannot but ask at times as to how effective our religious message may be to Asia, the mother of our Western spiritual creeds. When the keen Oriental tells us that our religion has lost the spontaneous loyalty and glad devotion of our thinking classes, that our forms and rituals of professional religion are being upheld principally by women, that we are divided into a hundred camps and orders of faith, while outside the church, men are crowding our new civilization with multifold movements for uplift, social, charitable, and philanthropic, with all their evident duplication and often with the lack of a deep religious purpose —

when the Oriental points out in answer to our derision of his Ganges worship, his lepers and his poverty, that all these efforts at reform in America are the symptoms of distress and moral and physical failure that ought to have been prevented by the essential religion we claim to represent, what answer shall we give?

Do we expect the keen-eyed scrutiny of the Oriental to overlook the real results of a Christian civilization as these results pass through his domains and are hurled before his eyes in unscrupulous foreign traders who laugh at his sacred things? A member of a high gentry family in China spent an afternoon in telling me of the Bacchanalian orgies of Europeans and Americans in the port cities, the trivial example of tourists, the bickerings and divisions of rival Western faiths and the restricted laws of immigration, which excluded his people from America, through what he called the economic greed of the United States.

Let us not blame our missionaries, if we, by our works make it too hard for them to influence the educated Easterner to accept our faith. Let us not wonder that Asia hesitates to displace the gods whose protection she knows, for those she knows not of, especially when those who worship them seem to deal in terms of gold and "things" rather than in the "fruits of the spirit."

When we appreciate that no American can hold land in Japan, and that foreign missionaries have been obliged to retire into honorary and advisory relation to the new self-guiding and new self-supporting churches, we are reminded of the fact that the most advanced portions of the Orient have not

learned to trust the Occident. Indeed the distrust of anything in method or practise eminating from America, is so pronounced and general in Japan that speakers and writers on education, politics, and religion are warned to eliminate illustrations referring to Western and American ways of doing things, if they would have influence with their hearers. There was a time when it was said in England that no Britisher reads an American book; it is now a time in the Flowery Kingdom when one might say that no one follows an American method, at least not without rigid, native modifications.

And yet the Orient, in self-preservation must be modernized, even Westernized to a degree at least. For her, the future must be the open not the closed door to the Occident in trade, in education, in social, and religious influence. The next quarter of a century promises changes and advances, economically, scientifically and politically, that may again change the balance of commercial and perhaps territorial conditions. Modernity has already passed through the portals of the East into the great Oriental cities. Although this present day leaven of Westernization has as yet worked but a small way into Asia—as the political unrest of Japan, the most advanced Eastern government is demonstrating—it will most surely continue to penetrate these vast continents until even the remotest fellaheen and Thibetan lama shall feel its irresistible impulse—and the Orient will be changed—not suddenly—not in a generation—not by something revolutionary—nor finally by the aggressive forces of the Westerner, but rather by the rising up of the awakened Orient herself to comprehend, to choose

or to reject, as Japan and China and India have already begun to do.

"When India accepts Christianity," said an astute American missionary educator, "as I believe she will accept it one day, it will be a Christianity with Hinduism, not Judaism, for her Old Testament."

In other words, in faith, as in everything else, permanent Oriental modernization will be fundamentally *East* not *West*. The renewal of the Orient, for her own good and for the health of the nations, will grow out of the awakened, active brain and heart and hand of her own sons and daughters, and its roots will cling about the rock foundation of her own traditions, her own timelessness, her own temperament, and her own religion. The Occident can help, though she can never truly modernize the Orient—but the Orient can and will modernize herself.

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